

CLIMAX

EXCITING STORIES FOR MEN

ERNIE PYLE
Best Pal a GI Ever Had

PETER TOWNSEND
England's Warrior Playboy

APR.

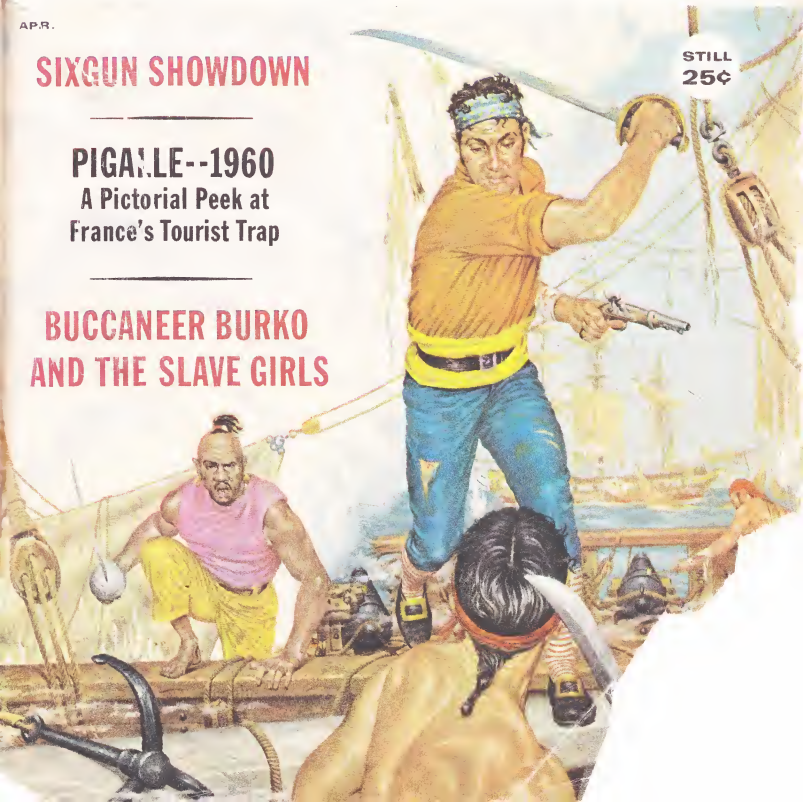
SIXGUN SHOWDOWN

PIGALLE--1960

A Pictorial Peek at
France's Tourist Trap

BUCCANEER BURKO AND THE SLAVE GIRLS

STILL
25¢



**ILLINOIS**

"Have averaged over \$50,000 my first 3 years. Hqtrs' help make it possible!"
M. Lyons, Chicago.



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L. Canaday, Rapid City.



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E. Bailey, Hot Springs.

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T. Cook, Freeport.

6 WAYS TO MAKE MONEY

You get exclusive use of unique absorption process which cleans carpets and upholstery without harmful scrubbing, soaking or shrinkage. It is acclaimed by housewives, mfrs & backed by McCalls and Parents' Seals. Five other profitable services at soil retarding, mothproofing, flame proofing, spotting and carpet repairing. Thus, on most jobs you multiply profits. "Headquaters say gross \$9.00 per hour. I gross up to \$12.00. Many dealers I know do even better." says Dan Chilcott of N. Platte, Neb.

You, too, can make BIG MONEY IN THIS Booming Industry



SINCE 1930

IN YOUR TOWN, too, there's a real opportunity right now for you to meet the growing demand for cleaning of costly carpets and upholstery . . . services for which homeowners are ready to pay good money. Old mechanical methods have proved to be harmful to fabrics, so the field is wide open with our exclusive, safe, scientific absorption method of cleaning. Have you investigated this opportunity? Thousands like those above have, and are now enjoying the financial security of their own business. Many have started part-time and so can you!

This business is easy to learn, and quickly established. There's no overhead, no shop needed . . . you operate from your home and provide all services right in your customer's homes.

We'll train you, show you the already-used methods for operating and building

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By starting now, you will be getting in on the **GROUND FLOOR** of a \$750 million a year industry! Send coupon for complete details on a dealership in YOUR town.

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Under our unique cooperative program, you are fully trained through a nearby dealer and at our 50-hour training school.

You're kept up-to-date through monthly magazines, nat'l conventions, and at regional meetings where Hqtrs' staff come to you in your area. You're backed by nat'l advertising in consumer (McCalls, Parents', House & Garden, etc.) and trade magazines. Others of 25 continuous services which help assure your success include: Individual counseling (staff of specialists give you prompt, expert counsel), ad kits, folders, product development, plus others. "Staff at Hqtrs to the last man is the best friend I have in business. They're always willing to do everything possible to guide me to even greater success," says J. Hoak of Charleroi, Pa.

EASY TERMS Moderate payment establishes your own business—pay balance from sales. We furnish machines, sales material and enough supplies to return your **TOTAL** investment.

ONLY PROCESS TO WIN THESE HONORS



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Yes, O-264 Duraclean Bldg., Deerfield, Ill., please booklets which detail how I may own and understand I am under no obligations and no salesman

(Please print)

County

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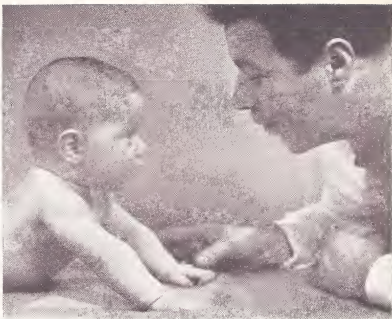


What Manufacturers Say

"(Duraclean) standards in keeping with service to which carpets and consumer are entitled."
—American Vacuum Corp.
"superior to any on-location process with which I'm familiar."
—President, Modern Tinting Co.
"we approve this process . . . in keeping with better service to Mrs. Housewife."
—Adon Rex Mills

DURACLEAN CO., O-264 Duraclean Bldg., Deerfield, Ill.

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The first frantic months of fatherhood are over. You have time now to really enjoy the new baby—and time to really think ahead.

There's plenty to think about. And lots to plan for. What kind of a Dad will you be? What kind of a provider?

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CLIMAX

EXCITING STORIES FOR MEN

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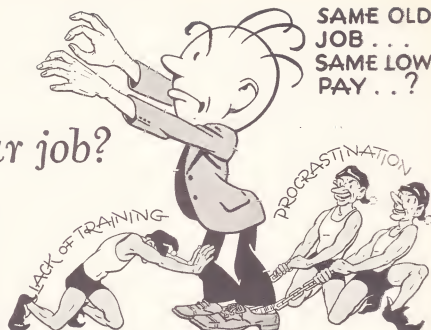
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THE MAILBOX



DOUBLE-BARRELED DISAGREEMENT



I am a government trapper along with two brothers, and my dad is quite a hunter, also. We have hounds and of course we catch mountain lions, along with bears, bobcats and coyotes. After reading your Outdoorsman piece, "Hunters in Disguise," we all disagreed with your statement that, "hounds aren't fighting dogs." I have a seven-year-old Red-bone that caught 18 bears in the summer of '56. My family and I have gone hunting with nothing but a .22 pistol and our hounds have been very successful. And we took the guns along just in case the lions or other animals decided to jump us. If author John Hightower would mush out to good old Colorado, we'd give him a real good show.

Billy Gene Peters
Artesia, Colorado

Mr. Hightower, last we heard, you out looking for a hound that was last seen chasing a herd of water buffalo across the plains of Africa. When Mr. Hightower returns to civilization, we'll show him your challenge.

SUCCESS STORY

November CLIMAX ran an article entitled, "Dean Martin Has The Last Laugh," and the title couldn't have been more appropriate. If he didn't accomplish another thing in show business, he would still look great in comparison to the flops his ex-partner Jerry Lewis has headlined. Now, when you see how successful Dino has been, it's pretty clear which part of

that ex-team had the talent all the time.

Art Baker
Denver, Colorado

I think your author was extremely unfair to Jerry Lewis. All right, Dean Martin is doing well since they split up, but it's a lot harder for a comedian to make it big in their business. Besides, Jerry is not starving—not with all the night club appearances and television shows he is doing. He may not be getting the exposure Dean is, but I'm betting their income tax statements aren't very far apart.

Jerri Parker
Detroit, Michigan

A LIFE FOR A LIFE

I read "Barbara Graham's Death Cell Letters" in December CLIMAX, and found the article very disturbing. I wonder if the jury and the judge who passed sentence on Barbara spent many waking hours wondering if they really did make the right decision in condemning her to death, and if they might not have overlooked some small factor which could have made the difference between life and death. In fact, I sometimes wonder if it is fair for us mortals to have the right to sentence "a life for a life."

Franklin Hamilton
Carolina Beach, North Carolina

MAGAZINE SCOOPS CONGRESS!



I don't know exactly how much of a time lapse there is before your magazine stories and articles are printed, and finally reach the public, but I understand it takes at least two months. So, consider my pleasant surprise to see CLIMAX had scooped the Congressional investigators on

the disc jockey "payola" exposé. Your article certainly supplied the public with excellent material to have on hand while reading the newspaper accounts as the stories broke day by day. As you said under the article's title: "Even rich corporations bow to these rulers (the disc jockeys) of a billion-dollar industry who dictate the taste of record fans and the fate of recording stars." Congratulations for hitting it right on the nose and exploding the myth surrounding disc jockeys.

Kelly O'Connor
Cleveland, Ohio

Thanks, Kelly, but you haven't seen anything yet. We are thinking about blowing the lid off another mythical story. One of our writers is convinced there is no such thing as an Elvis Presley.

CLIMAX GIRL MAKES GOOD



Congratulations to the editors of CLIMAX for having such keen eyes for beautiful girls. February's "Sight For Tired Eyes" featured the delightful and stimulating visual charms of Peggy Connelly, and no sooner did I finish seeing her in your magazine, than she appeared as a member of the cast on Ernie Kovacs' local television show. Peggy sure is pretty, and the proof is that she came all the way from Texas and made good in the highly competitive city of New York.

Mike Taylor
Brooklyn, New York

MEN PAST 40

Who are Troubled with *Getting Up Nights* Pains in Back, Hips, Legs, Nervousness-Tiredness, Loss of Physical Vigor *The Cause may be* **Glandular Inflammation**



The Excelsior Medical Clinic is completely equipped to give the latest and most modern scientific Diagnostic and treatment services.

The highly trained Staff of Doctors and Technicians is so extensive that your physical condition may be thoroughly checked during the day you arrive here.

Treatments Are Particularly For Men

The Excelsior Medical Clinic is an institution devoted particularly to the treatment of diseases of men of advancing years. If you were to visit here you would find men of all walks of life. Here for one purpose—improving their health, finding new health in life and adding years of happiness to their lives.

During the past few years men from over 1,000 cities and towns from all parts of the United States have been successfully treated here at Excelsior Springs. Undoubtedly one or more of these men are from your locality or close by . . . we will gladly send you their names for reference.

Reservations Not Necessary

If your condition is acute and painful you may come here at once without reservation. Complete examination will be made promptly.

FREE ILLUSTRATED BOOK GIVES YOU FULL INFORMATION

This new FREE Book published by the Excelsior Medical Clinic is fully illustrated and deals with diseases peculiar to men. It gives factual knowledge and tells Why and How Non-Surgical methods are proving so successful. It could prove of utmost importance to your future life. Write for a FREE copy today.

DO SOMETHING TODAY

Taking a few minutes right now in filling out the coupon below may enable you to better enjoy the future years of your life and prove to be one of the most rewarding acts you ever made.



Men as they grow older too often become negligent and take for granted unusual aches and pains. They mistakenly think that these indications of Ill Health are the USUAL signs of older age.

This negligence can prove tragic resulting in a condition where expensive and painful surgery is the only chance.

If you, a relative or a friend have the symptoms of Ill Health indicated above the trouble may be due to Glandular Inflammation.

GLANDULAR INFLAMMATION very commonly occurs in men of middle age or past and is accompanied by such physical changes as Frequent Lapses of Memory, Early Graying of the Hair and Excess Increase in weight . . . signs that the Glands are not functioning properly.

Neglect of such conditions or a false conception of inadequate treatments cause men to grow old before their time . . . leading to premature senility, loss of vigor in life and possibly incurable conditions.

techniques and many new wonder working drugs. These new discoveries were added to the research development already accomplished. The result has been a new type of treatment that is proving of great benefit to men suffering from Glandular Inflammation or Rectal and Colon trouble or Reducible Hernia.

NON-SURGICAL TREATMENTS

The non-surgical treatments of Glandular Inflammation and other diseases of older men afforded at the Excelsior Medical Clinic have been the result of over 20 years scientific research on the part of a group of Doctors who were not satisfied with painful surgical treatment methods.

The War brought many new

COMPLETE EXAMINATION AT LOW COST

When you arrive here we first make a complete examination. You are examined by Doctors who are experienced specialists. You are frankly told your condition and cost of treatments you need. YOU THEN decide if you will take the treatments recommended.

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NON-SURGICAL TREATMENTS OF Rectal-Colon Reducible Hernia

Rectal and Colon disorders are often associated with Glandular Inflammation. These disorders if not corrected will gradually grow worse and often require painful and expensive surgery.

Our Non-Surgical Hernia treatments require no hospitalization, anesthesia or a long expensive period of convalescence. They are so certain, that every patient accepted for treatment is given a Lifetime Certificate of Assurance.

We have all of the modern facilities to treat both of these disorders either with or without Glandular Inflammation treatments.

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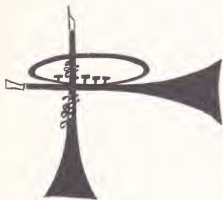
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☐ Hernia ☐ Rectal-Colon ☐ Glandular Inflammation

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The New Records

By AL GOVONI

The Home of Happy Feet: Van Alexander and his orchestra in a swinging salute to Harlem's fabulous Savoy Ballroom, this disc will evoke memories of the greatest bands of Duke Ellington, Cab Calloway, Fletcher Henderson, Chick Webb and many more. You'll hear, among others, such wonderful swingers as "A Tisket, A Tasket," "Ride, Red, Ride," "Stompin' at the Savoy," "Chant of the Weed," and "East St. Louis Toodle-oo." Capitol.

Venus Cha-Cha-Cha: For cha-cha buffs who are weary of American pop tunes played in cha-cha tempo, this one is the McCoy—or should we say Gonzales? The orchestra is called Los Cangaceiros and the music is authentic, crisply played, and easy to follow if you're making with the heel and toe. It's a Urania album.

Will Holt: No stranger to TV audiences who have caught his frequent guest appearances with Jack Paar and Dave Garroway, folk singer Will Holt here makes a most auspicious debut with this album on Elektra label. His diversified program includes "When the World Was Young," "Mack the Knife," "Broadway Is a Tame Street" and "Eagle and Me," to cite only a few. And the highest tribute we can pay a folk singer is to say there's not a kernel of corn in the lot.

Emil Stern: All the Way. You can dance or listen to this one with equal pleasure. A sparkling lineup with Stern at the keyboard, backed by a rhythm group that comes on with infectious beat. They offer a tasteful tossed salad of Continental and American hits, tunes like "All the Way," "Melodie d'Amour" and "April Love." Felsted label.

David Rose Plays David Rose is one of those wonderful "listening-type" discs for which he is famous. Using a full concert orchestra, he puts the Rose stamp on "Deserted City," "One Love," "Holiday for Strings" and many others, all great. MGM.

Romantic Strings is Decca's offering of the month for the coo-and-woo set. Recorded in Germany by Helmut Zacharias and His Magic Violins, it's a set of liets—mostly on the torch side—played by a group of insinuating fiddles which can only be described as sexy. They do "Love for Sale," "Body and Soul," "The Man I Love" and "Dream" to mention only a few, but we'll guarantee you never heard those evergreens played like this. A terrific album if you dig the sentimental bit.



Della Reese: One of the hottest gal singers to come along in years, Della should make yet another impressive score with this Jubilee album, *What Do You Know About Love*. She offers 12 solid vocals that made the hit lists when she waxed them as singles, tunes like "When I Fall in Love," "I'm Nobody's Baby," "I Thought of You Last Night" and "You Better Go Now." A fine performer with a lot of style.

La Favorita: The full Donizetti opera in one of London label's deluxe boxed albums, six sides, with the complete libretto in both English and Italian. Beautifully sung by a stellar European cast headed by soprano Giulietta Simionato. Superlative stereo.

Miles Davis: Jazz Track. You'll have to go far to find a finer sample of modern jazz than this Columbia album. Side one is Davis' original music score written for the French film *Elevator to the Scaffold*, and played by his Quintet, with top French sidemen. Side two features the sextet on "Green Dolphin St.," "Put Your Little Foot Right Out" and "Stella by Starlight." A great jazz recording.

Anita Bryant: Beauty and talent tells the tale about Anita and she leaves no doubt about the latter with her new Carlton LP, largely a program of Broadway show music of recent vintage. You'll hear her do "Hello, Young Lovers," "Small World," "Till There Was You," "The Party's Over" and others.

Bullring! Riverside label has scored a first with this remarkable album. Others have waxed the actual sounds of the bullfight but no one, until now, ever thought of adding a fascinating narration by a top rank torero, in this case famed matador Carlos Arruza. A tremendously exciting disc.

Paul Weston: Carefree. In a style uniquely his own, Weston consistently manages to blend mood music to danceable rhythms, and his latest Capitol LP is no exception. Receiving the typical Weston treatment are 12 standards, which include "Miss You," "Hooray for Love," "On the Alamo" and a very special arrangement of "Candy."

Presenting Jose Greco should become a must for flamenco aficionados. RCA Victor has assembled the entire Greco troupe—singers, dancers, musicians—in a waxing that has managed to capture the fire and excitement of an in-person performance.

The Piano Scene of Ahmad Jamal: When it comes to discussing Jamal's keyboard artistry we have to paraphrase Fats Waller's classic remark: "If you can't dig it, don't mess with it." Go buy Eddy Duchin. But if you're with it, don't fail to buy this Epic LP, because it's a beaut. Pay particular heed to what the man does with "Will You Still Be Mine?"

NEXT ISSUE

Old soldiers never die, they just fade into poverty and obscurity. This has been the fate of Corporal Charles E. Kelly, who, 16 years ago, won the Congressional Medal of Honor for his one-man blitz against Hitler's war machine in Italy. The heroic deeds of WW II's fearless GI made headlines everywhere, yet today he is a forgotten man, trying to eke out a living as a house painter to support his wife and his family. Read *May CLIMAX* for the battle scenes and the rags-to-riches-to-rags story of "Commando Kelly—One-Man Platoon."

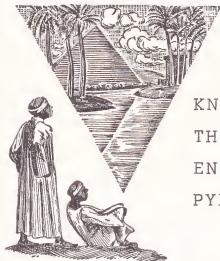
NEXT ISSUE

Buddy Rich calls himself *The World's Greatest Drummer*, and few jazz fans will argue with him. A featured drummer since he was four, Buddy has enjoyed 40 years of stardom with such Swing Age greats as Tommy Dorsey, Bunny Berigan, Harry James and Artie Shaw. But, spoiled by success and adulation, Buddy has lived a renegade career, which includes slugging a critical fan and being dragged from a bandstand before a huge audience. Don't miss *May CLIMAX*'s hectic story of "Buddy Rich—Bad Boy of the Band Business."

NEXT ISSUE

Outnumbered 50-1 and cut off from all supplies and reinforcements, Major Robert Anderson and 130 Union soldiers defiantly refused to surrender to the Confederate forces. Barrage after barrage rocked the bulwarks of Fort Sumter and losses continued to mount, but Anderson and Sergeant Peter Hart fought tirelessly until the enemy cheered their courage. Prize-winning author Jack Pearl describes the dramatic battle that ignited the Civil War, "The Heroic Defense of Fort Sumter," in the May issue of *CLIMAX*.

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THE OUTDOORSMAN

A Retriever Is A Hunter's Best Friend By Edmund Gilligan

NOTHING is more dismaying to a good sportsman than a lost bird. Whether it is a crippled duck, scaling down too far from the blind, or a wounded pheasant that is strong enough to run after it hits the ground, the loss of that bird is something to be guarded against. Whether a duck or a pheasant, it deprives the basic bird population of a potential breeder, and deprives a worthy citizen of a good dinner. The loss is unfortunate from both points of view.

The best insurance against such losses is the dog. Even in those duckerries where the gunners make skillful use of small boats to retrieve birds, a dog is frequently found more useful than a boat. He has a nose, which is something that all boats, and even a few boatmen, lack.

In modern times, conservation has been the main force behind the breeding and training of retrievers, especially the great Labrador. While some of us often feel that the Labrador field trials have recently become social affairs of no great benefit to the hunters generally, it is certainly true that the men who bred the first Labrador families have managed to get thousands of fine dogs into the actual field of conservation where the ducks fall. The breed is spreading rapidly. I myself can count nearly 50 Labradors bred from my own dogs in Ulster County, N. Y., where I have given them to gunners in the Hudson River duckerries. Those gunners are finding that a Labrador, even a very young one, will get after a bird without special training.

Whenever we plan to give a Labrador to a man, there is one thing we must see for ourselves: the quarters where the dog will live. It is not advisable to permit a Labrador, or a Chesapeake, to live in the city. They'll get along somehow, but not in the best circumstances.



I have found that even a few days in a warm room, and constant attention from a household, will change them into ham actors. Once out in the cold again, they may hesitate at an entry into chilly waters, and they will become nuisances at the duck camp, which is to say that they wish to climb into bed and be tucked in.

This need of a kennel and a run, of cold water for a swim now and then, and a field to retrieve dummy pheasants—all these desirable things make the Labrador a problem to some gunners, particularly those who live in city houses or flats.

Thus we see the advantages that may lie in having a smaller dog, such as the cocker spaniel. Despite his sensitive nature, he gets along well in the house.

He is pretty, too. And, better still, he is an eager and skilled retriever of pheasants and ducks. Indeed, I am inclined to think that, like the Labrador, he will retrieve anything that falls with feathers flying.

The history of hunting in America shows that the spaniel was once the top dog in the field. He appears in the oldest sporting prints and paintings. He is found carrying a duck in the sporting chronicles long before the Labrador reached these shores, and that was 60 years ago. While I have not asked the veteran hunters about the dog's general skill, I have seen pictures of him retrieving all kinds of birds in the South and in the West.

What has happened to the spaniel's high place in shooting circles? I think

the breeding of fancy types for those bench shows may have strained out the hunting instinct in some lines, just as the great Irish setter was beautified into a hunting dog. There is another obvious reason for the spaniel's decline: he was not quite dog enough for the bigger hunting grounds of the West, the Midwest, and certain parts of the South. Wide ranging was required, not only by the sportsmen riding to the hunt in wagons and on horseback, but also by the market gunners, who had to work wide and fast to make those dollars, now a thing of the past, thank Heaven. The pointer took the top place because it can range great distances.

For a long time, the cocker seemed to be doomed to the bench shows; then there came a change in hunting conditions. Instead of lots of water in front of a duck blind, for example, the increasing number of hunters cut the area down. Blinds were built so close to one another that the shooting was restricted. Something of the same sort took place in other bird-shooting territories. Much land was posted and the pointers had no mile-wide covers in which to range. And the pheasant preserves came into being, where dogs had to work between one wall and another. In short, there was less need for the wide-ranging dog.

It may be said that, right now, the cocker is well on his way back to its old position as a competent hunting dog. It has to prove itself against other breeds, and it is doing so. For instance, there was a well-circulated story that the cocker wasn't big enough even to carry a cock pheasant through tough cover. This isn't so. Just the same, the cocker has had to prove it. He has done so in the great national trials which were set up only a few years ago in recognition of the general need of such a hunting dog and to prove that the cocker was the boy for the job. I have watched scores of cockers at field trials in the last four seasons. They have worked efficiently under the most difficult of natural conditions.

There's no question about the cocker's ability to mark a bird. Neither is there any question about its tracking ability or its willingness to retrieve. Even so, there is something much more encouraging about the cocker in our times. Its deep hunting instinct has come through a period of neglect without harm. This instinct is so strong that we have a dog that can be trained by its owner. The services of a professional are not absolutely necessary, especially if a sportsman wished to prepare a dog for hunting and not to win honors in the trials.

All such claims for the cocker were

dramatically upheld in the running of the National Cocker Field Trial Championship a few years back in New Jersey. The best of the tribe were on hand for the tough tests on land, against ducks. The best professional handlers were there along with the most competent amateurs with smart English imports. All these were defeated by a gallant little number by the name of Prince Tom, who was handled by his owner, Tom Clute, of Adrian, Mich.

Prince Tom had never been in the East before. He knew nothing of the big time and all the excitements of many dogs, many distractions, many guns banging and pheasants falling all over the place. Yet he never faltered and never made a mistake. I watched him closely in one land series where the guns had knocked a pheasant down on the other side of a big thorn thicket. I couldn't spot the bird and I didn't dream that Tom could do it from where he was, his eyes just showing over the tall grass. At the signal, he began his race and the gallery, knowing that a new champion was in the making, watched in silence. He slid under the thorns, bounded forward, vanished into the hay, and started to work. When he suddenly appeared, far to the right, where he had tracked a running bird, the gallery burst into applause. Tom kept on plugging right toward his master.

Everybody—well, almost everybody—was delighted when the name of the new champion was announced at the clubhouse. I then found out something of great significance: Prince Tom originally had been trained in an obedience school, a course of polite education which, until then, had not been considered a good thing for a field dog. His master then taught Tom out of a book (Arthur Craig's), and entered him in some Midwest trials. After a few seasons, he had his championships for entry into the national event.

The proof came when he was declared top cocker spaniel of the country.

Watching Tom's eager entry into chilly water, and the smart way he clamped down on a flapping mallard, I saw clearly that his championship marks another big step in the return of the cocker to its old position. It is to be kept in mind that Tom's ancestry is nothing extraordinary. However, despite his unexceptional pedigree, he has the great inheritance of all spaniels: a desire and an ability to hunt.

It seems to me that there is enough fresh evidence on the cocker to persuade more gunners to find out if this dog isn't the answer to the question of saving birds.

★ THE END



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ERNIE PYLE

Best Pal a GI Ever Had

The Indiana newspaperman hated war and killing as much as he loved his fellow man. Yet when the infantry went into battle, he was right there with it. Now World War II is history—but Ernie is a legend

By JOSH GREENFELD

IT WAS the day before Easter Sunday, 1945. The sea was smooth and the sun shone on the deck of the APA chugging southward to Okinawa. The men of the 1st Marine Division scurried about exchanging their money for "invasion yen," drawing two days' K-rations, and making up their packs. In his cabin, Ernie Pyle poured himself a stiff drink and returned to his desk. He tried to concentrate on working over a message he had been asked to write to the men aboard the assault transport. Yet he himself was feeling the old infantryman's grim premonition of death. He had just written to a friend, "I wouldn't give you two cents for the likelihood of me being alive a year from now. And I'm not joking." He could easily recall his own experience in the bloody D-Day landings on Sicily and on Normandy and the terrible beachhead fighting at Anzio, halfway across the world. To his wife he wrote, "I'm off on another invasion. I never intended to. But I feel that I must cover the Marines, and the only way to do it honestly is to go with them. So here I am. But . . . I've promised myself, and I promise you, that if I come through this one I will never go on another one."

Before the turkey dinner that evening ("Fattening us up for the kill," the men said) Ernie completed his message. "It is the usual thing for a person to say that he's happy to be aboard," he wrote. "If I said that, I would be a liar for sure. Tomorrow, as you know, is our day. For some of you this business tomorrow is new, and you are curious. For some of us, it is old stuff. None of us likes it. But we have to do it, and wishing

doesn't change it. In writing about tomorrow and the days that will follow, I'll try to give the folks at home an honest picture of what happens—so that they can understand enough to give you the credit you deserve. I'll do the best I can. And so to you on the ship, and you in the boats, and you on the beaches—good luck. And I hope you wish me the same. I'll need it, too."

The following morning, before dawn, he put on his combat boots and his camouflage-covered helmet. He adjusted his pack as comfortably as he could on the back of his green herringbone-twill fatigues. And in a darkness disturbed only by the flame flashes on the horizon toward shore, he boarded the first LCPV to leave ship and rolled shoreward to a small control craft lying about two miles from the beach. There, as he stood on deck waiting for the landing wave that was to pick him up, he surveyed the scene, keeping in mind his hard-to-come-by knowledge that, "War to an individual is hardly ever bigger than one hundred yards on each side of him."

Our vast fleet began its final bombardment of the shore. Airplanes lashed the beaches with heavy bombs and incendiaries. Smoke rose up until the land was completely veiled. The water was a turmoil of motion as the assault craft headed in to their unloading positions. The heavy guns of the amphibious tanks were poised and ready to blast out the pillboxes on the beaches. It was just moments before H-Hour. And Ernie Pyle felt miserable and an awful weight was on his heart, as he recalled the words he had (Continued on page 62)

SIXGUN SHOWDOWN

After 14 years, Frank Trainer was through killing for cash and ready to start a new life with his latest girl. He had just one score left to settle

By WILL PRICE

HE LAY on his bed and looked around the shabby hotel room. It was like all the others—the half-papered yellow walls, the single window looking down on a back alley, the wrought iron bedstead, and the pitcher of water on the plain wooden dresser. He'd been in other rooms just like it. Too many others.

Puffing slowly on his cigarette, Frank Trainer wondered about the man who had asked him to come to Alliance, Mont. Why did someone hire a man to kill another man? This one probably wanted more power or more land or more money. They all wanted more something. Trainer swung his feet off the bed and sat up, disgusted with his thoughts.

He got up and walked to the window, where he could take a second look at the back alley one flight below. A pile of empty boxes and scattered junk cluttered the narrow walk. Something to remember, he thought—just in case he wanted to leave town in a hurry. After 14 years of killing for pay, a man got so he remembered everything like that.

Trainer pulled on his hat and went into the hallway, his boots echoing loudly as he headed for the stairs. He found two men in the lobby; one was sleeping off the night before, the desk clerk was reading a newspaper.

Outside on the veranda, Trainer stopped. He took a deep breath and shrugged his wide shoulders. The air in a mining town like Alliance was not the freshest around, but it was better than a stuffy hotel room. The late afternoon sun shining in his face made him squint as he strode down the boardwalk to the barber shop.

He went inside and, since no one was waiting, eased into the big chair, hanging his hat on a nearby rack. A thin-faced man in a dirty white jacket hustled out of the back room and smiled broadly.

"Good afternoon," the barber said. "Nice day."

Trainer nodded. "Yes, it is."

"Shave and haircut?"

"Just a shave." Trainer took a chair and leaned back gently, listening to the barber heat the water and slosh soap inside the mug. A buggy rolled past the large win-

dow, carrying a man, a woman and a bunch of kids. It reminded Trainer that he had never known any family except his own when he was a kid.

The barber eased the chair back to a reclining position and began soaping Trainer's stubbled jaws. "Yes, sir," he said, "looks like a pretty good summer. Should be. We had a mighty cold winter."

Trainer didn't answer. He idly watched the barber strop the razor.

"How about the mustache?"

"Just trim it," Trainer muttered.

The razor scraped coarsely down his jaw line and the whiskers pulled, but it felt good. That bath he'd had last night had felt good, too. It took the ache out of his body after riding all the way from Denver in that rickety, dusty stage.

When the barber took the razor away to wipe off the lather, Trainer asked, "Where can I find a man named Shorter?"

"Well, there's two Shorters in town." The barber came back with the razor and continued. "One is a P. I. Shorter, down to Big Annie's place. I don't reckon you'd come very far to see him. So it must be the other one . . . Noel Shorter. He runs a big spread on the Yellowstone."

Trainer nodded easily, the razor at his throat.

"He's got a pretty big place, mister. What'd you want with him?"

"That's between him and me."

The barber nodded. It didn't pay to ask a stranger too many questions, and he said nothing more as he finished the shave, trimmed the small brown mustache and righted the chair. "There you are, mister."

Trainer stood up and studied his face in the mirror. "It's all right," he said, fingering the newly grown mustache. He laid two bits on the counter, picked up his hat and walked out.

He crossed the street and angled toward the Alliance Bar. Pushing through the batting doors, he went inside to find the place empty except for a fat bartender wip-

ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN SAUNDERS



ing out some glasses. Trainer went over to the bar and the fat man asked, "Whiskey?"

"No, thanks. Just some information."

"Some information might come high," the bartender said, putting down his towel.

"Where can I find Noel Shorter?"

"That I'll tell you for nothing. He's probably at his ranch right now. Maybe ten miles out on the Yellowstone."

"Is there a road?"

"Sort of. Just turn off the main street and follow the river east. Can't miss it."

Trainer grunted his thanks and started for the door. The bartender called, "Why go out there? He'll be in town tonight."

Trainer came back to the bar. "You sure?"

"Always is on Saturday. How about some whiskey?"

"All right." The bartender poured and Trainer asked, "What kind of a man is Shorter?"

THE BARTENDER got a glass for himself and looked his customer in the eye. "He's a bastard. I hope you ain't no brother of his."

"I'm not," Trainer said sharply.

"I doubt if he ever gave anybody anything in the world. He just takes and takes and takes." He paused and gulped down the whiskey. "Afraid I drink too much."

Trainer let him talk.

"He's got more land than anybody else and he wants more. He's trying to push out all the little men around here and take everything for himself." The fat man stopped to toss down another shot. "I'm for the little man. How about you?"

"Sometimes. If the little man's got guts enough to stand up to things."

"Well, there's one little man who's got the guts. Fellow named Harriman. He's the one Shorter's been trying hardest to push out. Things get pretty rough around here once in a while."

"Yeah. Who's this Harriman?"

"Little rancher just east of Shorter's place. Doesn't have much but he's got enough to make Shorter want it. He's young, Harriman is. Got white hair, but maybe that comes from bucking Shorter as long as he has."

"Harriman come to town on Saturday?"

"Always." He poured two more drinks. "Say, you're asking a lot of questions. You got special interests?"

Trainer downed his drink. "You might say that."

The bartender looked at him closely—the cold eyes, the thin, black mustache, the single gun in the well-worn holster. "You from around these parts?"

"Denver." Trainer felt like talking. "I come up on the stage. Dusty and hot as hell."

"Always is, summertime," the fat man said understandingly.

"Where can a man have some fun in town?"

"Big Annie's. When you go out, it's on your left. The big, dingy house at the end. Stands down there like it's watching the whole town to make sure nobody steps out of line. You'd think it was a church if it had a steeple." The bartender grinned. "Big Annie's girls would get a laugh from that."

"What time does Shorter usually get here?"

"About eight. Usually spends his time and money in here." He waited a minute or two, then said, "Harriman usually gets in about nine, in case you're interested."

"Much obliged, mister. How much for the drinks?"

"On the house. Wanted somebody to talk to, anyway."

Trainer smiled briefly and went outside. Down the street to his left was Big Annie's. It'll have to wait till tonight, he thought. He returned to the hotel and slowly climbed the rickety stairs to his room. As soon as he stepped into the room, the depressed feeling swept over him again. He stretched out on the bed to try to rest before Shorter showed up with the orders and the money.

It was late afternoon when Trainer woke up, yet he was still tired. Not just physically tired, but tired of killing, tired of his gun and the lonely hotel rooms, and men like Noel Shorter who hired a man to kill someone he hadn't got the guts to handle himself. Trainer had hired out his gun many times to many greedy men and had thought nothing of it. But now he was ready to quit. Maybe this would be the last job, he thought, as he fell asleep again . . .

Somewhere a gun was firing rapidly. It sounded far away but Trainer could feel his gun bucking in his hand and slugs ripping into him. He sat up quickly and the dream dissolved.

"Anybody in there?" Someone was rapping on the door. Trainer grinned sheepishly, then picked up his gun and went to open the door.

A big man stood there, the face fleshy and clean-shaven. "Trainer?"

"Yes." He held his gun ready.

"I'm Shorter."

Trainer swung the door wide and lowered his gun as Shorter eased inside. A man followed him in and Shorter said, jerking his thumb over his shoulder, "This is Jack Pool. He works for me."

Trainer nodded at Pool, who stood silently near the door, noting the pearl-handled Colt and the skintight brown gloves. He'd have to remember not to turn his back on Pool. "We can talk here," Trainer said, shutting the door.

"Not here," Shorter said. "These walls are paper thin." "It's all right. There's nobody around. Now what's the setup?"

Shorter settled his bulky frame into a small, straight-backed chair. Trainer sat on the bed. Shorter touched a match to the dead cigar in his mouth and casually asked, "How much do you charge for a killing?"

"Depends. How bad do you want him killed?"

"Pretty bad."

"You look like you're set pretty well. Five hundred . . ."

"Fair enough," Shorter said curtly.

". . . before. Another five hundred after."

THE BIG man sat up, his face clouded in cigar smoke. "That's a hell of a price."

"You stand to profit, don't you? A lot more than a thousand, too." Trainer eyed Shorter coldly. "If it's too high, let Pool do it."

"Can't take the chance. Too many people know he works for me."

"Well, somebody must have seen you come up here."

"That couldn't be helped. It'll be harder to tie me in, though, if you do the job. We can't get him from ambush because they'd call in the marshal, so it has to be in town. An open fight."

"All right."

Shorter scowled. "I still think a thousand dollars is a hell of a price. But there's no time for bargaining."



Big Annie raised the pistol and aimed it at Trainer's head. "No, sonny," she said coldly, "Rena ain't goin' any place with you."

Your man'll be in town pretty quick." He took out a gold pocket watch. "It's after eight now."

Trainer unholstered his gun and studied it carefully. "Who is it? Harriman?" he asked matter-of-factly.

Shorter looked startled. "How did you know?"

"I get around. When does he ride in?"

"About nine. He'll be at the Alliance." Shorter reached into his coat pocket and pulled out a long billfold. "Five hundred now, huh?"

"That's right."

"I usually don't carry this much on me but I figured you'd want it tonight. You can pick up the rest at my ranch tomorrow." Shorter counted out ten \$50 bills and tossed them on the bed.

Trainer slowly recounted the money and slid it into his pants' pocket. "You must want Harriman pretty bad to go this far."

"I do. Harriman's death is the only way I can get the land. That stubborn fool refuses to sell out to me, and I need his property for my cattle. He's got no kin. With him out of the way, I'll buy his ranch from the bank and expand my holdings. I'm on my way up. When Montana's a state, you'll hear plenty about me."

Trainer laughed scornfully.

"Now wait a minute, Trainer," Shorter snapped. "Don't get wise with me. Do you know where you'd be if I hadn't sent for you?" Shorter scowled through the smoke. "You'd be drunk in a gutter someplace or sleeping with some cheap woman. Just exactly where you'll be after the job." He stood up. "That gun's the only thing you got and, unless you hire it out, you're nobody. Don't forget that, Trainer. Maybe you'll get somewhere if you hang onto that gun."

"You had to hire me."

Shorter glared at Trainer and headed for the door. "Remember, Harriman'll be in soon. We'll wait for you in the Alliance. You better get it finished tonight."

Frank Trainer watched them walk out, Pool following

Shorter like a trained puppy. "A pair of deuces," he said aloud. "Not worth betting on." Trainer ground out his cigarette on the floor, wondering what kind of man Harriman was. "Eight-thirty now. That'll give me just about enough time."

He went downstairs and into the warm evening. He could think of nothing but Harriman. The rancher probably had a wife and kids and a little cabin beside a creek with a few horses out back. The only bad thing in his life was Noel Shorter, who wanted his land. White-haired, the bartender had said, from fighting Shorter so long.

"Wha . . . Oh, sorry, Marshal," Trainer apologized. Lost in his own thoughts, he had walked into the tall man with the badge.

The marshal stepped aside without a word. Trainer glanced at him and hurried past. Badges never had been good for him and especially not on a night like this. He looked back once and saw the marshal, framed in the light from a window. He made a perfect target, but Trainer had never killed a lawman. Funny, he thought, there had never been any need to.

Far down the street he could see the dim outline of the tall dark building that could pass for a church if it had a spire. There was a small red light in the window. Big Annie's. Trainer headed for it. Maybe, there, he could forget for a while.

The door opened at his knock and a big woman nearly filled the doorway. "What do you want?" she demanded gruffly.

"That's a hell of a question," he answered.

A smile wrinkled her powdered face. "I guess it is at that, friend. Come on in. Big Annie welcomes you."

"And your money," a man called from the parlor.

Trainer grinned as Annie turned and said, "You can shut up, Teddy, or scoot out of here."

"Okay, Annie," Teddy answered. "Just kidding."

After Trainer hung his gun (Continued on page 67)





GOLF IS A GAMBLER'S GAME

Alex was putting the 18th hole and his entire future depended on the honesty of a professional cheat—
and a Scotch terrier's sensitive right leg

By WILLIAM CAMPBELL GAULT

WHEN we reached Tucson, Ariz., there was a letter from Mama. She said the old Carruthers place was up for sale and wouldn't that make the sweetest little home for a wandering young couple finally to settle down in? Mama also said that Papa was slicing all his iron shots to the right and would I please ask my husband Alex why that was?

I asked Alex but it was at a bad time for questions. He had just come in from a morning round with Craig Borden and he had lost money again.

Alex looked at me and shook his head. "Your father? How in blazes should I know? Three thousand miles away and I'm supposed to tell him why he's slicing his irons. Tell him to see his pro."

"Georgia isn't three thousand miles away, Alex."

"I wish it was."

My husband is from New Hampshire, and he can be quite short-tempered. But I smiled pleasantly and said, "It's really a compliment, his asking you. You know he doesn't take advice from just *anybody*."

"Okay, okay, tell him it is my considered opinion that he should see his pro."

"All right, darling," I said, "I'll tell him." I stopped smiling. "How much did you lose today?"

He put on his innocent look. "Lose . . . ? Lose where?"

"On the golf course, betting with Craig Borden, who always defeats you."

He took a deep breath and exhaled, glaring all the time. Oglethorpe trotted over to smell Alex's trouser cuffs, to see if there were any interesting grass clippings there. Oglethorpe is mostly Scotch terrier, and rather inquisitive.

Alex pushed him away with his foot.

"You needn't kick him," I scolded.

"I didn't kick him," he snapped. "Should we go out to

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY W. JOHNSON

eat lunch today? The house feels pretty stuffy to me."

"I suppose so—if you have any money left."

Alex started to scowl. Then his stern expression grew softer. "We're not quarreling, are we?"

"No, honey," I answered mildly. "I really didn't know if we had any money left."

"Would it bother you if we didn't?"

"Not for long. You're still a certified public accountant. And a CPA can always get a job."

He shook his head. "Not this CPA. There's only one job I want—golfing. Didn't I warn you before we were married, that this golf circuit would be a miserable life?"

"Yes, you did, Alex," I admitted humbly.

Oglethorpe looked between us, puzzled and growling quietly.

"That dog hates me," Alex said.

I didn't answer.

"Craig hates me, too," he continued. "He's still in love with you."

"You're being silly," I said. "Craig introduced us."

"Sure, but he didn't think it would turn out like this."

I WANTED to say, neither did I, but it didn't seem like the proper time. Instead, I said, "Craig's easygoing, that's why he beats you. I think that's why Southerners make the best golfers; they're so easygoing."

Alex put on a patient look. "Honey, everybody is beating me: Southerners, Northerners, Easterners and Westerners. And they're not that good. Do you understand—they're not that good!"

In Miami, Alex had bent his putter over his knee on the 13th green of the final round. He had to finish putting with a two iron for the last five holes. In Tampa, he had threatened to hit a coughing spectator. Who was beating Alex? The answer was simple—Alex was beating Alex. These quick-tempered Northern boys...

"After my shower, we'll go out to lunch," he said. "And we'll have a real sensible talk."

I nodded and smiled. "Sensible talk" meant that he would tell me to go home where I could live in comfort—"just until we can travel in better style."

Oglethorpe watched Alex close the bathroom door, then he looked back at me. His eyes were sad.

"Don't worry, Ogie," I consoled him, "we're not going home. He needs us. He might not know it, but he needs us. We're all the family he's got."

Alex had been brought up by a maiden aunt who had spoiled him. And she left him \$3,000 when she died and he had decided to use that for a trial period of tournament golf. For a CPA, Alex doesn't have much money sense.

But he looks sort of like Cary Grant and he can be sweeter than wild honey when his temper is under control. I certainly didn't want to go back to Georgia without Alex—or anywhere else.

Oglethorpe growled again. He shook his head and went to lie in a corner. I brushed my hair, changed my nail polish and put on some of the new lipstick Mama had sent me.

Alex is not always unreasonable. In fact, he can be quite intelligent and sensible when he's not annoyed. Eventually he would realize what a silly game this golf was; then we could go back to Leighton and see about the Carruthers place. Patience—a girl must have patience.

I put a little perfume behind my ears and sat down to write a note to Mama. I told her I'd always loved the

Carruthers place and Papa probably wasn't pivoting properly; he was pushing through with the right arm, trying to steer the ball. I told her Oglethorpe was enjoying the trip and I supposed Arizona was all right for those who were used to it. I finished up with the news that Alex had almost finished in the money at Phoenix but the newsreel camera had been too noisy and he had three-putted the last green.

While I was sealing the envelope, Alex came out of the bathroom. He looked at the letter. "To Mama?"

I nodded.

"What did you tell her?"

"That you came very close at Phoenix."

He was silent, looking at me seriously. Finally he said, "Golly, you're pretty. How can you stand me?"

"I guess it's because you're a handsome guy. Where are we going to eat? I mean, if it's a drive-in, we could take Ogie along."

Alex frowned. "I thought we'd go to the Mesa; Ogie can stay in the car and we can bring him something. Honey, I don't really dislike our dog. There even are times when he's kind of cute."

Oglethorpe sniffed.

I knew Alex wanted to go to the Mesa because it was a favorite with the boys. Alex was another of their favorites, strangely enough. Maybe the galleries didn't cotton to him, the sportswriters loved to needle him, and I guess Ogie wasn't one of his fans. But all the boys liked Alex, despite his temper.

Craig Borden was sitting in a corner booth when we arrived. He grinned broadly and waved. I waved back but I guess Alex wasn't looking that way. Ned Gulliver was peering from a table near the counter and we went over there.

Ned stood up in his courtly way to hold my chair for me. He is about 200 years old but a most fascinating man.

"You smell as good as you look," he said. "You deserve a better fate than Alex."

"That's what Alex told me only a few minutes ago. But he's going to be nicer. He promised."

"He'd better be," Ned said jokingly. "Where's my Ogie?"

"In the car. I wish Alex had your manners."

I thought I'd said this loud enough for Alex to overhear, but then I saw he had gone over to talk to Craig. Ned said quietly, "That's a strange friendship."

"I'm not sure it is a friendship," I said as I watched Alex reach for his wallet. "I grew up with Craig."

NED shivered. "I'm glad I didn't."

I blinked. "Don't you like him? In Leighton, the Bordenes are very well thought of."

"Honey, I am forty-seven years old," Ned said. "And I've been on the golf trail since I was nineteen. Believe me, I've met some monsters in my time, but this Borden is the champ."

"Ned Gulliver," I protested. "I'm surprised at you." Alex had returned to the table. "Why? Is he being fresh, Amy?"

Ned smiled. "I was merely running down her childhood friends."

Alex smiled back at him and I had that feeling these boys occasionally gave me, the feeling of being on another planet, in an alien civilization.

I looked at Alex coolly. "I'm old enough to share your secrets. Girls mature early in Georgia."

They both laughed and Alex reached over to put a finger on the tip of my nose. "Let's all be friends."

But I insisted icily, "I—want—to—know!"

The men looked at each other and sighed.

"Well," Ned began quietly, "it's not exactly cheating, but Borden always manages to sneak into your line of vision when you're putting. Then he has that nervous cough you keep listening for, a cough he never has off the course. And there's also his putting bit. If his putt is about the same length as yours, he gives it a lot of extra time, thus making yours seem that much harder. It's all so subtle it seems accidental."

I stared at Alex in shocked surprise. "Is this true?"

He smiled noncommittally.

"And Craig Borden is a cheap politician," Ned continued. "He's a perfect gentleman with sportswriters and other people who can do him some good. And the fans love him, too. They've often helped him."

"Helped him?"

"That's right. In a St. Paul tournament, he chipped into the crowd and the ball came flying out again, toward the green. Somebody had hit it with a flat hand. In Milwaukee, his ball went into the stands around the eighteenth green—and came bouncing out seconds later. Another fan." Ned grimaced. "Smiling, lovable Craig Borden . . . the slob."

No one spoke. The waitress came and we ordered. There was more silence until Ned said, "You angry with me, Amy?"

I shook my head. Mama had always liked Craig but Papa never had. Mama doesn't play golf.

Alex asked, "Then, why so quiet?"

"I was thinking about Leighton," I answered sadly. Over Alex's shoulder, I could see Craig paying his check. Then he headed our way and I managed a weak smile.

Craig was grinning as he gripped Ned's shoulder. "Watch this man, Amy. He's an old, old pro."

Ned frowned.

"But I wish I could play a wedge like he can," Craig said cheerily. "He's murder from eighty yards in." He blew me a kiss and walked out of the restaurant.

Alex started to explain. "You see, Amy, what Craig just tried to plant in Ned's mind? He as much as said that Ned isn't much off the tee."

"And," Ned added, "not good for more than eighty yards with a wedge."

"And old, old, old," Alex concluded.

Ned shook his head. "The sad part of it is, he's right. Could we talk about something else? Could we talk about Leighton? Where is Leighton, anyway?"

"It's near Arden," Alex answered. "But nobody knows where Arden is, either."

"You two are very funny," I said sarcastically. "I think I'll eat at the counter."

Alex reached over and put his hand on mine. "No. We'll be good. We love you, Amy Ross, even if you don't golf."

"I ordered short ribs," Ned said gently, "only so I'd have some bones for Ogie."

We talked about Arizona—about the mountains and the thin air and the dust and the desert. By the time we got to the coffee, Ned was telling us about the 1936 U.S. Open. I didn't mind; Ned makes a story come alive.

Then he took Alex to the club for some practice and I drove back to the motel. I don't believe everything golfers tell me, but I must admit I was disturbed over this news about Craig. Of course, Alex says a lot of crazy



Alex was about to tee off on the 17th hole when some idiot with a box camera crouched directly in his line of vision.

things when he's angry. Ned Gulliver, though, is never angry. He's a well-adjusted man, like Papa.

And then I realized Alex and I hadn't had that "sensible talk" he'd promised me for lunch. I wondered how much money we had left. Alex thought he knew all there was to know about money, and he said he didn't want me to bother my "pretty little head about it." Well, if there wasn't a nickel left, it wouldn't bother me. That would mean we could both go back to Leighton. I have seen New Hampshire and I was sure Alex would like Leighton better than that.

When Alex came home, around five, I had these thoughts all sorted in my mind. "Alex," I began, "it's about time for that talk we were going to have."

"Forget it," he said gaily. "Here, buy yourself a new sweater or something." He handed me two \$20 bills.

I stared at the 20s in my lap, then at him. "Don't tell me. Please don't say you won it from Ned Gulliver, that poor, lonely man?"

He was puzzled. "Poor . . . lonely? Ned Gulliver?"

"He must be lonely, with no wife," I said evenly. "And he hasn't won a major tournament in four years, so he must be poor, too."

Alex chuckled and sat down on the bed. "Honey, there are golf clubs, golf balls, golf shoes and who knows what else named after Ned Gulliver. He may not be a millionaire, but he's mighty close to it. As for being lonely, he has more friends than any other pro in America."

"Then why," I asked patiently, "is he still playing these tournaments? Why does (Continued on page 74)

PETER TOWNSEND

England's Warrior Playboy

Pete and the Princess were flying high until British bigwigs gave him the royal boot. Now he's soothing his wounds with the tender care of a young and lovely French wife

By EDWARD LINN

NEVER in the course of human events," Winston Churchill said in praising the handful of RAF fliers who had miraculously beaten off Hitler's Luftwaffe, "have so many owed so much to so few."

One of those few was Group Captain Peter Townsend, who shot down 11 German planes in the two rough years before the United States entered the war. And how has England repaid Peter Townsend? By virtually banishing him from that tight little island. Furthermore, one of the strongest voices in the anti-Townsend movement was good old Winnie himself. Moral: Never listen too closely to a politician, especially in time of war.

A week after Elizabeth had been crowned Queen and Empress, a sensational British weekly newspaper, *The People*, came blasting onto the streets with an indignant front-page editorial. And nobody, as we all know, can be more scandalized than a scandal sheet:

"It is high time for the British public to be made aware of the fact that scandalous rumors about Princess Margaret are racing around the world. Newspapers in both Europe and America are openly asserting that the Princess is in love with a divorced man and that she wishes to marry him.

"The story, of course, is utterly untrue. It is quite un-



thinkable that a royal princess, third in line of succession to the Throne, should even contemplate a marriage with a man who has been through the divorce courts."

The editorial explained that Group Captain Townsend, the man in question, had been the innocent party in the divorce proceedings. "But," it went on, "his innocence cannot alter the fact that a marriage between Princess Margaret and himself would fly in the face of royal and Christian tradition.

"It is quite certain, therefore, that relations between the Princess and the Queen's Equerry have not gone further than is normal and customary between a member of the Royal Family and a devoted servant.

"The fact remains, however, that newspapers outside Britain have for weeks printed reports of their forthcoming marriage *without meeting an official denial*. As a result, the scandalous statements have been reproduced and enlarged upon. And it is to put a stop to them that we now place the facts before the public.

"When the government and the Palace officials are faced with a popular clamor for a denial, it will be forthcoming."

The editorial then went on to cite "scandalous" reports in the American papers, such as that the Queen Mother seemed to be in favor of the marriage, and the Queen herself was having private conversations on the matter with the Archbishop of Canterbury.

A French paper, the editorial said in horror, had even declared that Margaret was ready to renounce her royal titles and privileges in order to marry Townsend.

"All this," *The People* said, "is false. Handsome, charming, honorable though Townsend is, and though he is a Battle of Britain hero who wears the ribbons of both the DSO and DFC, it is far beyond the realm of possibility that he should marry Princess Margaret.

"Nevertheless, the rumors and statements about 'romance' and 'marriage' will continue to spread if they go unrefuted.

"We believe that the British public, now informed of what the world is saying, will be behind us in demanding an end of this official silence.

"LET THE TRUTH BE MADE KNOWN. THAT IS THE WAY TO STOP SCANDALOUS RUMORS."

If you feel a bit confused by this curious mixture of fact and denial of fact, it is only because you are not British. English newspapers have always been at a disadvantage in reporting about the Royal Family, since it is considered uncricket to publicize their private lives. The average Englishman knew nothing about the crisis involving King Edward VIII and Wallie Simpson, for instance, almost to the day of Edward's abdication, even though the story had been making the rounds of foreign papers for months.

To print anything on the Royal Family then, the popular British press has had to resort to the grand old journalistic device of revealing a story by indignantly denying it. And the British public, having learned how to play this game, knows that the trick is to ignore all the negatives. So when they read that "it is quite unthinkable" for a Princess to contemplate marriage with a divorced man, they know, by heaven, that the princess is contemplating precisely that. When the paper clamors for a denial of the foul rumor, the readers know they are asking for an official confirmation of the fact.



The romance of the "miniature Marilyn Monroe" with a commoner shocked Britons from the palace to the pubs.

All this stresses the hypocrisy and the double-dealing that accompanied the destruction of the love affair every step of the way. By the time that editorial was printed, every newspaper in England was perfectly aware that Margaret wanted to marry Townsend and that her sister, the Queen, did not disapprove. A full year earlier, the British government had polled the leaders of all the Commonwealth nations to determine their feelings on the matter; and the Archbishop of Canterbury had already informed the Queen that the Church of England would never stand for such a marriage. The squeeze was on, with Margaret and Peter in the middle.

In the Princess' own set, scandalous rumors had been making the rounds for two years. It was time for a showdown, and Winston Churchill and the Queen's palace advisors had been clamoring for Elizabeth to ship Townsend out of the country in the time-honored British way of handling an unpleasant situation. Margaret was already threatening that she was going to marry Townsend one way or the other, with permission or without, in England or away. It was understood by everybody

that once the Coronation was out of the way, Elizabeth would have to make a decision.

During the Coronation ceremony, Margaret made her move and shocked the court. She left her mother's side, moved toward the mass of palace functionaries and servants, then headed straight for Townsend. She laid her hand upon his chest and gazed lovingly into his eyes. There was a royal gasp, and up in the foreign press section, pencils began to move furiously.

That same night, Peter and the Princess slipped out a side door of Buckingham Palace to join the throng of citizens around the gates. They were not recognized by anybody in the crowd, but some of the palace functionaries spotted the romantic couple.

If Margaret, through minor indiscretions such as this, was trying to push her sister into a fast decision, she was not alone—the palace advisors and the government wanted a quick decision too. Merry old England was getting merrier by the day.

There is not really much doubt that the palace guard itself planted the original story in the paper, and it is interesting to note that they did not plant it in the *London Times* or any of the usual conservative mouthpieces. They picked a popular Sunday newspaper that would reach the masses, thus speeding things up and spoiling Margaret's chances. If everybody had been able to sit down and discuss the matter calmly, a satisfactory compromise could easily have been worked out. But the palace and the government felt the affair had to be broken off. By planting that first story, they unloosed a debate in the entire British press, and even if the great weight of public opinion favored the marriage, they hardly cared. Once the arguments had been set off, the boys at the palace were able to scurry to the Queen and say: "You see? Here, in the very first days of what should be a glorious rule, a potential scandal threatens to disrupt our people and corrupt the meaning of royalty. Townsend has to go!"

Within days, Townsend went.

Who is Peter Townsend and how did he get to the Palace?

A tall, thin man who resembles a typical Englishman or the London correspondent for the *New York Times*, Townsend is a member of one of those old English families which are distinguished by their service and their accomplishments, if never by any great wealth. The type of family which never has enough money to send its son to the best schools—a vital factor in England—but feels duty-bound to keep up appearances, at whatever sacrifice, by sending him to the second best.

Peter was born in Burma, where his father was serving as a colonel in the Indian army. One of Peter's brothers is now a brigadier in the Gurkha Rifles, another is a rear admiral in the Royal Navy. His other brother, an RAF veteran, is a commissioner in Tanganyika. One of his sisters is married to the brother of Hugh Gaitskill, the leader of the Labor Party. Another is the wife of a naval commander.

At the age of 18, Peter took the entrance examinations to the Royal Air Force College at Cranwell, and placed in the top five. Not only was he a top student, he was a top flier from the beginning. Other than that, he was an exceptionally quiet and shy young man, his timidity with women having been partially due to a skin disease which continued through his youth.

After graduating he served with a torpedo bomber squadron in the Far East until the threat of war arose,



The Archbishop of Canterbury opposed Margaret's marriage plans because Townsend's former wife was still living.

when he was returned to England as one of the handful of experienced RAF fliers able to face the full destructive power of Germany's air force.

A picture of the young pilot was sent along with a letter written by one of his first friends, John Simpson, to another airman who had expressed some surprise at their friendship. "He used to be rather aloof," Simpson wrote, "going to his room at night and avoiding our games and parties. But we are bringing him out of his shell. He is very shy and has no idea of his courage . . . He surrounds himself with armor, but I am slowly breaking through . . . You will like him when you know him more."

During the early days of the war, Peter formed a great friendship with another man who was his complete opposite—a wild, fearless South African named Caesar Hull. Peter and Caesar would take off into the wide blue yonder together and pull the most daring maneuvers. They played a sort of aerial "chicken" game, zooming tip-to-tip toward the white cliffs of Dover to see which would come closer to the mountain before pulling into his climb. Before they were through they were climbing straight up the mountain like missiles.

Hull, Townsend and Simpson were appointed section leaders of the 43rd Squadron when war broke out, which meant they were among the very best fliers England had. Caesar Hull shot down the first enemy plane over English water. Townsend got the second—the first enemy plane to fall on English soil.

In *The Peter Townsend Story*—which is practically an official biography—Townsend's friend Norman Barrymaine tells how Peter and his two wingmen swept in on a Heinkel which was attacking fishing boats off the coast. The Heinkel crashed near a farm in Yorkshire; it was Peter's kill. Simpson brought down another Heinkel moments later, and Hull got his second shortly after.

When they returned to the briefing room, champagne was broken out and after a few swigs, the exuberant Caesar got the previously inhibited Townsend to join him in a wild victory dance. They leaped over chairs, danced

on the tables and flung each other against the walls. (Later, when they took their first crack at flying the new Spitfires, Hull signaled Peter to go into their dance again. While the commander screamed from the ground, they bounced the planes around the sky, diving and rolling around each other, and all but touching wings as they shot past.)

But it was not all celebrating for Peter. After he bagged his first plane, Peter learned that the German pilot was still alive and he took some fruit and cigarettes to the hospital. In refighting the battle, the German insisted he had had Peter in his sights, just before he had been shot himself, and still couldn't understand how he had missed.

Townsend's burst had been so accurate that he had riddled the German across the legs and forced him to crash-land. "You're a good boy," Townsend said, patting the pilot's back. "Get better soon."

When the Germans began to attack the British fleet at Scapa Flow, the 43rd was transferred to the northern tip of Scotland. In the first great battle between the Hurricanes and Heinkels, the 43rd knocked off five of the ten German bombers. Townsend had another kill, giving him two of the RAF's first six kills.

A few days later, the Germans hit while Hull and Townsend's sections were off duty. As soon as the attack began, both sections raced back to the field and battled to see who would get the few airworthy planes. By the time they got up, the Germans had gone, but they came across one Heinkel that had lost the formation.

Caesar and Peter fought a battle between themselves, almost crashing into each other as they jockeyed for position behind the enemy plane. Peter won out and downed his third Nazi. When he returned to the base, he wrote to Barrymaine, describing his feeling after attacking the German.

"Caesar and I flew in close to him, one on each side, and I could see the horrible mess in the rear cockpit. It was a sad and beastly sight. But we were elated then and we did not see it that way. The riddled aircraft with its flapping *empennage*, three terrified figures in front of the aircraft. The pilot, his fair hair blown by the slipstream which was coming through his shattered windscreen, leaning forward and trying to urge his powerless machine to fly, his two companions making helpless signs of surrender and despair. We just answered them with two fingers and an upturned thumb, as we pointed toward the coast which was thirty miles away, in the hope that they would make it. They didn't. The pilot brought his aircraft down to sea level and, pump-handling the control column, he brought the Heinkel to rest on the water. The fuselage broke in half immediately and the after end sank. One wing broke off and, tipping crazily in the air for a second, it slithered below the surface.

"Three figures struggled clear of the sinking wreckage. They began to swim backstroke, in that icy water, toward the coast. The seven of us circled around and some of us transmitted to get a wireless fix for our position, so that they might send out a launch to rescue the Huns. But none came.

"We resumed our formation and flew back. I can still see the agony and despair of the last minutes of those Huns. We were indifferent to it then, when we saw them. We knew quite well that many of us would have to endure just as much before the war finished."

Flight Lieutenant Townsend was awarded the Dis-

tinguished Flying Cross and sent to Buckingham Palace to have the medal pinned on by King George, himself. For the first time, Peter was in the presence of royalty. He was then 25. Margaret, who was not present, was a little girl of nine.

The Battle of Britain grew hotter, and Peter was given his own squadron, bringing on a final separation from his friend Simpson. Caesar Hull had already been sent up to Norway, and after flying and fighting heroically, was killed during the height of the blitz.

In another letter, Simpson wrote: "I know Peter will be magnificent. He is an extraordinary person. Do you remember how shy and self-contained he was? It has all gone now. He loves his gay parties and the squadron worships him. He is the hero of the squadron to the ground staff. . . . I have noticed it a lot when I have been censoring the men's letters, how they all think the world of him. I shall miss him. I'll bet he'll do the best of all of us in this bloody war."

Townsend was given command of the 85th Squadron, the most famous in British history. With the battle for the skies on in earnest, and nobody giving England a chance to survive, he was in the air every day, flying hundreds of missions. Townsend was once shot down by, of all things, a reconnaissance plane which intelligence had assured him carried no cannon. He parachuted into the English Channel and was saved only because he hit the water near a minesweeper which had been forced off its normal course.

The Germans attacked the airfields by day, in an attempt to cripple the badly outnumbered RAF, then staged massive bombing attacks over London at night. This meant the fliers had to get up in the air before the Germans hit the field in the daytime, and then be ready to protect the city again at night.

Townsend's biggest day came on August 31, 1940, when he knocked down three Messerschmitt 109s. But just as he was strafing Number 3, a fighter-bomber attacked from the side and sent a burst of machine-gun bullets

L'affaire Townsend was the biggest thing to hit England since the war. Almost everyone rooted for the ex-pilot.



into his fuel tank. Miraculously the plane didn't explode, although Townsend was thoroughly soaked by the gushing gasoline. Then a cannon shell ripped through the fuselage and exploded at his feet. Again, he had to bail out, and this time he landed in a country garden, at the feet of a pair of startled maids.

The big toe of his left foot was amputated, but the rest of the leg was patched up and three weeks later, still walking with the aid of a cane, he and the bandaged foot were back in the air. His adjutant wrote in a diary: "One of my major problems is to make the C.O. get sufficient sleep."

In between missions, Townsend met Rosemary Pawle, the beautiful blonde daughter of a brigadier. Although he had always warned his men that "Wartime marriages only make widows," he married her six weeks after their first date.

For his heroic accomplishments on the day he was shot down, Townsend was awarded his second DFC. He was only one among many this time, but the King remembered him from before. The next day the papers commented that he stopped in front of Townsend and had a long chat "about many subjects in which they had a common interest; aircraft, shooting and dogs."

The next spring Wing Commander Townsend was back at the Palace to pick up a Distinguished Service Order. This time the King looked at him and laughed. "My heavens," His Highness remarked, "are you back again?"

By that time, the Battle of Britain had been won and Peter had been taken out of action. He was put in charge of an airfield in Scotland, and soon after was sent to Staff College and eventually put in command of a training station. Obviously the brass had picked him out for great things. And in 1944, almost before he knew what had happened, he was sent to Buckingham Palace as air equerry to the King.

In peacetime, the three-year appointment of equerry customarily went to officers with reputations for long and faithful service. When such an officer was returned to service after three years, he was considered a man of more than usual influence. The job itself was pretty much what the man wanted to make of it; he could be a

The pressure proved too much for Margaret, who called the whole thing off. But she vowed never to marry another man.

glorified errand boy if he was content to coast or, by force of his own personality, he could make his presence felt on the more important palace routines.

At the beginning of 1944, King George—who never felt that real fighting men were being adequately rewarded—asked that his new equerry be chosen from among the real warriors of the Battle of Britain. The Air Ministry combed through its files and came up with three folders. One of them was Peter Townsend's. Whether the king remembered the name, whether his picture in the folder was vaguely familiar, or whether he was just impressed by his record is anybody's guess at this point. At any rate, Townsend was selected.

So Margaret, as a girl of 13, first saw Peter as a handsome 28-year-old airman, one of her country's great heroes. The palace and government people who opposed the marriage, and who still are not content to let Peter get away with mere banishment, have always suggested that Peter deliberately used his charm, experience and glamour to turn the head of a naive teenager. There is no evidence that he did any such thing, of course, but then, the stories told by the palace guard and the government propagandists seldom have been distinguished by any passion for the truth.

Their latest gambit has been to spread the word that Margaret never intended to marry him at all, that the story was conceived by the sensational and vulgar American press and then blown up way out of proportion by Townsend himself for whatever good the publicity would do him.

The only trouble with that kind of nonsense is that it assumes the public has completely forgotten those days in 1955 when the whole English nation hung suspended for two solid weeks, waiting to learn whether its favorite princess would marry the man she loved or would succumb to the pressure of those three powerful institutions—government, palace and church.

As an equerry, Peter was from the very first unusually close to the shy and ill King. So much so that his appointment was renewed twice, a previously unheard of thing. He became a permanent palace fixture with more than ordinary power, and when the king went to Scotland for his annual vacation he took Townsend along as his companion.

In England, Peter was given a free cottage for his own family near the royal lodge at Windsor Great Park so he could be near the King over the weekends. The Royal Family occasionally dined at the Townsend cottage—a social triumph for even the aristocracy of England and an unprecedented familiarity where a palace servant was concerned. The King even became godfather to Townsend's second son.

Among his other duties, Peter sometimes planned the itinerary of the royal tours. He was generally part of the entourage, and his special duties at such times involved the care and feeding of the young princesses.

The Royal Family was really rather dull. The King was a dull man himself. He had met his wife, Elizabeth, when she was called in to give him speech lessons to overcome his stuttering. Their first daughter, Elizabeth, weighted down from youth with the knowledge that she was doomed to be queen, seemed to have a matronly bearing and attitude all her life.

Little Margaret, however, was the vivacious, snippy member of the family, the kind of girl who knows there is always an indulgent smile behind her father's sternest lectures. She was the kind of girl who, to put it simply





The 40-year-old "exile" did the best he could in the circumstances, surrounding himself with fascinating girls. Before marrying Marie-Luce Jamagne (L.), he dated explorer Jane Dolinger (top) and actress Barbara Apterman.

was spoiled. All England knew that she had been caught sampling the champagne at the age of 14; was an accomplished and sometimes cruel mimic; and was a mischievous child who liked to break up formal receptions by such common acts as dunking her crumpets in her tea.

Princess Margaret is a small woman, only five feet tall, but by her late teens she was built, actor Jack Lemmon said after dancing with her, "like a miniature Marilyn Monroe." She wore low-cut gowns, rode around in flashy cars, hit the night club circuit and danced the cancan. Naturally, the ordinary people loved her, but she was not too popular with the younger generation of the aristocracy. She had an irritating way of suddenly pulling rank on them and she could unleash a biting tongue which was hard to take since they could hardly reply in kind.

In the midst of a casual conversation, someone might ask with concern: "How is your father?"

And Margaret, suddenly turning regal, would say icily: "I presume you are referring to His Majesty, the King?" Under the circumstances, it would seem to be the little Princess who set out after Peter, not the other way around.

Peter often accompanied the family as they went riding through Great Windsor Park, and Margaret would drop back so that she would be riding alongside Peter while the others galloped along up ahead. When she

needed an official escort in a hurry, Peter always got the nod. Once, after returning from a late party, she told him she was tired and asked him to carry her upstairs. Townsend—who knew she had a girlish crush on him—tried to beg off, but she said, "That is a command." He was halfway up the stairs with her when one of her shoes fell off. As they looked back after it, they saw the King watching them from the bottom of the staircase.

During the time the newspapers were reporting that Meg was showing up unannounced at parties almost every night, her "friends" were letting it be known that she always seemed to show up where Peter Townsend just happened to be. And, they insisted, she didn't trouble to hide her affection for him.

A story began circulating that a groom had stumbled across them in Great Windsor Park in what was described as "a tender situation." Since the groom would not have been human if he had not hurried back to tell the other servants, the story spread like wildfire. Prince Philip, according to the story, called Peter in and warned him that there must be no repetition of the incident.

It was at this point, presumably, that Margaret told Elizabeth and Philip that she was going to marry Townsend or no one.

By that time, Peter's marriage had already broken up. With his duties constantly keeping him away from home, the marriage had really become ineffective long before. Although Townsend won the (Continued on page 86)



PUNK WITH

The kid in the black jacket was twisted with hatred. He had killed once and kidnapped the stranger, the beautiful woman and her son. Only one of his captives could save the other two—at a terrifying price

By BEN BERMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY HERB MOTT



A SWITCHBLADE

THE CRISP October night air whipped at his tired, aching body, making him shiver inside his black leather jacket with the painted skull and crossbones across the back. His young, angry eyes stared hungrily across the narrow tar road into the window of Pop's Roadside Diner. Behind the counter, a balding old man in an open-neck white shirt stood sipping coffee from a thick mug.

Here, in the cold and darkness, the kid had been watching and wanting. When he closed his eyes, he could almost taste the rich, hot coffee. He could even see rows and rows of juicy, fat apple pies and dark

brown chocolate-frosted cakes. All the good, sweet things of life waiting to be eaten.

The angry eyes opened and stared at the window again. If he went inside and asked for something to eat, the old man would laugh at him, push him and tell him to get out. In the big pocket of his torn dungarees he felt the cold hardness of the bone-handled knife. He pressed his thumb against the switchblade button, knowing the safety catch was on.

"I hate you, Daddy-o," he murmured softly. "I don't have to beg nobody. I can just walk in there and take what I want, Daddy-o. And I ain't gonna walk no more

on this dirty old road. I'm gonna get me some wheels, Old Daddy-o, I'm gonna get me some nice, shiny wheels."

In the near distance, headlights glowed along the hill crest, flashed over the top, then dipped down.

The leather jacket melted farther back into the shadows. The kid watched the giant bug eyes sweep down the hill and then turn into the diner. The car crunched to a stop in the gravel; a moment later, the car door slammed and a man stood silhouetted in the light of the diner window. The jacket didn't move until the man was inside, sitting at the counter, smoking a cigarette and looking at the menu. Then the black leather jacket walked slowly across the road, scuffing paper-thin soles and worn heels over the tar.

A high nasal voice screeching a rock 'n' roll song wailed through the diner as he swung the door open. "Howdy, sonny," the old man called from behind the counter. Pop grinned, showing toothless gums.

WARY, flashing eyes skimmed over the old man and searched the room, sweeping past several wooden tables draped with red-and-white oilcloth, some straight-back wooden chairs, a pinball machine and the colored lights of the juke box. There was a door in the back wall. The youth's eyes fastened on the little man, who had turned from the counter to look at him. The little man wore money clothes. A butter-soft dark sport coat, knit sport shirt, cream-colored slacks and shiny black, tooled loafers.

"Come on, kid, sit down," the little man said, smiling. "Pop, toss on a couple of burgers for the kid."

"Two more Pop's Specials coming up." The old man grinned and dropped two pads of meat onto the sizzling stove.

The black leather jacket moved to the empty stool alongside the money man, who held out a pack of cigarettes. "Have one, kid," he said, shaking a cigarette half-way out.

The youth's hand shot out and his fingers closed around the pack. He pushed the cigarette between his lips, then challenged the man with his eyes as he stuffed the pack into the slash pocket of his jacket.

"That's all right, kid," the man said easily. "Keep the pack. I got more in the car." He flicked open a thin gold lighter and spun the wheel against the flint. "My name's Morrell, Joe Morrell," he said, smiling into the coal-black eyes that stared coldly over the dancing flame.

The eyes flickered over the friendly face, taking in the few streaks of gray in Morrell's hair, a small scar above one of his brows, a thin scar almost on the point of his chin.

"I'm a traveling salesman," Morrell finally said. "Men's ties, jewelry. Stuff like that. Just passing through." The hamburgers sizzled loudly on the stove. "You look like you're down on your luck, kid. This is a lousy road to be hitching a ride on; it's pretty late to expect anyone to stop."

The black leather jacket turned away and blew smoke at Pop's back. The old man was busy wiping a steam-coated coffee urn.

"What's your name, kid? Come on, we're just passing time," Morrell urged gently. "Like one big happy family. Pop already told me his life story. He lives alone in back of the diner, goes into town Sundays to see his grandson Timmy, and claims to be checker champ of the county."

The youth didn't even look at him. Morrell pushed away from the counter, walked over to the juke box and fed it some dimes. He punched several buttons and a Louis Prima-Keely Smith record socked out an upbeat song. Morrell returned to his seat, where he picked up a spoon and began drumming on the counter in time with the music. The youth turned, started to say something, then caught the flashing, gleam of a gold watch on Morrell's wrist.

Morrell saw his greedy expression and laughed. "You think you're pretty tough, don't you, kid? But you're even afraid to tell me your name."

"Smitty," came the angrily whispered reply, "Smitty, Smitty, Smitty!"

Morrell stopped drumming and stared at the shiny spoon as he wiggled it back and forth between his fingers. "Smitty," he repeated thoughtfully. "Well, I'm going to do you a favor, kid. I'm going to stake you to a meal and some dough. You know why, Smitty?"

Smitty's fist tightened around the knife handle in his dungarees' pocket. He could feel the hate for this smiling, rich little man swell up inside his chest while hammers of excitement pounded inside his stomach.

"A long time ago," Morrell said harshly, "I was a wild, hungry punk like you. Maybe if someone would have staked me to a meal and a few bucks, it would have changed a lot of things for me." Morrell's voice became softer. "I had a lot of dreams once . . . A lot of big dreams."

Unexpectedly, he spun the spoon on the counter top. It fell to the floor with a sharp clatter. "But that's another story, Smitty. Joe Morrell, that's me, friend of stray dogs, cats and hungry kids."

Morrell took out his wallet and Smitty's eyes grew wide. He'd never seen so much money. Morrell picked out two five dollar bills and tossed them on the counter in front of Smitty.

"I ain't begging, Mister," Smitty said between clenched teeth.

"No one said you were," Morrell replied stiffly. "I'm trying to do something decent. Take it."

Smitty ground his cigarette viciously into the center of the top five dollar bill. "I didn't ask for no favors!" he snarled.

Morrell jumped to his feet and grabbed Smitty's arm. "Why you crazy kid. I ought to put you across my knee and warm your fanny!"

THE HAND with the knife was locked in the dungarees' pocket by Morrell's grip. Smitty cursed and grabbed a sugar bowl off the counter, crashing it against Morrell's head and sending him sprawling across the floor. Pop spun around from the stove to face a snarling animal in a black leather jacket. The animal was crouched, ready to spring, with a gleaming six-inch steel blade in its hand.

"Easy now, boy," the old man said, backing off. "Real easy now."

Smitty moved quickly to the end of the counter and punched NO SALE on the cash register. "I hate old men," he said in a throaty voice. "I slice up old meat like you and hang it up to dry." As he talked, Smitty scooped up handfuls of silver coins and stuffed them into his pockets.

Suddenly, Pop snatched up the iron skillet on top of the stove and leaped forward, swinging it at Smitty's head. Smitty blocked the skillet with his forearm and

lunged at the old man, slashing, cutting and ripping with the steel blade. "You made me do it!" Smitty yelled. "You made me do it, old man!"

Finally, it was over. Smitty slumped back against the counter, breathing hard and looking down at the blood-stained white shirt and crumpled body between his feet.

The door at the back of the diner flew open and an attractive woman, not much older than Smitty, rushed into the room. She wore a plain cotton bathrobe over a flannel nightgown and metal pin curlers in her reddish brown hair. "Dad?" she called. "I heard a noise—" Then she gasped and staggered back, her eyes wide with terror, the back of one hand pressed to her lips.

"Don't make a sound, doll," Smitty said grimly. "Don't you make a cotton pickin' sound." He stepped over the body and walked toward her.

A sleepy-eyed, tow-headed boy of about four in wool pajamas pattered through the door. He tugged at the side of the woman's bathrobe. "Mommy! Mommy! Why did you get up?"

The woman knelt and held the little boy's face against the shoulder of her robe. "Don't look, Timmy. Don't look," she sobbed.

Morrell groaned and rolled over on the floor. A trickle of blood ran down his face from an ugly gash above his ear. Smitty snickered as he brushed past the terrified woman to where Morrell lay on his back, holding one hand to his bleeding temple. Smitty bent over him, pointing the knife at his throat, and said, "All right, Mister Rich Man, where's the keys to the car?"

"In the ignition," Morrell gasped. "I left them . . . in the car." Smitty laughed harshly and put the edge of the knife under Morrell's coat lapel. "I'm not such a scared little punk anymore, am I, Daddy-o? I'm boss man now, ain't I, Mister Rich Daddy-o?" Smitty reached inside Morrell's coat, pulled out his wallet and stuffed it in a back pocket.

"Can you drive, honey?" Smitty asked, walking back to the woman who was doing her best to hold onto the little boy.

"No," she whispered. "Please, please, leave us alone."

Smitty patted the little boy's head. "That's a real

nice kid you got there, honey. I used to have a kid brother, you know? Like, we were pals, you know?" He turned to face Morrell, who had raised up on one elbow. "You're gonna be my driver. The old man clipped me with a frying pan and I had to stick him. My hand hurts like hell, so you're gonna drive us into town, Rich Man."

Morrell looked around quickly, then nodded.

Smitty moved behind the counter and picked up a warm hamburger. "Not bad," he mumbled between savage bites.

Morrell slowly got to his feet. "What are you going to do with them?"

Smitty glanced sharply at the shapely young woman and her son as he stuffed the hamburger into his mouth. "They make the scene with us, Rich Man. Like, no witnesses, see? After we find us a doc and get my arm fixed up, maybe I let you go. Maybe. First, we make it out of this nowheresville."

He brushed the grease from his mouth with the back of a leather sleeve. Morrell clenched his fists and took a shaky step forward. Smitty grinned as he strode to the woman's side and pointed his knife at her. "Don't try to be a hero, Rich Man, or she gets it next. Now out to the car so we can go wheeling."

"Don't take my baby," the woman pleaded. "I'll go with you . . . I'll do anything . . . only leave Timmy here."

"Everybody goes, honey," Smitty bent closer to her. "What's your name?"

"Frieda," she said, cringing away.

"Okay, Frieda, you be a nice doll and we'll all be happy. Now get up, doll, get up."

As the woman started to rise, the little boy wriggled loose and pointed his finger at Smitty. "Bang! You're dead! Bang! I shot you! I'm the Long Ranger."

Smitty reached down and scooped up the boy with his knife hand. The woman gasped and Morrell said, "Put that kid down! Put him down!"

Smitty sneered at him. "Now you got the idea, man. Out to the car and no trouble or the kid gets it. I'm boss man, Daddy-o. I'm boss man!" (Continued on page 89)



Frieda lunged at Smitty's leering face. He threw himself sideways toward Timmy and the clawing fingernails tore harmlessly along the shoulder of his jacket.



Virginian Charles Frick captured the little-girl look of "Miss Victory" and proved himself a prophet by winning 1st Prize.

"My Favorite Girl" Photo Contest

Sweetheart, wife, or the girl next door . . . Who's the gal who brings a gleam to your eye? Here's your chance to show her off and win some cash at the same time. Just send us a simple black-and-white snapshot of your favorite girl. All you have to do is mail it to CLIMAX Magazine, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, New York, accompanied by the girl's written permission to publish the picture. If your picture wins 1st Prize, CLIMAX will send you a check for \$25. For every other photo we use each month, we will pay \$10. On the back of your entry please print your name and address and explain in a single sentence what the lady of your choice means to you. Do not enclose return postage. None of the photos submitted will be returned. Color pictures will not be eligible, and please do not send irreplaceable photos. No picture can be considered unless accompanied by the girl's written permission to publish her photograph.

Don Stachowicz of Michigan proudly says, "I married this sweet blonde lass and she's still got me wheeling around."



"A magic wand may turn these Virginia pumpkins into a royal coach for my Cinderella," writes Allen Litten.



This raven-haired beauty takes her hat off for the camera and we doff ours to Gene Greene of New York for this shot.



"My wife, Gwen, is a real homebody who enjoys reading and relaxing by the fireside," reports James Graham of California.



All The Girls Loved Danny

... and he loved all the girls. No bachelor could have wished for more—until Annette came along with that something extra

By DOROTHY GLAZER

DANNY yawned into the mouthpiece, listening to the buzz-click-buzz in his left ear as he glanced idly at the penciled list in his hand. He knew the list well; he'd been working on it all evening. It was the Plan For The Week:

*Tuesday—Alice
Wednesday—Elinor
Thursday—Turkish Baths
Friday—Flo
Saturday—?
Sunday—Poker*

This is a helluva way to spend a Monday night, he thought sleepily. I wish I were at the Turkish Baths right now. As soon as I get Saturday night filled in, I'll hit the sack. But not until then—not if I have to call every number in the little black book. If I don't fill Saturday, I'm really in trouble.

He recognized the eager voice that answered his call, and he sat up alertly, his voice a model of cheerful charm. "Hi, Gloria baby, how's the girl?"

"Why, Danny! How lovely to hear from you . . . after all this time."

He ignored the little dig. "How's the best cha-cha dancer in the world, eh? Feel like doing it again, say Saturday night?"

"Saturday . . . ?" She managed to express doubt and interest in the one word, and he could tell she wanted to be coaxed a bit. But Danny just yawned again and waited. After a brief silence, Gloria went on brightly, "Why, I guess that would be all right. Saturday happens to be the one night I'm free this week. Aren't you lucky?"

Danny smiled smugly at the receiver. "Pick you up at six, baby. We'll have dinner and make a real night of it."

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES WATERHOUSE



She knew exactly what he meant. All the girls on the list were available to make a real night of it. "Wonderful, darling," she said. "I've missed you terribly."

"Same here," he lied. "I have to rush now, sweets. See you Saturday."

Danny sighed deeply, replacing the phone in its cradle. He was safe, for a while, anyway, and he knew he ought to be damn glad of it. But he felt sunk, miserable. He wanted Annette with an ache that was frightening in its force and persistence.

Filling in Gloria's name next to Saturday night, he thought of the past three weeks. The same routine as this, the only thing different being the girls. Blondes, brunettes, redheads, tall, short, slim, plump. Yet they all reacted the same way—willing, easy, just like the girls who had satisfied him for ten of his 26 years.

But now, they were nothing more than safeguards against his desire for Annette—although not one of them was capable of appeasing his desire.

Danny stood up and rubbed a hand across his throbbing forehead. As he started to undress, he remembered his father's advice. It had guided him in perfect happiness and safety all this time, but something was wrong now. It just wasn't working as smoothly as it used to.

Smoking in bed and staring at the ceiling, Danny relived what had been one of the most important hours of his youth. Of course, his 21st birthday also had been notable—as a present his father had given him an interest in his enormously successful manufacturing business, just three years before he had died. But most memorable was Danny's 16th birthday, when his father had taken him out for a walk and a man-to-man talk.

"Danny," Mr. Taylor had said, "you're dating girls now. And you're beginning to get ideas like a man. Now, I'm not asking you. I know."

Danny had shuffled along beside his father, his face flaming suddenly. He had shoved his hands in his pockets and couldn't say a word.

"And I won't tell you not to, uh, get involved," his father had gone on. "I know damn well you will, anyway. So I say, go ahead, it's perfectly normal and natural. But let me give you some advice. First of all, there's safety in numbers. Go with a lot of girls, not just one. And most important of all, don't mess around with nice girls. There are always plenty who are even more willing than you. If a girl says no, drop her, forget her—she doesn't even exist. There will always be another one who knows the score, even at your age."

It had been a tremendously relieving experience, to learn that his father understood and accepted how he felt. As a result, every word his father had said that day was burned into his brain as if with golden letters of eternal wisdom. And in the years since, he had lived happily following this golden rule . . . until he met Annette.

Now, Danny suddenly remembered the words his father had added, words that had never had any importance before because he had never been bothered by this desire. "If you persuade a nice girl, if you romance her into ignoring what she's been told not to do, she'll never let you go. She'll convince herself that it's love, and she'll hang onto you till she gets you to marry her. Be careful of that trap."

But he had never been troubled, as he was now, with the urge to soft-soap a nice girl. It had never been necessary; not while there were girls like Gloria around. And his father had been right—there were always plenty



Danny's biggest problem was trying to decide which girl to choose from the large collection in his little black book.

of Glorias . . . and Bettys and Judys and Frans and Ellies.

Still, he wished he could ask his father why they no longer satisfied him. For as much as he dated that kind, he still wanted Annette. And Annette was a nice girl. He didn't want to marry her, he didn't want to marry, period. He was far from ready to settle down, buy a house, have children and all that jazz. And he certainly didn't want to take advantage of her and feel like a louse for the rest of his life.

But he did want to persuade Annette.

For the first time in his life, Danny Taylor wondered if his father might have been wrong, or if there might be an exception to the rule? He fell asleep finally, and dreamed that he was walking with his father once again. This time he asked the question that had never occurred to him that day—never at all until he had met Annette—but when his father opened his mouth to answer, all that came out was doubletalk.

The next week turned out perfectly. Tuesday night he took Alice to cocktails and dinner. They danced, went back to her apartment, had a few more drinks, and then the usual happy ending. He made all the decisions, no questions asked. It was the same on Wednesday, with Elinor. These were young girls, pretty girls, with good jobs and good family backgrounds. But they were pushovers for Danny. He never had to persuade them, no extensive romancing necessary.

It was fun, playing a game he couldn't lose, and it got him past the boredom and loneliness, in addition to satisfying his needs as a healthy male. But the lack of competition was bothering him more and more. Somehow it was all tasteless, not so wonderful anymore. He kept going through the motions, adequately enough, to judge by the girls' responses, but that something extra was missing for him. After each date he wondered why he bothered to exert himself. He felt old; at 26 the flame had died and he was just plain miserable.

Danny finally admitted he was afraid, deathly afraid he was in love. To make it worse, it was with a girl he had kissed one time—on the cheek—a girl he had taken out only twice. And although he hadn't seen Annette in three weeks, he couldn't forget her for a

moment. She was so different from all the other girls.

On the following Monday night, he sat at the telephone with the little black book and the list of evenings for the week. Wearily deciding to call Jean Dexter, he picked up the phone to dial and a lovely voice said, "Danny?"

"Annette." He breathed her name lovingly. It had taken all his strength not to call her, and he had no resistance left now that she was calling him.

"Danny, I'm having a party this Saturday night. Well, it's really just a few friends to play some bridge, have a few drinks and a little conversation. I'd love to have you join us."

DANNY pictured how they had met at a mutual friend's apartment. Annette played a brilliant game of bridge. Also, she was beautiful, stacked, had brains, and was respectable. The next day he knew he was wildly, insanely crazy about her.

"I . . . I . . ." I should say no, he warned himself. I should say I'm busy.

"Of course, if you're busy—"

"Oh no!" he broke in hastily. "I was just lighting a cigarette." He laughed, nonchalantly he hoped. "I'd be delighted to come, Annette. At nine?"

"That will be fine," she said softly, and hung up.

His hand had gripped the phone so tightly that his fingers ached when he replaced the receiver. Saturday night there would be a room full of people and he would play bridge and behave like a perfect gentleman. And all the time he would want to grab her, and press her body to his, and— "Oh, hell," he said disgustedly. "She's just another girl."

But Danny had a couple of shots of Scotch, then went straight to bed without even bothering to protect himself with dates for the week. The die was cast: he'd see her Saturday night. He finally admitted that he didn't want to see any other girl, anyway. The noble experiment of forgetting Annette had failed. From now until Saturday, he knew he would be spending his evenings at the Turkish Baths or reciting his life story to some bartender.

Good Lord, he thought, what am I doing? I should get out of town. There is always that.

No, he reminded himself, there isn't even that. I couldn't leave the factory in someone else's hands. Mother depends on the income. Besides, how could I leave New York? There's no city in the world like it for variety and excitement.

Saturday night there were three other couples at Annette's house, all youthful, attractive—and recently married. Danny managed to play his cards well enough but his mind, and especially his eyes, concentrated on Annette. What a girl she is! he told himself. Her lips are moist and tempting, she has the cutest little wiggle when she walks, her hair is silky gold . . .

When she leaned across the table, his fingers ached to touch the hair that curled around the nape of her neck. He made excuses to touch her accidentally as he passed cards across the table, and when he helped her serve drinks, he held her hips momentarily as he stood behind her.

On the whole, the evening was an exercise in control for Danny. He walked home unsatisfied—his belly tight with desire, his breath uneven—but with a promise from Annette that she would attend a concert with him on Wednesday night.

"Now why in hell did I ask her to go to a concert?" he said angrily to his reflection in a store window. "Is

any girl, even Annette, worth three hours of that?"

The reflection just looked back at him, wearing a knowing smile.

He took her to the Downbeat Club instead, and they had a wonderful time. She proved to be a jazz buff from away back, knowing more about the musicians and their styles than he did. After that, he took her to a restaurant which featured South American music, and she cha-cha'd with him as if they had been dancing together for years. Annette fitted everywhere, he grudgingly admitted, especially in his arms. She was as much at home with the "way-out" crowd as she was with the "square" set.

He parked on the way home. When he took her in his arms and kissed her passionately, he got a surprisingly passionate response. He caressed her neck and she relaxed, practically purring. But when he tried the next step, she sat up straight, breathed deeply, and said with quiet authority, "Danny, you'd better take me home."

"Annette, please," he began, then stopped. What the hell, he thought, don't make a fool of yourself over a nice girl. All she'll do is drive you crazy.

He left Annette at her door and drove home fast, determined not to see her again. He was sure he could persuade her, but he was scared of succeeding because of what would follow. His father had warned him about nice girls and, hell, he didn't want to get married. Or feel like a louse for the rest of his life.

Thursday night, proud that he had resisted temptation courageously but not completely sure of why he did, Danny got out the little black book again. He turned the pages in blind desperation and dialed the first number he came to.

The lovely "Hello" was Annette's. It was a damn good thing he had recognized her voice before asking for Suzy! But since he had her on the phone . . .

"How about Saturday night?" he asked uncertainly. "Dinner and dancing, perhaps?"

She agreed and thanked him for a lovely evening on Wednesday. Then she blew a little kiss through the phone, adding that she would be ready at seven.

Danny sat by the phone, holding his head in his hands and groaning. When he finally realized how weak he had been, he knocked off three jiggers of Scotch and went to bed. He completely forgot to call Suzy.

ON SATURDAY night, he took her to the finest restaurant in the city. The Uptown Salon featured a five-piece band that could play anything, excellent food, and the best vintage champagne. They danced cheek to cheek and body to body—there was nothing like that old reliable fox trot to set the mood—and he whispered into her ear that she was the only girl he wanted to dance with. He insisted that he had to hold her in his arms, his arms ached to hold her, and only her. Always before, he said huskily, almost any fairly attractive girl would do. Now it was Annette he wanted . . . only Annette.

You can't beat Nature, he thought. The solution is to get the sex problem satisfied. Then, I can forget her after proving she's no different from the rest.

Nevertheless, it surprised him when she readily agreed to return to his apartment "for a nightcap." It also encouraged him. As soon as he shut the door behind them, he took her in his arms, pressing his body firmly against hers. This time there (Continued on page 66)

KILLER STALLION

The other hands pitied him and Katie said he was yellow. Jim knew he'd never be a man until he conquered the maverick bronc

By S. OMAR BARKER

JIM MALLOCH noted that the pattern of grease-wood flats and the sandy dryness of raw arroyos had not changed. He shifted in the saddle and urged his horse along the trail toward the Many Mesas Ranch.

The traveling jog of a horse under him felt good again, even though it was only a livery stable nag hired in town. The New Mexico wind blew hard on its careless road to nowhere, stinging the raw, thin scars on his face.

The scars were slight, but they were a reminder. So, too, was the bunch of silk-sleek horses lifting their wary heads as he rode through the Many Mesas bronc pasture. Everything served as reminders that, after four painful months in a Kansas City hospital and one more of recuperation on an uncle's Missouri farm, a bronc-peeler was returning to his old job with a new and troublesome feeling under his ribs.

It was a feeling that the wiry young cowboy stubbornly refused to name. He could call it "fear," but he refused to use that word.

You'll ride 'em, just like before, he told himself over and over. Not in a thousand rides will another bronc take a crazy fall like that. Once you get the feel of your boots in the stirrups you'll forget that damned blue roan. Hell, you're plumb well and strong again, ain't you?

He was well and strong—in body.

Malloch relived his fights with that bolt of blue lightning. How he had topped the blue roan expertly through two spells of spine-jolting, gizzard-twisting pitching. As bronc rides go, he had had it made. Then, loping out of the corral to ease the colt's bewilderment, Jim ran into trouble. The roan had suddenly exploded



ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN SAUNDERS



again, this time in blind, insane bucking that ended suddenly with the rider and horse plunging into the middle of a pile of raw-edged remnants of building stone. To be slammed down under a fallen horse had been brutal enough, but a tangle of rusty barbed wire was also mixed in with the stone.

Old Frosty McCune and the big cowhand called High-Pockets had hauled Jim out of the mixup and carried the unconscious bronc-buster to the bunkhouse. He was a mess: a broken right arm, several cracked ribs, a fractured jaw, and a face lacerated by the barbed wire.

That had been five months ago; the Kansas City doctors Frosty had shipped him to had known their business. Now Jim Malloch, his bones healed and his face repaired, was coming back to the ranch and his old job as bronc-peeler.

He sighted the sprawl of low stone buildings, corals and cottonwoods from the crest of Cactus Ridge. Though he only worked there, it was home, and it looked good. The boys must have racked his saddle in the shed, and there would be deep dust on it. Well, with a few days to limber up, he would damned well undust it.

A few days? he asked himself. Why not tomorrow?

Jim knew that his craving to come riding back easy and confident was more than the pride of a cowboy. He wanted to see her again—slender, green-eyed Katie McCune—a ranch-raised girl equally at home with cattle, horses and cowboys; a girl forbidden by her range-boss father to ride broncs, yet never one whistle's worth afraid to stay up there whenever some cowpony happened to buck under her; a girl whose letters to him in the hospital, though friendly enough, had been mostly brief reports on the condition of grass, weather and cattle. She was the girl Jim loved—Jim and practically every cowhand on the ranch.

She was perched on the top pole of the bronc corral, too occupied with watching a big six-footer saddling a bronc to notice Jim's approach.

"Two bits this one piles you, Mister Big Stuff," she called, the cheerful banter sounding achingly familiar to Jim.

"Make it a kiss and you've got a bet, Kitty." The laugh from inside the corral was bold with self-assurance. "The day one of these New Mexico goats throws Idaho Hayes, the devil will be cuttin' ice. Watch this!"

Through the fence from a few yards away, Jim watched the big stranger cheek the bronc, step without apparent caution into the saddle, and yank off the sorrel's blindfold—almost all in one motion.

For a second the confused bronc stood humped up and spraddle-legged. But the moment Idaho's spurs roweled his shoulders, the animal pitched straight ahead, high and hard.

Jim knew the style. It was the way most colts bucked under their first saddles. He had warped out plenty like it—jars and jolts, but no real trouble for a seasoned peeler.

Idaho Hayes stayed on top, and then some. His spurs raked from shoulder to flank with every jump. He slapped the sorrel between the ears with his hat, and squalled to glory as he rode. When the bronc quit pitching, Idaho urged him into a second spasm, shorter but wilder than the first, and then into a third.

"That ain't no way to do a raw colt," Jim muttered quietly.

He had been too intent on the action to notice if Katie



Jim didn't stir from his bunk as Idaho bragged, "I've seen peelers who just ain't got the guts to wring out a bronc."

cheered the ride. Whether she did or not, she had no business up there on the fence. Riding to an audience was no way for a peeler to break broncs. You rode them to tame them, to train them for cowhorse usefulness the easiest you knew how, not to show off. Jim had never allowed Katie or anyone else to grandstand his bronc work if he could help it.

Jim fought down an impulse to turn and ride away. Instead, he rode over to where Katie was climbing off the fence, still unaware of his presence and not too careful with her skirts.

"Well, Katie," he said nonchalantly, "it looks like that jasper has been on 'em before."

"Jim!" Katie's gasp of surprise turned into a wide smile when she saw who it was. "Jim Malloch. You're back, and all in one piece!"

There was no mistaking the warmth in her welcome. Malloch stepped off his horse, took his hat off with the wrong hand, had to shift it to shake hands with her, and dropped it.

"Yes, ma'am." He grinned self-consciously as he bent to pick up his hat. "I figured I could be just as no-account here as anywhere."

Katie laughed, then grew sober as she looked squarely into his face. "Jim . . . you're all right now?"

"Sound as a cornfed ox and twice as snorty." The cowboy's cocky tone masked the uneasiness still gnawing under his ribs.

"Dad will be mighty glad you're back. Of course, he'll want you to take it easy until—" She broke off as Idaho Hayes sauntered out of the corral. "Hey, Mister Big-Stuff," she called, "come here a minute."

The rangy cowboy was already coming, his batwing chaps flapping with the swagger of his long stride.

"Jim Malloch, this is Idaho Hayes."

"Howdy, Malloch." Idaho's grin was wide and toothy. His grip was hard; maybe too hard, but then the hand was big. "I saw you watchin' the ride. What'd you think of it?"

"You kept on pushin' him when he quit," Jim said evenly.

"Say, you must be the peeler that got all chewed up in a bronc fight a while back."

Malloch nodded.

"Well, that's what happens when a man lets the horse get on top," Idaho said in a fatherly tone. "With me they never get out of hand."

"Idaho," Katie broke in, "I wish you'd put up Jim's horse for him."

Malloch stared at Idaho. "No, thanks. I don't need no flunky to unsaddle a horse for me." There was acid in Malloch's voice.

The girl started to go after him as he led the livery nag to the gate, but she stopped when she saw how stiff-backed he walked.

"Raspy cuss, ain't he?" Idaho said. "What's eatin' the little man?"

"He's been sick. But I wouldn't call Jim Malloch little, if I were you, till you've seen him on a bronc."

Idaho chuckled. "I can hardly wait."

Katie started for the range boss's house across the hard-packed yard. Idaho turned and went toward the bunkhouse, spurs jingling as he walked.

It was getting dark when Frosty McCune led his crew in from the range. Jim was just coming out of the corral.

"Well, if it ain't Jim Malloch," Frosty greeted him in a slow drawl. "If I'd knowed you was comin', I'd have run up a flag and hired a band."

But there was an honest welcome in his handshake, as there was in the brief greetings of the rest of the cowboys.

"Good as new and twice as natural," High-Pockets announced.

"And a fancy haircut," another remarked.

"How about them pretty nurses, cowboy?" High-Pockets teased.

JIM RAN a hand through his hair. The part in his "fancy haircut" was a scar, but he didn't mind their remarks. These dust-grimed, wind-browed men were his kind. They could say what they pleased. He had been a fish out of water for five months; now he was home.

"Well, Jim," Frosty said, "come on over to the house and see Katie."

"Sure," put in a cowboy called Colorow. "Quick as we unsaddle, we'll all go." The men laughed.

"I've already spoke to her," Malloch said. "She was out here watch . . ." his voice faded. He did not want to be the first to mention the breezy stranger who apparently had his old job—the job he was no longer sure he could handle.

"Well, it won't cost nothin' to speak to her again. Katie'll have the coffee hot. Her ma learned her that much about a woman's duties before we lost her. I expect you're a mite tired."

"Yeah, that five-mile ride out from town sure wears a man down," Malloch answered with mild sarcasm. "You start babyin' me around here, Mister McCune, and I'll hunt me another job."

The ranch boss glared at Jim. "You start actin' touchy around here, Mister Malloch, and you're liable to have

to. You've been laid up, boy. And I say you've got to take it easy."

Like hell, the cowboy thought. The sooner I get back to busting bronses, the sooner I'll know if I'm whipped.

"I had the boys move that damned rockpile," Frosty said as they crossed the yard toward the house. Then he added, offhandedly, "That blue roan got well of his hurts, but he still ain't been rode again."

Jim looked straight ahead and said nothing. But he had it again—that feeling of dread, or fear, or whatever it was, churning up a deep sickness inside him every time he remembered the colt, that rockpile, that rusty barbed wire. . . .

YOU'VE got you a new bronc-peeler, Frosty, plenty big and tough, Jim thought. Let Idaho Hayes top the bad ones from now on. Jim Malloch just ain't got the guts any more.

He wondered how long it would be before Frosty, Katie, High-Pockets, Colorow and the rest would recognize the change in him. How would they act then?

Frosty had been right: Katie did have the coffee hot. Jim watched her longingly as she bustled around the little ranch kitchen waiting on him and her father.

"Jim looks as good as new, doesn't he, Dad?"

"Well, he sure don't look like the same mess of raw meat me and High-Pockets hauled out from under that bronc." He turned to Jim. "You get to the stockyards while you was in K. C., Jim?"

Malloch said yes, he had, and they talked about that for nearly an hour. Nobody said a word about breaking horses or a bronc-peeler named Idaho Hayes.

Over in the bunkhouse, after supper, Hayes was telling one and all how it felt bucking horses. It was a subject on which he freely admitted to being something of an authority. If there was any big ranch between the middle of Mexico and the coldest corner of Canada for which he hadn't busted bronses, he forgot to name it. If he had ever been thrown, he forgot to mention that, too.

"To wring the meanness out of a bronc," Hayes said, "a man's got to give him the hooks—open him up all the way. Only I've seen a heap of peelers that just ain't got the guts to do it. Wring 'em dry, I say. Then they know who's boss."

"Sounds reasonable," Colorow commented. "How do you make out on burros?"

"I tried wringin' out an ol' gray jenny once, when I was a kid out in Arizona," High-Pockets put in. "Hip-straddled her bareback, Mexkin style. She throwed me eight feet high, then kicked me twice before I hit the ground."

Lying on his bunk, Jim Malloch saw several grins, but Idaho's was not among them. Instead, he growled. "You just don't grow 'em rough and tough around here like I rode up in Idaho and Montana." The big cowboy paused in the middle of rolling a cigarette with one hand to let his opinion sink in. "That's why the southwest don't never develop no real salty peelers. All it takes to ride these New Mexico goats is just to be split up the middle far enough to straddle. Got a match, Colorow?"

"Well, now that depends," Colorow said, handing him a light. "You mean a match for Idaho big talk? Nope. You mean a match for Idaho bronc ridin'? Yep. Name of Malloch, Jim Malloch. I saw Jim here top the buckin'est—"

"You've seen me throwed. (Continued on page 83)



PIGALLE-1960

A Pictorial Peek at France's Tourist Trap



When liquor flows, visitors and Frenchmen mix freely and forget their differences.

All night clubs feature beautiful girls, so each one tries to create special effects to attract tourists.



BROADWAY glitters with bright lights and spectacular sights, and Basin Street really swings, but absolutely nothing can top the non-stop excitement of Paris' rollicking, ribald Street of Nudes. For as sure as Páree is the pleasure center of the world, Pigalle is the spot that makes it what it is. The cancan and the strip-tease were born here; beatniks flock to the smoke-blanketed cafés to sip the wine and wallow in the "way-out" atmosphere; and each night club goes all out to stage the most daring and provocative shows this side of the Casbah. So it's no wonder that France's Fun Alley is the target of every visiting fireman who can manage to get through the winding streets and past the girls of the night. This is Pigalle—the home of love and laughter—the end of the line for the world's thrill-seekers who hold year-round pilgrimages to be able to spend millions of dollars and say, "I was there!"

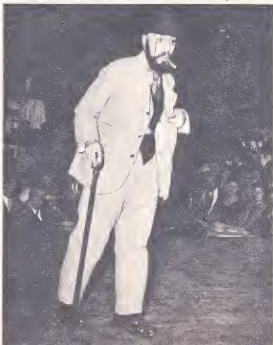
Suzette is a modern-day version of the spirited chorus cuties who kept the Yanks cheering for more during World War One.





Patrons get their money's worth from the lavish productions highlighting the wild-kicking antics of the cancan dancers.

Odd-balls, such as the man who thinks he is painter Toulouse-Lautrec, are part of the passing parade.



EXCEPT for a three-hour break for showgirls to get their breath and bartenders to clean away the empty bottles, the night clubs whirl on a swing-shift, round-the-clock basis. There is a constant chorus of sounds—singing, shrieking, shouting—and above all the merry tinkle of cash registers as tourists spread money like a bottomless supply of paint. Outside, up and down the street, merrymakers drink cognac, brandy, beer and wine as odd characters pass by—men sporting beards and spouting poetry, girls with hair-dos like Brigitte Bardot and inviting smiles to match. This is the street that never sleeps, the gay strip that guarantees no one will ever forget fascinating, fantastic Pigalle—1960.



Eat, drink and be very merry is the day-and-night motto of the revelers in France's Fun Alley.



The long-stemmed lovelies—not their colorful and scanty costumes—are what bring in the customers.

The long night is over for this sleepy-eyed chorine, but she'll be back in the line after a few hours' rest at home.



THE HUNTER WHO DIED TWICE

The drums told of a greedy white man who had stolen a native girl and killed her man.

and how the cannibals devised a cunning, diabolical way of taking their revenge

BY BRIAN O'BRIEN

THE RAINS in south Cameroun had been unduly long and severe that season. The forest trails were flooded out, and all game had gone to the high ground far to the eastward. The crops were drowned, the plantains were barren, and the yams rotted in their hills. The people, used to the lush, easy harvests of their fertile gardens, were not prepared for such calamity. There was talk of famine. Some remote villages, it was whispered, had gone back to the ancient evil of cannibalism.

And one night, the talk drums muttered that, in the dark hinterland of French Africa, a white man had died twice.

When the rains ceased and the floods subsided, I locked up my trade factory on the Campo River, loaded my canoe, and went upstream to visit the native chiefs.

The people were different than when I'd last seen them. They were not exactly antagonistic, but very much on their guard. No kids ran laughing and scrabbling around my legs to beg for licks of salt; no girls switched their bustles at my canoemen; no old men cackled for tobacco. Sala, my hunter, unafraid of anything in the big bush, was decidedly uneasy.

"Better we go back," he mumbled. "People fear too much. When bush people fear, they bad."

"What do they fear?" I demanded.

"They fear dead white man!"

That gave me a jolt. I was sitting in the village palaver house wondering what to do about it when there were shouts and Sadignon's long, carved canoe slid upstream and pulled in to the bank.

Sadignon was a police officer, a wiry little Frenchman with hollow, yellow cheeks, green eyes and a spiked mustache. "Ca va, mon vieux," he shouted as he swaggered ashore. "What passes? Who killed Barata?"

Barata! I remembered him—a big, flabby Portuguese, with oily hair and a pasty, fat face. He had stopped at my beach, just before the rains, dressed in pajamas and dirty espadrilles, and full of some yarn about going up-

country after a fortune in ivory. He said it would be easy.

"What makes you think it's Barata?" I asked.

"No other whites in that country," he said. "I heard the drum talk a month ago. Couldn't come up until the floods receded. Alors. Come along and help me find him."

We went on upriver, sitting in deep, canvas chairs under the mat awning of his canoe while his escort of six askaris rode astern with my paddlers. Each night we landed at villages and listened to the vague yarns of a white man who had passed and had not come back.

"Ivory," Sadignon mused, one sultry morning. "Where would a rascal like Barata go for ivory? He is not fool enough to believe the blague about the elephants' dying place. Tiens!" He snapped his fingers. "He's heard of the ivory walls."

"Ivory walls?" I gasped.

"You traders don't know everything," Sadignon grinned. "Back in the elephant bush are villages surrounded by stockades of ivory tusks. But the people won't sell them; they are a sort of reserve, like the gold reserve, to back up the trade money their smiths beat out of meteoric iron."

"You think he tried to get it?"

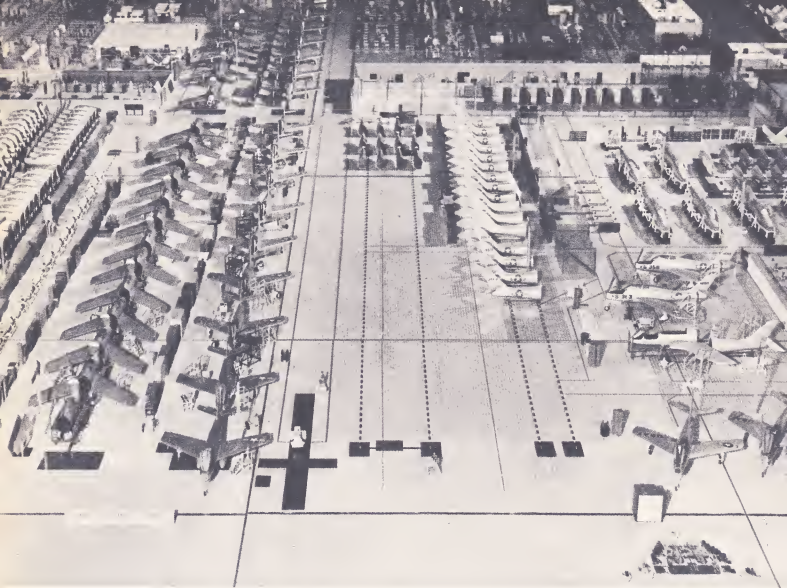
"If I know Barata, he tried to steal the ivory," Sadignon said, "and was chopped down for his pains. Now, sapristi! I'll have to hang some quite decent chief for doing what was only right according to his law." He cocked a speculative eye at me. "The people might become a little—er—unruly. It might, perhaps, be better if you turned back."

"Certainly not," I said.

Next day we had our canoes secured and headed away from the river. We walked for days without seeing the sky. Far above our heads the forest roof cut out all but a green twilight. Below it the great branches were bare and festooned with thick lianas. All about us were morasses left by the floods and we saw the deep prints of bush buffalo, the pugs of leopard (Continued on page 70)

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY ROSENBAUM





In order to improve recognition training, the Long Island plant turns out accurate jet models in assembly-line fashion.

THE TOYS THAT WENT TO WAR

Thousands of fighting men owe their lives to the Slonim brothers, unsung heroes who create miniature ships, tanks and guns for the world's most dangerous game

By LEE GREENE

HIGH over Tunisia in 1943, an American fighter pilot spotted the tiny silhouette of another plane far below him. Friend or foe? He had only seconds to decide.

Under the waters of the South Pacific in 1944, an American submarine commander squinted through his periscope and tried to get a better look at the cruiser in his sights. Friend or foe? He had only seconds to decide.

On a camouflaged hillside in Korea in 1950, an American bazooka gunner saw a line of tanks clanking along the dusty road below. Friend or foe? He had only seconds to decide.

They were crucial decisions that were never easy to make. No matter how certain you were that what you saw was the enemy, there was always that lingering doubt. It might be one of yours. You might be killing your own boys. Mistakes were made; hundreds of Americans died at the hands of their comrades in World War II and the Korean War.

These tragedies would have occurred more often if it weren't for two brothers and their tiny metal casting plant in New York.

Between Pearl Harbor and V-J Day, this plant turned out an arsenal of more than 10,000,000 weapons with over 140,000,000 parts—all in miniature. Its workers reproduced everything from individual infantrymen to aircraft carriers, including every known type of tank, naval vessel and aircraft.

"Every piece was a perfectly scaled miniature," Joseph Slonim, one of the brothers, recalled as he sat in the office of the Comet Metal Products Co. set behind the Long Island Rail Road tracks in the Richmond Hill section of Queens, N. Y.

"We made some of those weapons so tiny that you could hold a half dozen in the palm of your hand. But we never spared a single detail. If the government wanted a model built to specifications that would match those of the real thing at a range of one mile, then we gave them everything you could see at one mile, even down to rivet heads on battleships."

The models were used by every branch of the United States armed forces to teach its members how to identify their own and the enemy's war weapons. But the usefulness of the toys did not stop there. They gave an added dimension of realism to air, land and sea training and maneuvers. In fact, they helped to determine strategy and tactics by top commanders in major campaigns.

In a large upstairs room of the plant, run by Joseph and Samuel Slonim, there is a collection of models which forms a complete history of war weapons of the last decade. The planes range from old Army P-40s to modern jets, the ships from ancient four-stack cruisers and destroyers to today's atomic submarines. Important ships and tanks of Great Britain, Germany, Japan and Russia are also represented.

"We made three million models of Army tanks alone during World War Two," Joseph says. "That's more than Ford, General Motors and Chrysler combined turned out in full size. We like to think that our efforts, in some small way, helped to bring about America's victory."

There are a dozen framed letters and citations hanging around the room, attesting to Comet's vital contributions

to the war effort. They are signed by admirals and generals, and two of them bear the signatures of former Presidents—Roosevelt and Truman.

The Japanese bombing of Pearl Harbor in 1941 caught the United States totally unprepared for war. Our small Army and Navy consisted mostly of career soldiers, sailors and pilots with many years of peacetime service but no association with modern warfare. A huge new force of draftees and volunteers wasn't nearly ready to fight. We were pitted against Germany, a nation at war for more than two years, and Japan, fighting for five years. The problem of training the new men and retraining the old ones, as well as equipping our forces with modern weapons, was an immense one.

Experts desperately looked for short cuts, and they found one when they remembered the Slonim brothers.

"In nineteen thirty-nine," Joseph recalls, "we had developed a new centrifugal system of die-casting that made it possible for us to produce thousands of models at prices far lower than ever before. For two years we knocked our heads against the wall trying to interest the Navy in cheap models. They bought a few, but the usual reaction was that it was only a cute gimmick and they didn't need it. Three days after Pearl Harbor, they snowed us under with our first big order. From then until the end of the war, we kept the place going twenty-four hours a day."

What made the models so attractive to the government was both the urgent need for them and the speed with which they could be produced. The British, who had been at war since 1939, had learned from bitter experience that pictures and descriptions given to pilots and anti-aircraft gunners were no substitute for accurate models in recognition training. The early days of World War II were studded with tragic errors, and the British were finally forced to commandeer their toy factories and the talents of civilian volunteers to construct the neces-

The expert craftsman painstakingly studies blueprints and pictures of the weapons in drawing up his master patterns.





Replicas of the battleship *North Carolina* (L.) and trim PT boats were manufactured by Comet for the U.S. and her wartime allies.

sary models by any means available. This resulted in a pathetic hodgepodge of varying quality and scale, usually handmade—but it had to do.

For a time it looked as if the United States would have to rely on the same system. The Navy, early in 1942, enlisted the aid of the U.S. Office of Education in distributing sets of model airplane plans to 26,000 high schools. Student volunteers were urged to construct 500,000 models for use in recognition, simulated gunnery and for civilian aircraft spotters. The Navy even set up 15 receiving centers throughout the country for them.

Joseph Slonim's opinion was that the models "were too big and the quality was inconsistent. The Navy scale was one inch for every six feet of the actual plane. The idea was for the models to simulate at thirty-five feet what a pilot would see at a half-mile. When we began making models for the Air Corps, we made them so small that twenty-five of them weighed only a pound and each man could have an entire set of his own, mounted on a special chart.

"Pilots used to carry the whole chart with them in the cockpit. Others hung them over their bunks, where they could see them constantly. Ground crews hung them up right alongside their weapons. They were tiny, but they were perfect in every detail."

Joseph and his brother Sam were able to make their models better, smaller and faster than anyone else because of their special patented casting technique. Within an hour after completion of a master pattern, it was possible to have reproductions in a thin lead-zinc alloy. Under the old technique, a mold was good for eight or ten castings, but the Comet method—now called Authenticast—permitted 800 castings. The saving in time and money was enormous.

"Ours was the first significant change in die-casting since Leonardo da Vinci perfected the original method hundreds of years ago," Joseph claims. "The only trouble was, at the time, we didn't know what to do with it."

Samuel and Joseph Slonim learned the business by that time-tested theory of watching and doing. They used to help their father, Abraham, make three-dimensional advertising displays in his sheet metal plant in Brooklyn. As more design and style became necessary in the displays, the elder Slonim converted his plant to metal casting, where an entire new range of shapes was possible.

"We always liked to make models at home," Sam recalls, "and we talked Dad into letting us cast toy soldiers to sell to hobby shops during the slack season. Joe and I made the master patterns by hand, and I guess those little foot soldiers were our first war models.



We also made little railroads and ships. Our models were pretty good and they were considered as quality items, not five-and-ten-cent stuff. But we were interested only in the hobby market, and neither of us ever dreamed the government would become our biggest customer."

After several experiments, the new casting system was perfected in 1939. It is a relatively simple technique, but one that the Slonims have guarded ever since.

"The classic da Vinci method," Joseph explains, "was first to make a plaster cast of an object, then to pour melted metal inside. When the metal hardened, you broke the cast and there was your finished product. It was solid, heavy and took a long time to make.

"What we do, basically, is to use air pressure to create a centrifugal (literally, flying away from the center) force inside the mold as the metal is poured. In that way, every bit of the mold is covered and we get an exact, hollow model. It's so efficient that we offer savings of up to two-thirds of the former initial costs—ninety per cent on the models themselves—and we charge the cost of the master plate off to overhead."

Business picked up with the wartime orders.

"I think the first lesson we learned, when it came to working for the government, was 'Get it in writing,'" Joseph remarks ruefully. "Some of those early snarls and fouples were so great, I thought we'd never fulfill the contract."

The Navy provided plans and photos of the models it wanted of ships from every major navy in the world, and a Navy inspector was permanently installed in the plant office. Slowly the bottlenecks began to be eliminated. The last, and greatest, was the actual delivery

of the models. Here, the brothers had their troubles.

There was no particular weight problem because the models were hollow. But the problem of packing and shipping to Navy specifications without causing breakage was a tough one to overcome. The Navy insisted that the models be shipped as sets, instead of as lots of a single type. When the brothers protested that the sets wouldn't hold together in the cartons, the Navy recommended heavy rubber bands.

"I'll never forget being waked one morning and told that an entire lot had arrived in Washington hopelessly scrambled because the bands had broken," Joseph says with a grin. "My brother and I picked up all the equipment we could carry and took off for Washington. We found that one hundred and fifty sets needed re-packing. We decided the only way to do it properly would be to wrap each piece individually in tissue paper. Each weekend, for the next three weeks, we went to Washington to pack those damned sets.

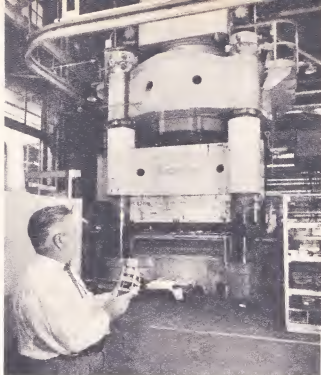
"On the third Sunday, we ran out of tissue paper and had to start looking for more all over the city. Tissue was hard to get, but we hit just about every drug store and grocery that was open and finally bought enough to get that shipment off."

The success of the Navy contracts, which put complete sets of models in every training center, brought letters of commendation and even a solution to the shipping problem. The Navy devised special containers in which the models could be mounted and shipped easily.

Other services quickly took advantage of the Comet method. Orders flowed in for models of ships, tanks, planes, guns and dummy grenades. An early-morning cleanup period of four hours was the only break in the company's round-the-clock schedule.

When the Air Force ordered tank models to simulate the appearance of real tanks from an altitude of 5,000 feet, the Slonims found themselves confronted with their biggest production problems. The Air Force insisted on a scale of one inch to every three feet, which would result in a big, heavy model nearly a foot long. The Slonims said it was impractical, but the Air Force showed them the results of a careful survey to determine the exact dimensions. Comet turned out a few of the big models before the Air Force backed down and changed the scale to one inch for every nine feet. By looking at the smaller model from an angle of 45 degrees at 15 feet, the same mile-high illusion was accurately maintained.

The Honest John and Nike-Zeus are among the missiles that have replaced the weapon models of World War II.



Not all contracts are military. Now, 30 per cent of Comet's volume comes from the production of industrial miniatures.

"Just imagine," Joseph says, grinning, "we had to argue to make a model one-third smaller for one-eighth the original cost."

For the construction of ships, tanks and planes of the United States and its allies, pictures and blueprints were readily available for the brothers and their team of expert modelmakers. Enemy weapons, however, often posed a serious problem. Sometimes there was a selection of photographs from which a composite could be carefully scaled out. But in other cases, the experts had to make a master pattern from a single fuzzy photograph or a sketchy description.

Sam Slonim still sighs whenever he sees their early efforts at recreating Japanese battleships, such as the *Nagato*. "Take a look at those pagoda masts. We didn't have a clear picture to go by, but we just couldn't believe they were as cluttered as they seemed to be. So we cleaned them up a little. Imagine my shock when I got my first good look at one of those babies after the war. They were even more cluttered than the picture showed."

The secrecy with which the Japanese shrouded their Navy paid off for them during the war. American Navy commanders usually could identify an enemy vessel, but they were often at a loss to classify it. Oversized Japanese destroyers were confused with cruisers and attacked with unnecessary strength. The climactic Battle of the Philippine Sea almost proved an American naval disaster because of poor identification of the attacking Japanese vessels, several of which had been destroyed in earlier action.

The Air Force provided the Slonims with an opportunity to do some of their most effective work at Comet. Completely scaled battlefield and beachhead scenes were constructed for use on special tables. The results of direct hits on tanks and ships were shown, detailed even to the dismembered arms and legs.

"They asked for it, so we put it in," Sam says. "But it made things just a little too realistic for me."

Security was a constant and (Continued on page 64)

BUCCANEER BURKO AND THE SLAVE GIRLS

Ireland's boldest rogue won gold with a flashing cutlass and women with a rakish charm. But his fortunes changed the day he gave up his mistress for the fiery Lisa Holly

By ALEX AUSTIN

WITH a wild cry, John Burko leaped from *The Bally Inn* to the deck of the *Cathay*. His dark eyes flashed and his cutlass gleamed in the sun as he shouted, "Give 'em your blades, me buckos!" and swung into action.

Burko's men roared for blood as they swarmed over the rail. "Easy on 'em!" the pirate captain cried. "They back off like a pack of scared rabbits." His hard-bitten crew laughed scornfully while the outnumbered men of the *Cathay* retreated, unwilling to face hand-to-hand combat.

Only the *Cathay's* captain—a short, fat man with a red face—foolishly challenged the boarding party. "Get off my ship, you black-hearted devils!" he bellowed, lunging at Burko.

The buccaneer nimbly jumped aside and shook with laughter. "You'll have to do better than that, you fat dog," Burko said tauntingly as he deftly knocked the sword from his opponent's hand. "Now, Captain, maybe you'll talk like a gentleman."

Just then, a terrifying scream pierced the sounds of battle. Everyone turned to see a *Cathay* crewman rolling around the deck, writhing in pain as blood welled out of the red stump that had been his hand.

"You filthy scum!" the stocky captain shouted wildly, retrieving his sword. "I'll make you pay for that!"

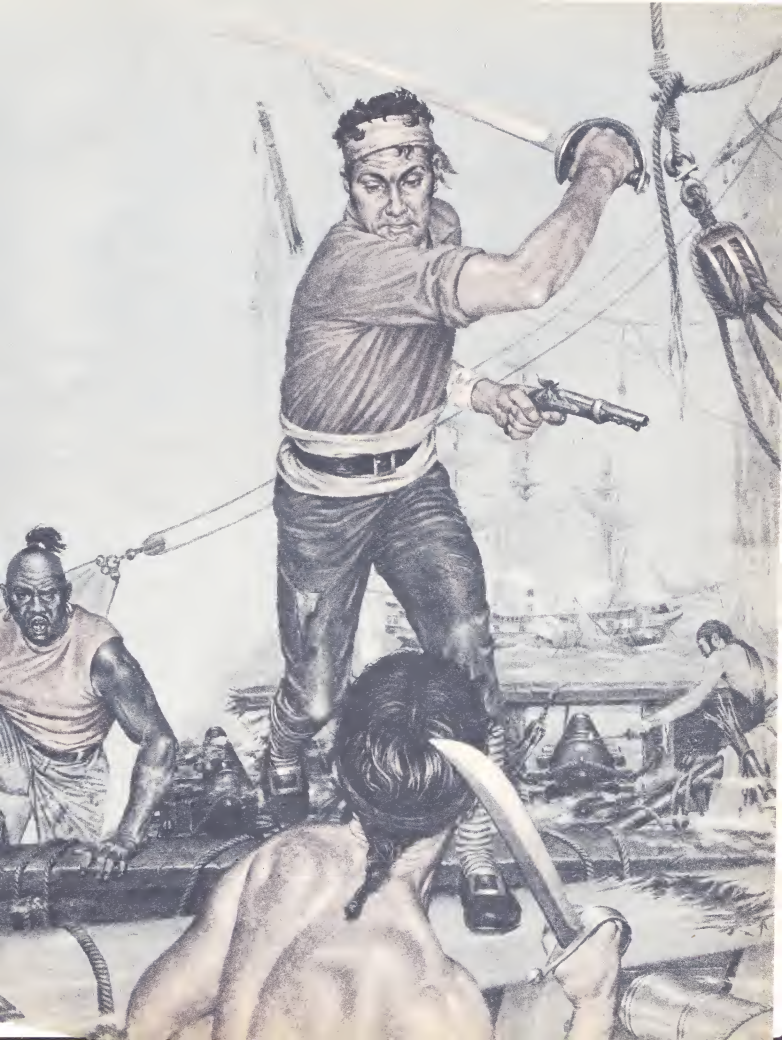
"Then set the price," Burko said calmly, raising his cutlass.

The captain ran at Burko and lunged again. This time his blade missed Burko's head by mere inches. The big man ducked, thrust his own blade deep into the fat captain's stomach and yanked it out quickly. Burko stepped back. The captain stood there dazed, blood oozing from the great wound and making a large round stain on his gray uniform. His bulbleye eyes stared blankly at Burko and the sword fell from his hand just before he pitched to the deck—dead.

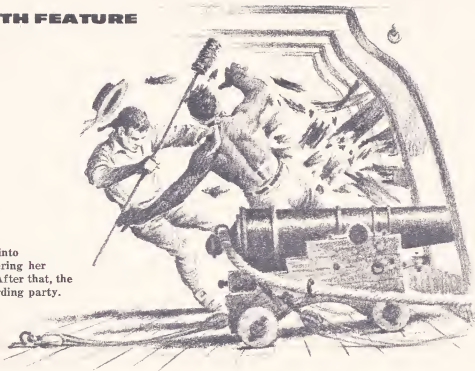
This cold-blooded killing incited several of the English crewmen, who drew their swords and charged the nearest pirates. Burko grinned as he watched his marauders handle the attack with ease. He turned toward the bridge just in time to see one of his new men, Hal Jonnick, a big, blond youngster, trying to ward off two assailants. A deep gash ran across Jonnick's left arm and he was swinging wildly, cursing the Limeys as they moved in.

ILLUSTRATED BY BRENDAN LYNCH





The Bally Inn's third shot tore into the black-hulled galleon, splintering her amidships and killing two men. After that, the Inga was easy prey for the boarding party.



Burko rushed to his side, parried a down-slashing blade and ran the man through just above the breastbone. The victim crumpled to the deck. Burko spun around and in one motion swung another mighty blow which ripped the second attacker's neck so wide open that in a few seconds the man's entire body was scarlet with blood.

"You use that blade like a tailor," Burko said to the relieved Jonnick. "But you'll get onto it, lad. You work too much with the arm and not enough with the wrist. It's all in the wrist, you know. Quick that way; doesn't give them near as much time to defend."

Jonnick nodded as Burko started to patch up the bloody arm. "I'll get on to it soon, Captain," he promised.

"I hope you do, boy," Burko said. "We don't want to lose you before you even get started."

In the first ten minutes of battle, 14 men of the *Cathay* had been killed or wounded. None of the pirate crew had been killed and only Jonnick had been wounded. When the *Cathay's* crewmen realized they were hopelessly beaten, they threw down their swords. Then Burko's rogues collected the weapons and lined up their opponents against the starboard rail.

Burko faced the captured crew and reassured them. "There's no shame to bein' a bit scared, lads. You're paid to sail a ship, not to bleed, you know."

Buccaneer John Burko spoke in a clear, deep voice. Standing six feet three and straight as a plank, his broad back, huge chest, and sinewy arms; matted thickly with black hair, did not show a trace of fat. He had large, powerful hands, and his square face was deeply tanned by wind and sun. Each move he made was with the graceful, restless ease of an untamed animal.

As soon as the fight had ended, several of Burko's men set to searching the hold and cabins. They came up with an impressive haul. There were giant chests of jewelry and more than £30,000 in gold coin; but what pleased

them almost as much was the huge store of fine wines and brandies. The corsairs handled the liquor with great care as they loaded it on *The Bally Inn*.

Suddenly, Burko saw something that made him forget his talk to the captured Britishers. The 30 passengers aboard the *Cathay* had been led on deck at gunpoint, including ten young women. But Burko had eyes for only one. She was a slim, full-bosomed redhead in her early 20s, with wide-set green eyes and a mouth as sensuous as a sailor's dream.

A smile softened Burko's face as he studied the girl. "Well, now," he said, "here's a pleasant bit of business."

"See how soft she is, Captain," one of the buccaneers called out.

"Ah, just like a lovely lass I knew back in Galway," an Irish hand named Jim Finley said wistfully.

"Maybe the same, Jim boy," someone shouted.

Finley laughed, shaking his head. "No, but I wish it was. She was so soft it made a man think he was walking in the clouds, it did."

Burko barely heard the gay banter as he gave his attention to the girl. She was wearing a long green skirt and a tight blouse that accented each curve of her well-formed body. Burko approached her slowly, eyeing her up and down. The girl flushed and started to turn away in contempt, but he caught her shoulder and roughly pulled her straining body to him.

She opened her mouth to scream, but Burko silenced her by forcing her head up and kissing her hard. The girl kicked and scratched, desperately trying to twist free, and when Burko finally released her, she defiantly spat in his face.

Burko's men watched him expectantly as he wiped his eyes. "Well, girl," he said in a surprisingly calm voice, "if there'd been a crew like you, we'd of had ourselves a rough time of it." Then he swiftly scooped her up in his arms, her skirts flying and her hands

beating his face, and carried her away from the others.

A tall, thin man with a pale face and soft eyes stepped in front of Burko. "Put Lisa down, you savage. She's my wife."

"Well now, friend," Burko said, looking down at the man. "Do you aim to stop me?"

"I would if you didn't have this gang of cut-throats to protect you."

"What name do you go by, brave man?"

"John Holly, and I command you to unhand my wife."

"All right, John Holly, let's see if you'll fight for the little girl," Burko said coldly. "Billy, come here."

Billy Clyde, Burko's mate, approached the captain. Clyde was a mountain of a man, weighing nearly 300 pounds, with a face scarred from countless brawls at sea and in waterfront pubs.

Burko took Clyde's sword and tossed it to Holly. "All right, Mister Holly, fetch any blood out of me and you can keep your wife. Fair enough?"

BUT HOLLY did not lift the sword. Burko had called his bluff and Lisa Holly watched with horror as her husband shamefully backed away.

"Come on," Burko urged. "The two of us to duel for your wife, nobody else. You've my word on that."

Holly dropped the sword on the deck and turned away slowly, as if in a trance. The crew exploded in derisive laughter, and Burko remarked, "'Tis too bad you're such a coward, my friend, for a coward has no right to such a beauty." Then, turning to his men, he said, "All right, let's finish loading our prizes. Billy, bring the girl."

In a matter of minutes, the men of *The Bally Inn* were back aboard their own ship with the booty safely stored and Lisa Holly locked by herself in the captain's cabin.

It was 1829 and buccaneer John Burko was the scourge of the Atlantic. No ship, no matter how well armed, was safe from the fearless pirate and his brawling band. There were enormous prices on his head in half a dozen countries, and women in countless ports put a higher price on his love.

Born on April 23, 1798, in the small Irish coast town of Ballycotton, Burko learned the ways of the seas at an early age. Night and day he worked in his father's tavern, serving food and ale to the rogues who made their living by plundering anything that sailed the sea. Young John listened, wide-eyed, to their tales, and watched them drink, fight, lie, curse and carry shameless wenches to the rooms on the second floor.

Burko stretched his sea legs when he shipped out as a cabin boy at 13. Six years later, he was made mate on the *Tynagh* under Captain Harry Bales. And finally, at the age of 27, he was the proud master of his own merchant ship, *The Bally Inn*—named, with the permission of the British National Shipping Company, after his father's tavern.

For three years, John Burko was a reliable captain. He took whatever cargoes were piled in his hold, delivered them properly and picked up his salary. But eventually he grew dissatisfied with the honest life. Working hard and earning little rankled him when he spoke to some of the captains he met in the coast taverns. They explained how easy it was to rob and steal from the shipping companies. This was the way to real riches and a life of luxury.

On March 7, 1827, Burko picked up his last legitimate cargo. It was a load of wool to be carried from Sydney, Australia, to Lisbon, Spain. Burko took on the wool

in Sydney as ordered, but it never reached its destination. He sold it in Liverpool, paying his crew a sum that never could have been earned on an honest ship and keeping a handsome profit for himself.

A few more illegal trips followed before he accumulated enough money to carry out his scheme. He kept the same crew and outfitted *The Bally Inn* with as fine a set of Long Toms and 18-pounders as could be found. Now he was ready to go after the big prizes—giant merchant ships heavily laden with rich stores and bullion.

The black-hulled *Bally Inn* struck often in the next two years, with unflinching success. The plundered shipping companies estimated that Burko pirated more than £600,000 in gold and cargo during that time.

Shortly after *The Bally Inn* had set sail away from the looted *Cathay*, leaving the *Cathay's* frightened passengers to care for the wounded crewmen, Burko went to his cabin and barred the heavy oak door behind him. He hardly looked at the sobbing girl on his bunk as he slowly unhitched the leather baldric that held his sword and carefully laid it on a mahogany chest on the far side of the room. Then he poured two big glasses of brandy before turning to the girl for the first time. The bare, white shoulders showing above the low-cut blouse caught his eyes. He watched the swelling of her bosom with each breath she took.

"Here, have a swallow of this," Burko said kindly. "'Tis good stuff. It'll dry up those eyes." He extended the glass but she reached out and knocked it crashing to the cabin floor.

Burko laughed.

"Get out of here, you pig." Her voice rang with the hatred reflected in her fiery green eyes. "I'll kill you."

"Little tiger," he said, grinning. "It's always a temptation to clout a stubborn one. And with hands like mine, it's always possible to break such tender bones."

Lisa involuntarily raised her arm in front of her face but continued to glare at him. "You're very brave, I see—with a woman."

"Now, calm yourself, little one," the buccaneer said gently. "I'm only jesting with you. You've such a terror in your eyes that I thought a bit of amusement would help. And that drink surely would have settled you some." He glanced down at the broken glass and the dark stain of brandy on the floor. "Besides, you have nothing to fear. I'm not going to rape you. I'll steal a woman, yes, but I'll only take her when she's ready for me. Loving is fun, not battle. When you want me, you'll let me know."

"Want you? I'll kill you first," she swore.

Burko tossed down the last of the brandy and ran his tongue over his lips. "No, girl, with a pretty mouth like that, you're not one to be killing any man. It's a pity you insist on playing the sweet lass." He chuckled and poured himself another drink. "And you know that, don't you?"

THE GIRL sat up on the bed and pressed her back against the wall as he approached again and held out his glass. "Just try a sip of it."

Lisa Holly spat in Burko's face for the second time. "You bitch!" he cried, splashing the brandy into her face. "If you want to play games, then you've got to be prepared to lose." He picked up the bottle and stamped angrily out of the cabin.

For the next month, the pirate captain continued to try

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his hand with Lisa, but he got nowhere. True to his promise, however, he didn't force himself on her. She was well-treated, with a cabin of her own next to Burko's and given the freedom of the ship, although she rarely left her quarters.

Meanwhile, Burko and his men continued their plundering. Two British merchantmen—the *Drysdale*, out of Southampton, and the *Betty Mars*, from Liverpool—proved to be easy pickings and surrendered rich hauls of jewelry and gold.

The night following the *Betty Mars* raid was calm and warm. Under a full moon, *The Bally Inn's* crew was making ready to celebrate its latest conquest. Barrels of rum and brandy were secured in neat rows under the steps leading to the poop deck and the men began to gather on the main deck in groups of two and three. The talk, as usual, was of their latest victory. The *Betty Mars*, as they had known from the beginning, was easy prey because her shallow hull made her a clumsy craft for fighting.

"You damn near let that little wench put a knife in your guts, Johnson," Billy Clyde said to a baldheaded man called Swede. During the attack, Johnson had dragged a tiny brunette below deck and raped her.

Johnson nodded. "Aye, but it was worth it."

Clyde's huge frame shook with laughter.

"I like a woman who wants to kill a man," Johnson added. "Shows she has fire. Not like the silly ones; all they want to do is cry." He lifted his wooden tankard and emptied it in one long swig.

By the time Burko joined them on deck, most of his men were well on the way to getting blind drunk. Their quiet talk had turned to boisterous shouting. The battle had long been forgotten and they were exchanging lurid tales of women they had known.

Clyde greeted Burko by handing him a solid silver goblet, just taken from the *Betty Mars*. "It was a good day, Captain John," the mate said.

"Then that means another good night for the men, eh, Billy?"

"Aye, sir, that it does. And they deserve it." Clyde grinned. "And how's the girl behavein' tonight?"

Burko shrugged and took a long swallow of rum from the goblet. "The same, I'm afraid. Defies me. Won't let me come near her. She's a tough one."

Clyde shook his head. "May not be my place to say, Captain, but I think you've let her play that game too long. Just throw the lass down one night and show her who's in command."

"That I . . ." Burko's voice trailed off as he saw Lisa Holly standing near the railing, watching him closely. "Well now," Burko said, smiling. "Maybe the wind's changed."

THE MATE looked at the girl, her even profile silhouetted against the moon. "Aye, sir, I'd not think twice about takin' command of her," Clyde muttered.

"Come up for a bit of air, Lisa?" Burko asked.

She stared at him, neither moving nor speaking. The men gazed at her longingly, poking each other and describing what they would do with this proud, stubborn and beautiful wench.

Burko leaned over to fill his goblet. When he glanced up at Lisa again, he realized there was something

strangely different in her eyes. She started to walk toward him. The men also sensed the change; they stopped talking and anxiously watched her move deliberately across the deck.

Lisa stopped within a few feet of Burko, her eyes gazing boldly into his. "I'll take that drink now," she said in a steady voice.

Her long red hair glowed in the bright moonlight. Burko, still puzzled by this sudden change, drew off some brandy and handed her a silver goblet. The girl drank deliberately and didn't stop until the goblet was empty. Then, tossing her head back and laughing recklessly, she flung the goblet overboard.

"Hey, that's good silver," Burko said, sitting down on a barrel.

Lisa leaned forward and wrapped her arms around his neck. "But I'm worth more," she whispered.

THE PIRATE was surprised but quick to size up the situation. Chuckling, he reached up and pulled her willing body down into his lap.

"That's more like it, Cap'n," one of the men bellowed drunkenly. The others cheered their agreement.

"I knew you'd come to your senses," Burko told her triumphantly. She smiled at him enticingly, and when Burko kissed her, she tightened her arms around his neck and pulled his face down as hard as she could. The buccaners exploded, some crying out comic obscenities, others pleading for a kiss.

"I'll not sleep this night," Billy Clyde shouted as Burko lifted Lisa in his arms and carried her below to his cabin.

They spent two days there, with Burko coming out only to get food or give an order. No one would ever know how it happened, but overnight the respectable Lisa Holly had become as wanton a woman as any man could ever hope to know.

Then, on a clear, windy morning in April, all hands were startled to see her appear on deck. It was while Burko and his men were making ready to raid an unwary Spanish galleon sailing to starboard.

Captain Burko shouted his commands and *The Bally Inn's* cannons boomed. One ball sailed across the *Inga's* bow and the next two, fired in rapid succession, split her mizzenmast and splintered the hull amidships.

"Well done, John!" Lisa called to Burko.

The buccaner leader whirled and spotted her. She was wearing a man's shirt and slacks, her long red hair billowing in the breeze. He was surprised to see her but pleased that she was taking an interest in the raid.

"Better get below, Lisa," Burko called as he ran to her. "There'll be some bleeding with this one."

She kissed him and threw an arm about his waist. "You've made a pirate's woman of me, John. I want to watch. Don't worry, I'll be safe."

"All right, then. But be careful," he warned as he hurried away to lead the attack.

Lisa stood on the poop deck and calmly watched *The Bally Inn* swing over sharply. Within minutes the pirates were ready to board the *Inga*. Knives flashed in the bright sunlight as Burko led them over the rail and the two crews locked in hand-to-hand combat. Screams and curses filled the air and men of both sides fell to the deck, which was red and slippery with blood.

Burko and Billy Clyde fought side by side, leading charge after charge against the stubborn defenders. It was a half hour before the *Inga's* officers finally

The crew watched with calm interest and Lisa was fascinated as the struggle began. Billy Clyde charged like a mad bull, smashing his captain to the deck.



conceded defeat. Burko and his rogues had won again.

When the valiant Spaniards threw down their arms and began lining up along the port rail, Lisa suddenly grabbed one of the boarding ropes and swung over to the captured ship, landing nimbly on the deck.

Burko was angry. "You crazy fool, you could have broken your neck."

"Nonsense, John. It's too pretty to break," she replied spiritedly.

Burko's anger dissolved in laughter and he walked alongside Lisa, who began to inspect five women standing in line with the other passengers. They watched her with fear and indignation as she looked them up and down. At last she stopped and removed a pearl necklace from one woman's neck.

"Why, you wicked slut!" the outraged passenger exclaimed.

Lisa slapped her face, then fastened the pearls around her own neck. "Thank you, darling. They're pretty," the new lady pirate said in a mocking tone.

"You've caught on pretty quickly, girl," Burko belated proudly.

Lisa winked at him and continued her inspection. At the end of the line, she came to a girl about her own age and proportions. She carefully appraised the girl's black silk dress, front and back. "Do you like it, John?" she asked.

"On you I would."

Without another word, Lisa started unbuttoning the girl's dress. "But . . . you . . . you . . . can't . . ." the girl stammered.

"Stand still or I'll put a piece of steel in your belly," Lisa told her coldly.

The girl began to sob, covering her face with both hands as Lisa quickly undressed her on deck in full view of both crews. When Lisa finished, she boldly removed her clothes and put on the black dress. She

turned around once, as if inspecting herself in a mirror, with the men of *The Bally Inn* cheering her on.

"Have her things taken aboard," Lisa commanded. "And to think," she told Burko, "I might have wasted my life being a damn lady."

Burko slapped her backside appreciatively, then set about transferring the captured cargo to his ship. After the job was done, he allowed the *Inga* to sail away with not a man or woman harmed.

Later that night, the only trouble ever caused by Lisa Holly aboard *The Bally Inn* occurred during a celebration in the crew's quarters.

Billy Clyde and Burko got roaring drunk shortly before midnight. Clyde was seated near Burko and the girl and kept making playful passes at her which she fended off gaily, even kissing Clyde once on the cheek.

But the passes soon lost their playful quality when Clyde leaned over, grabbed Lisa in his arms and pressed a long kiss on her mouth. Burko flung his goblet aside and seized Clyde by the arm, pulling him away from Lisa. "Ease off!" Burko commanded. "If you want a woman, get one on the next ship we take. Meantime, keep your hands off mine."

Clyde stared drunkenly at Burko with a crooked grin. "But I like this one, Cap'n John," he said thickly.

"Well, I'm glad you like her," Burko said. "But manners is manners, ain't they, Billy-o?"

"I said I like this one," the mate repeated. "And dammit, I mean to have her. Now, will you fight me for her or do I just take her?"

Burko's smile faded. "I don't want any fighting on my ship," he said quietly.

The crew watched silently as their two rugged leaders glared at each other.

"What's wrong, John?" Clyde said scornfully. "Has she emptied the guts out of you?" He staggered to his feet and steadied himself against one of the barrels of

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rum. "I've fought at your side for two years, John, and I never knew you to be yellow before."

Burko squinted at his friend for a moment, then got to his feet.

"There, that's better," Clyde said, grinning and crouching with his arms spread, waiting for Burko to charge.

The crewmen rolled the kegs out of the way and formed a circle. Burko shuffled toward Clyde while Lisa watched in silence, fascinated by this spectacle of two hardened pirates about to fight for her.

"Come on, Johnny lad," Billy shouted.

Burko threw the first punch, a hard right hand aimed at Clyde's nose. The mate ducked and the punch harmlessly grazed his forehead. The two men fell into a clinch, pounding each other's body without letup. Then Burko stepped back and caught Clyde on the mouth with a powerful left hand, bringing blood to his mouth.

"We're properly started," Clyde snarled. He lowered his head like a bull and charged at the captain's stomach. Burko tried to dodge, but he was not quick enough and Clyde bowled him over, landing on top with one knee pressed against Burko's chest. Clyde smashed the side of Burko's face three times, then started to choke him.

Gasping for breath, Burko kicked out his legs and heaved his body into the air, sending Clyde tumbling backwards with a loud, angry cry. Both men scrambled to their feet and rushed blindly at each other.

The two giants fought viciously as Lisa and the crew watched in speechless awe. Their faces were covered with blood and their gasping grew louder. One of Clyde's eyes was completely closed, the lump over it turning a deep shade of purple. They wrestled from one side of the room to the other, battled up and down stairways, tumbling, cursing, falling on each other, swinging more wildly as weariness began to sap their power.

The fight lasted more than an hour. Neither man looked as if he had the strength to continue, but they kept throwing punches, like men battling in their sleep.

It ended when Burko caught Clyde with a wild right to the side of the head and the mate slumped to the deck. For several minutes, Clyde didn't move; he just sat there, leaning back against a broken keg, his eyes half-open, blood pouring from one corner of his mouth. He tried to get up, fell back limply, tried again, and failed.

The crew realized the battle was over and broke into loud cheers. Lisa ran to Burko, throwing her arms around his bloody neck and passionately kissing his swollen face.

Burko gently pushed the girl aside, walked over to Clyde and reached down to help the mate to his feet. The two men looked at each other and smiled through split lips. At last Clyde slapped his enormous belly and threw his other arm around Burko's shoulder. "There's not a man alive who can fight like you, Johnny boy," he said admiringly.

"Ah, now, Billy, you might be my match one of these days," Burko said gently.

It was all over. The two men began to joke and the party was in full swing again, with Lisa sitting between the two men who had nearly killed each other for her favors.

For the next three years, Captain Burko, Lisa and the

marauders of *The Bally Inn* continued to ravage the high seas, plundering shipping along the British, French and Spanish coasts. In the summer of 1832, the skull and crossbones flew over new waters as *The Bally Inn* set sail for the rich pickings to be had off the coast of America.

A heavy mist rolled in from the sea and covered New Orleans like a wet woolen blanket as *The Bally Inn* put into port on August 18. Burko told his men they would have four days and nights ashore. They needed no more encouragement.

Hours after they reached shore, the pleasure-hungry crewmen turned the already wild city into a jungle of violence. They roared drunkenly from bar to bar, then nearly tore one of the town's most expensive bordellos apart, carrying half-naked girls off in their arms just in case the selection in the next house wasn't to their liking. The police were called, but they could do little to stop these men who had been seaborne for nearly four months.

John Burko's approach to New Orleans was far different from that of his brawling crew. Decked out in the finery of an English gentleman, he escorted his delighted redhead—wearing her expensive, stolen gown and white gloves—to a grand ball at the home of Andrew Calhoun, the town's wealthiest citizen. Billy Clyde, in a long black coat and a tight-collared starched shirt, completed the trio that confidently walked down the tree-lined street as if born to this kind of life.



"All right, Patri," Burko said impatiently. "I'll give you my ship and thirty-eight men for that damned girl!"

The pirate threesome had not been invited, but that didn't bother Burko. He knew that all of New Orleans society would be there and he wanted to meet them. Calhoun's mansion was one of the finest Burko had ever seen—a white manor house with graceful Greek columns, rolling green lawns and elaborate gardens on three sides, five giant willow trees in front of the house, and colorful lanterns strung along the wide front porch.

Burko, Lisa and Clyde slipped in through a side entrance and quickly mingled with the gay, noisy crowd. Billy soon lost himself at the tables, laden with such delicacies as iced lake shrimp, caviar, baked oysters and squash casserole. Burko took Lisa by the arm and led her into the main ballroom. A string quartet was playing waltzes while attractive couples whirled around the floor under the giant cut-glass chandeliers.

FOR SEVERAL hours, the handsome giant and his mistress danced, drank champagne and chatted pleasantly with other couples. It was a sharp change from their wild days of fighting and looting, and no one would have guessed that they were anything but members of New Orleans aristocracy.

They were talking quietly with a distinguished couple when Burko suddenly stiffened. He was staring across the room as if he had seen a ghost. Lisa looked at him quizzically, then followed his eyes until she saw what had attracted him. She dug her fingernails into his arm and whispered, "I'll have to scratch your lovely eyes out, my darling, if you don't stop gawking."

"Stop being silly, Lisa. I'm just watching the dancers," Burko said feebly. But he was unable to take his eyes off the girl across the room. She was the most excitingly beautiful female he had ever seen—a tall octoroon girl of not more than 20, with an incredibly slender waist, provocative bosom and long-lashed eyes that burned with a soft glow like black pearls on a satin cushion.

Burko sipped a drink and studied her over the rim of his glass while the girl talked to a tall, thin man who looked to be twice her age. The pirate captain put the glass down and excused Lisa and himself from the couple. "Let's get out of here," he told Lisa, leading her to the dining room where the tables of food were spread. They found Clyde alone in a corner, busily stuffing himself with baked oysters.

"Billy boy," Burko said, "see that Lisa gets some of this food, will you? I want to learn more about the shipping that goes in and out of this port. There are a lot of big men here tonight."

"And little girls," Lisa added, forcing a smile.

Burko didn't answer her. He walked quickly to the main ballroom.

For about ten minutes, he watched the octoroon girl waltz with several young partners but always return to the same tall, thin man after every dance. Burko turned to a young man standing next to him and asked if he knew the girl's name.

"Deutremont. Abbe Deutremont," he answered politely. "I've heard it spoken about. Sorry, but that's all I know, sir."

Two other guests gave Burko the same kind of answer.

Finally, a fat, bald man in his late 60s informed the buccaner that she was the mistress of Louis Patri. "That's him," the fat man said, pointing to the companion that Burko had seen with her between dances. "Patri," he continued, "isn't his real name, of course. In fact,

New Orleans hardly has a real name left in it. All sorts of scoundrels come here after they've made their fortunes. Then they devise a fancy name for themselves, settle down and become respectable." He giggled softly in a high voice that sounded almost like a woman's. "Patri was a sea captain once. Now he owns the largest shipping firm in New Orleans."

Burko listened patiently, a strange feeling beginning to take hold of him. He had never felt such a strong desire for any woman—not even for Lisa Holly. Burko stood in awe of the young beauty and knew he must have her at any cost.

When the fat man finished, Burko thanked him and shouldered his way across the crowded dance floor until he reached the girl and Patri. There he bowed in front of the girl and introduced himself. "I would be honored if you would join me for the next dance," he said respectfully.

She glanced at Patri, who nodded slightly. The girl turned to Burko, smiled and said, "Thank you. I would like very much to dance."

As Burko took the girl's hand and led her to the center of the floor, he felt an uncontrollable tension sweep over him. His tongue felt as if it were coated with glue, and he couldn't get a word out after asking his partner her name. They whirled around the floor and Burko was flattered that she followed him so adroitly. Yet he was relieved when the dance ended and another young man waltzed her away.

Burko was standing against the wall, fascinated by the delicate movements of Abbe Deutremont, when Patri walked up to him. "She is a prize, eh?" Patri asked with a knowing chuckle.

Burko smiled a bit uneasily and nodded.

"Abbe is a great joy to me," Patri continued in his soft, French-accented voice. "For me there is no greater pleasure than observing the charms of a truly beautiful woman."

"Aye, right you are," Burko said. "And she is a real beauty."

Patri nodded. "Come, my friend. It is senseless to stand there eating your heart out. Let us find some champagne and a room for quiet talk." He picked up two glasses and a bottle of champagne and led Burko into the library.

SETTLED in a black leather chair, Patri began to talk of the lovely Abbe Deutremont. Burko stood, staring into space and listening with half an ear, thinking of a way to steal her from him.

"The thing that is so amusing, my friend," Patri said with a sly wink, "is that this superb girl who drives half the men of New Orleans crazy is nothing but a slave."

Burko snapped his head around to face Patri. "She's your slave?" he exclaimed.

"Yes. I discovered her at an auction down by the wharf. I was lucky, indeed. It is not often that a man can find such a beauty on the block—or anywhere else, for that matter." Patri drained his glass and reached for the champagne bottle on the desk. "Of course, she fascinates you too," he went on. "That is easy enough to see. Well, I would let you borrow any ordinary woman from me for a night or two. What does it matter, eh? I mean—between friends?" He waved his arm carelessly. "But Abbe . . . ah, she is too expensive to be treated lightly."

"Mister Patri, are you hinting that perhaps you'd like

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to sell Abbe? Is this beauty available for a price?" "Hinting? I?" Patri's eyebrows lifted in amazement. "Mon Dieu, why would I ever want to sell such a divine creature? Do you take me for a madman?" He squinted at Burko and his expression grew serious. "Besides, I don't think you have enough money to interest me."

"A thousand pounds," Burko said.

"A thousand? You can't be serious."

"Ten—"

"Absurd," Patri snapped. "I tell you, you wouldn't have nearly enough."

Burko was silent for several minutes. He listened to the music drifting in from the other room and he could picture Abbe passing from partner to partner under the glittering chandeliers—her hypnotic dark eyes, her sensuous body . . .

Patri's voice broke the spell. "I must admit, my friend, I have been offered several fortunes for her. It amuses me to turn down these fine offers, but you must understand that Abbe is very dear to me."

The buccaneer's fist crashed down on the desk. "All right, Patri," he bit out. "I've a ship sitting there in the harbor. A three-master boasting the finest cannon you'll find anywhere. There's a crew of thirty-eight hardy men who know the sea like their own hands. I'll give you the whole lot for that damned girl!"

Louis Patri's eyes betrayed his surprise. He carefully placed his glass on the desk, saying, "What is your ship called?"

"*The Bally Inn.*"

"*The Bally Inn?*" Patri repeated pensively. "Yes, yes, I saw her arrive this morning. She looks to be a fine ship."

Burko nodded impatiently. "Well?"

Patri thought for a moment, then slapped his thigh enthusiastically. "You've just made yourself a deal, my passionate captain. Wait here, I shall bring her to you." He got up and left the library.

Within five minutes, the Frenchman returned with Abbe Deutremont. "I think you already know Mister Burko," he said as the pirate jumped to his feet. She tilted her head and smiled politely. "Abbe, my dear, Mister Burko has just purchased you." She glanced at him, but he merely nodded in answer to the question in her dark eyes. "I think it best that you go with him tonight. I shall have your things sent to you in the morning."

THE GIRL'S eyes seemed to burn brightly for an instant, but there was not a trace of emotion on her face as she walked over to her new master, took his arm and calmly said, "I'm ready."

"You see?" Patri told Burko. "She accepts such things easily. Abbe will do absolutely anything for you."

"Then we'll be off, my dear," Burko told the girl.

The handsome couple left the home of Andrew Calhoun and stepped into a carriage at the front door. Among those who saw them leave was Lisa Holly. She flew into such a violent rage that it took Billy Clyde and two other men to hold her back from tearing Calhoun's house apart. When they finally calmed her, she fell into an ominous silence that lasted the rest of the night.

Burko lived the life of a country gentleman for the next year. He rented a large residence adjacent to the famous DeBore estate on the edge of the city and he and Abbe attended all the leading social functions. They made an impressively dashing couple and were invited everywhere—even to the home of Louis Patri. The swashbuckling seafarer made no effort to contact Lisa, Billy or any of the crew of *The Bally Inn* as he threw himself into the role of an illustrious member of New Orleans society.

Then, on a cool September night in 1831, Burko's peaceful existence was broken. He and Abbe had returned home late after a gala party, and while Abbe went directly to their bedroom on the second floor, Burko entered the oak-paneled library to have a brandy nightcap.

STANDING quietly in front of the large bay window overlooking his wide, sloping lawn, Burko grunted in surprise when he felt a gun shoved roughly into his back. He turned his head slightly to see Lisa holding the pistol.

"Lisa! What is this foolishness?"

"Are you surprised, John? I've come to repay your kindness," she said sweetly. "With this." She raised the pistol and pointed it directly at his head.

Burko was sweating. He hadn't seen Lisa since he had left her at Calhoun's ball more than a year before. Aware that she might pull the trigger if he made a suspicious move, Burko decided to play it safe, hoping to rekindle the love she once had for him.

He took a long swallow of brandy. "What have you been doing for the last year, Lisa?" he asked. "How is Billy? And the rest of the crew? Have you been sailing with them?"

"A lot you care, John Burko," she said bitterly. "You and that girl you bought, tramping around New Orleans like high society. It's disgusting. We were all fools to look up to you, John. Now I've come to stop you from making more of a fool of yourself . . . and me."

Burko looked past Lisa to a cutlass and helmet hanging on the far wall. They had belonged to the Duke of Northumberland in 1624. The buccaneer had grown to appreciate the rich trappings and easy living of his present existence. Yet now, hearing Lisa's voice, he remembered the way it had been when they were at sea.

He took a step in Lisa's direction. "All right, John, that's far enough," she said icily.

"I was only going to offer you a drink."

"It seems you offered me a drink once before."

"Aye, that I did. And you were a long time in taking it," Burko remarked with a soft laugh. "But tell me, how do you like my house?"

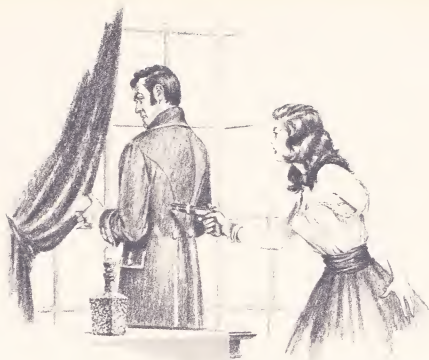
She glanced around warily, not daring to keep her eyes off him for more than a split second at a time.

"It's got a tame look, John. The lads on *The Bally Inn* would laugh if they could see you living like this."

Burko decided this was the time to gamble. Her hesitation told him she still loved him and probably wouldn't pull the trigger. "Well, Lisa, I'm glad to see you didn't choose to raise your neckline. You look as good as ever."

She smiled coldly. "You still remember those sweet words, don't you, John? If I let you talk for ten minutes more, I suppose I'd put the gun down. But I'm afraid I don't have that much time to spare."

He shrugged, then swiftly grabbed her gun hand. She fought bravely but he easily twisted it out of her hand.



Burko felt the pistol pressed against his back, then he heard Lisa say, "I've come to repay your kindness, John." The pirate decided to stall by trying to rekindle her once passionate love for him.

"Now, Lisa, maybe we can talk like old shipmates," he said, pocketing the pistol. She flushed angrily and turned away. "You really would have killed me, wouldn't you?" he asked.

When she didn't answer, Burko ran a hand along her bare shoulder. "I like a wench who'd kill a man because she loves him," he said, taking her in his arms. The black-haired corsair was not pretending now. He had missed Lisa's unrestrained fury of emotion. He waited an instant for her to struggle, but she didn't.

"I've missed you, my girl," he said, kissing her.

Her only reply was to move her arms around him, slowly, helplessly, in complete surrender. After a moment she stepped back and, with that familiar brazen smile on her lips, began to undress. "I had to be with you or kill you, John," she said huskily. "Now, come here."

As he moved toward her, Burko dismissed Abbe Deutremont from his mind. As beautiful as the slave girl was, she could not match the uninhibited passion of this girl he had molded himself.

That night Burko handed Abbe \$3,000 in cash and informed her she was a free woman. She could do as she wished—he was taking Lisa back.

In the years that followed, Abbe used the money to open one of the most luxurious bordellos in New Orleans. Soon she became famous as the "Tigress with the black cat," because of the huge jet black cat she kept as a pet. Abbe called the animal Burko; and taught him how to drink champagne and eat caviar. Whenever she would take a man into her chambers, "Burko" would always be curled up on the wide four-poster bed beside her. More than one man told the story of how she would cry out its name and stroke the cat's head, as if the customer were not there, at all.

John and Lisa lived in the elegant manor for four

weeks, but the staid life of respectability wore thin for them both. One night Burko learned that *The Bally Inn* was in port and he went to meet some of his old crew in town. Finding them was no trouble since he knew all their old haunts. As he had expected, they weren't angry with him for trading them and the ship for Abbe.

"Ahoy there, Johnny boy!" Billy Clyde greeted him. He rushed forward and playfully threw a bear-hug around Burko. "Here's the trader, lads. Gave us all up for a pretty wench, he did."

"Was she worth the price, Cap'n Burko?" one of the men yelled. The others laughed heartily.

"She was for a while, boys," Burko answered. "But I gave the girl her freedom last month. She was a beauty, but there's no woman in the world to compare with our Lisa. We're back together, and itching to get the sea under us again."

The good-natured talk continued for more than an hour while Burko bought ale and brandy for his old crewmen.

"Of course, Patri's paid us well enough," Clyde informed Burko. "But he hasn't got your fire, Cap'n John. He sits at a desk all day and tells us what to do. It's nowhere the same as knowing that the man who commands has his steel out next to yours when there's a fight on."

"I've missed the old life, Billy," Burko admitted.

"Land's too tame, eh?"

Burko grinned broadly. "A man needs a little bleeding now and then."

"And a taste of salt, John."

"That, too."

The men drank tankard after tankard, warmly recalling their old days together. After a while, Burko had little trouble convincing the men that they could get

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more money if they betrayed Patri and sailed under him again.

The drunken rogues quickly accepted Burko's scheme. There was no time for packing or goodbyes. That very night, *The Bally Inn* set sail from New Orleans harbor with buccaneer John Burko on the bridge and redheaded Lisa Holly standing proudly at his side.

The Bally Inn once more was the devil's own three-master. For the next seven years, the pirates looted merchant ships of all nations and poured a treasure into her bulging holds. They fought, caroused and drank their way through several fortunes, but always came back for more.

The United States Navy finally set out to halt Burko and got its big chance when *The Bally Inn* robbed an American ship, the *Philadelphia*, in the Gulf of Mexico on October 1, 1840.

Burko pointed *The Bally Inn* west for Laguna Madre, where they could put in for repairs. She had to have barnacles scraped off her bottom, two masts needed mending and three Long Toms had to be replaced.

Shortly before noon on October 3, the masthead lookout, Tommy Bales, called out, "Two ships off the starboard quarter . . . gaining on us."

Burko hurried to the poop deck. He scanned the horizon with his glass and saw that they were Navy ships, the *President* and the *New York*. The buccaneer cursed. They were too well-armed for *The Bally Inn* to challenge at the same time and the only hope was to outrun them. But the barnacles made for slow going.

"Drop the bonnet and the lateen!" Burko shouted down to the crew on deck. The extra sails would help catch the wind, he thought.

Yet Burko realized that this would not be of much help. The two Navy ships were closing in rapidly. He already could see the black eyes of the twin cannons peering from the galleon foredecks. Eighteen-pounders

juttied from below the stern cabin. It would be only a matter of minutes before they would be blasting away at *The Bally Inn*.

"How does it look, Johnny boy?" Clyde shouted up from the main deck. "Can we take 'em?"

"We've taken everything so far, haven't we?" Burko yelled back. The pirate captain grinned, but he knew this would be their toughest battle in 13 years.

Billy Clyde was pleased with the fighting answer. He called to his men, "They've only two against us, lads, so go easy on 'em."

The men roared their approval as they swiftly moved to their battle positions and started loading the cannons and pistols.

Lisa climbed to the poop deck and stood beside Burko. "Here's to our success," she said, leaning over and kissing him on the cheek. At that moment, the *President* fired the first warning, a shot across *The Bally Inn's* bowsprit.

"Put one in their fat belly," Burko ordered. Three Long Toms fired at the same time and caught the oncoming *President* high in the stern. Wood splintered and men screamed aboard the naval ship.

"We've got 'em, boys," Burko shouted. But he could see the *New York* heading wide, making ready to circle them and come in from the other side. He turned to Lisa. "You'd better get below," he advised. "This is not a simple merchantman we're fighting."

Her eyes flashed defiantly. "I like the fresh air beside you, John. I'm staying here."

Burko shrugged. He barked orders to steer *The Bally Inn* away from the enemy ships. He knew he was lost if the Americans boxed him in.

But before they could alter course, a shot from the *President* snapped *The Bally Inn's* mizzenmast in two. Then three balls from the *New York* crashed into the stern cabin, smashing portholes and shattering wood several feet below the water line.

"We're taking in water!" Clyde yelled to Burko.

"No time to stop it now," the captain answered. "If



The American gunboats pounded *The Bally Inn* with a merciless crossfire. Burko and his first mate stood silently on the poop deck, knowing this was one battle they would not win.

only this breeze would pick up and get some gut in it."

Guns thundered at *The Bally Inn* without letup, pounding her in a deadly crossfire. Direct hits tore gaping holes in her black hull and salvos that fell short sent up towering green sprays that washed the decks clean of blood.

Burko's men knew they were lost, but they fought on with a courage and fury that made their captain proud of his command. But he realized by mid-afternoon that their cause was hopeless. *The Bally Inn* was finished.

A little after four P.M., Burko called Clyde to the deck. Blood was streaming down the mate's face, but when Clyde saw his captain's concern, he grinned easily and said, "A little bleeding's good for what ails a man, Johnny."

"I fear we can't outrun 'em, Billy," Burko told him. "The men know that," Clyde said. "They knew that from the start, only it don't matter none to them. We'll fight the bastards down before the day's out."

"No, Billy, you know we won't."

"Now, what kind of talk—"

Clyde's words were cut short by two direct hits squarely amidships, right on the water line. The ship listed heavily to starboard.

"That's it," Burko said sadly.

"Aye, John."

"Get the men in the longboats. And make it quick." Clyde hurried away to carry out the order.

Burko looked around to send Lisa into one of the boats. But when he found she was nowhere on deck, he rushed below to their cabin. The pirate captain gasped when he saw her lying on the bed, a crimson stain on her white blouse growing wider.

"In God's name!" he exclaimed.

"There's no pain to it, John," she said, a thin smile set on her pale lips as she tried to blink away the tears.

Burko settled beside her on the bed, fearfully aware that the wound was just below the heart and that she had already lost much blood.

"It's time to abandon ship, Lisa," Burko said quietly. "We're beaten."

"I can't go anywhere," she whispered. "John, kiss me, please."

He kissed her tenderly. "Lisa, girl . . ." He couldn't go on.

She reached up, traced the tips of her fingers down the side of his face and smiled. "I'm sorry I got in the way of this," she said. "We still had a lot of nights left."

"Johnny." It was Clyde standing in the doorway.

Burko turned and looked at his old friend. "Go along, Billy," he murmured. "We've got some private business to tend to."

Clyde could see there would be no arguing with Burko. He nodded understandingly, turned and left.

"You'd better go now, too," Lisa said. "We're sinking fast."

"Before we've finished this fine brandy?" he asked.

He stood up to fetch the cask and silver goblets from the cupboard in the corner, and Lisa noticed a dark patch of blood at Burko's hip. She also saw that he was trying not to limp as he walked back to the bed.

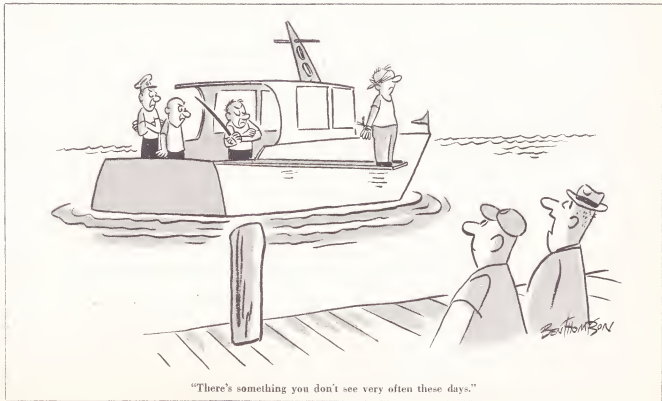
The tall buccaneer filled two goblets and handed one to her. Smacking his lips in anticipation, Burko said, "I've heard there are fine beds in hell for proper folks like us."

Lisa put a hand on his arm. "We'll drink to that, John."

"Aye."

Buccaneer John Burko and Lisa Holly went down with *The Bally Inn*. And there were those aboard the *President* and the *New York* who claimed they heard them laughing inside the great black ship as she sank slowly into a sea that was the color of blood.

★ THE END



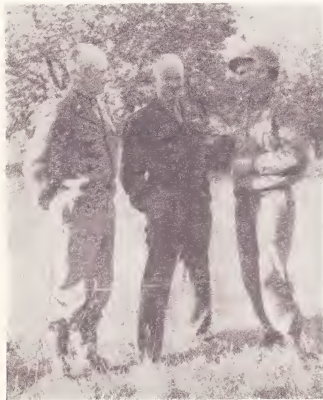
"There's something you don't see very often these days."

(Continued from page 11) recently written: "There's nothing romantic in knowing that an hour from now you may be dead."

The wave that was to pick him up came by. The Marines called out, "Hey, Ernie!" and then some sailors shouted, "Good luck, Ernie!" as he ran to the rail. He crowded in among the Marines standing against each other on the LCVP. The sea spray soon soaked him as the landing craft moved inland, and he shivered, from fear rather than from cold. About a half mile from shore, because of the underwater reef that flanked the beach, he transferred into one of a fleet of waiting amtracs and started the last lap, the one that really counted. From the amtrac he peered out at the beach, expecting a hailstorm of bullets and mortar and artillery shells to come screeching into the water. But he couldn't see any signs of firing ahead. Someone passed a canteen to him. He took a big gulp and almost choked. It was straight brandy. After the unexpected jolt, he felt better.

The amtrac bumped heavily along the rough coral bottom and at last swung out of the water and onto the sand. Ernie stepped onto Beach Yellow. The first words he heard were from an incredulous Marine who said, "Hell, this is just like one of MacArthur's landings." Ernie recorded that remark for posterity. And he later elatedly cabled back, "You wouldn't believe it. And we don't either. It just can't be true. And yet it is true. We landed absolutely unopposed. It was incredible; nobody among us had dreamed of such a thing. There was some opposition to the right and to the left of us,

"If I could pick a second father," Pyle remarked, "he would be either General Omar Bradley (L) or Ike Eisenhower."



but on our beach, nothing, absolutely nothing . . . I had dreaded the sight of the beach littered with mangled bodies, and my first look up and down the beach was a reluctant one. Then, like a man in the movies who looks away and then suddenly looks back unbelieving, I realized—there were no bodies anywhere—and no wounded. What a wonderful feeling!"

The Marines for a change had luckily run into a soft sector, while the Army's XXIV Corps was encountering rough resistance to the south.

Ernie wrote to a friend, "I've got almost a spooky feeling that I've been spared once more and that it would be asking for it to tempt fate again. That was my last one. I'll be on operations in the future, of course, but not on any more landings." And to his father in Dana, Ind., he wrote, "Outside of an accident of some kind, I feel now that at least I have a pretty good chance of coming through the war alive."

Less than three weeks later, Ernie Pyle was dead, killed by a Japanese machine gun. It happened only six days after the death of President Roosevelt, and it plunged a saddened nation into a second spell of mourning. The passing of its foremost war correspondent took precedence over all other front-page news of a country at war. Special memorial programs were broadcast. State legislatures voted resolutions of sorrow. A Medal of Merit was jointly bestowed posthumously by the War, Navy and State Departments. Telegrams of condolence flooded his widow at her Albuquerque, N. M., home. They came from everywhere and everybody—enlisted men in the lines, top-echelon brass and just plain home-folks. "I knew him not, but I loved him," said one, signed simply, A Soldier's Wife. President Truman wired, "No man in this war has so well told the story of the American fighting man as the American fighting man wanted it told. He deserves the gratitude of all his countrymen."

Across the seas, in Europe, General Omar Bradley had just begun dinner when the news reached him. He held his head in his hands and stared blankly ahead, unable to say anything. General Eisenhower was shocked. "The GIs in Europe," he finally said, "—and that means all of us here—have lost one of our best and most understanding friends." In Leipzig, Hal Boyle of the Associated Press woke up the correspondents with the news: "Ernie's got it." And Bob Capa, the daring photographer who later was killed in Indo-China, told it this way, "We all got up and drank ourselves stupid in silence."

In London, in Paris and Marseilles, in Rome and in Naples, GIs said to each other vacantly, "Have you heard the news?" and then, turning, mumbled to themselves as they walked away. In foxholes in the Pacific and in the front lines of Germany, battle-hardened infantrymen, who had come to regard Ernie as their own personal spokesman, sat down and cried. Bill Mauldin summed it up: "The only difference between Ernie's death and the death of any other good guy is that the other guy is mourned by his company. Ernie is mourned by the Army."

Ernie Pyle was an American phenomenon. Never before or since, in any country in the world, has the work of a newspaperman engendered such mass affection. It's hard to realize today what an enormous impact Ernie Pyle had upon millions of Americans. A Pulitzer



Ernie was "one of the boys," whether he was sitting next to the accordionist at a songfest or marching (third from left) with a Marine patrol on Okinawa.

Prize winner, he was the most widely syndicated newspaperman in the country. His column ran in over 700 daily and weekly newspapers. GIs considered a mention in it the equivalent of a battlefield citation. Fourteen million people not only read his column, they loved the man who wrote it. On D-Day more people phoned the *Washington News* to ask about Ernie's personal safety than inquired about the success of the entire operation as the GIs stormed Normandy.

He was the emotional bridge between the "mud-rain-frost-and-wind boys" and the folks back home. He wrote like an ordinary GI who happened to be wired for sound—a GI with a built-in gift of expression. His dispatches faithfully communicated the ugly horror, the hypnotic repetition, the wild exhilaration and the ridiculous humor of war in such simple understandable terms that President Roosevelt himself once confessed that although he had all the "regular channels" available, he had to depend upon Ernie's column for the truth about the realities of war.

What kind of man was Pyle? On the surface he came through as a soft-spoken, homespun Hoosier, a bit on the shy side, quiet and modest. His unabashed humility gave him a boyish, winning quality. People were drawn to him and wanted to protect him. Physically he was a little guy. He never weighed more than 110 pounds stripped and his slender, wiry body was only five feet, eight inches tall. He had a gaunt, pixielike face with thinning gray hair receding far above the line of his



wrinkled brow. His soft, deep-set eyes either twinkled mischievously or sadly exuded tiredness. He looked frail, almost delicate, as if a loud cough or a sudden burst of wind could knock him over. But his appearance belied him. He could and did endure the rigors of war at an age far beyond that of most infantrymen.

His personality, too, was deceptive. Although never a suave sophisticate, he was not a simple man. Simple men do not out of choice go off to the most dangerous areas of war. Some men may choose to go to war because of the special significance it has for them. War can mean an adventure, a personal crusade or a chance to be a prima donna. But to Ernie Pyle, war was never anything more than unadulterated misery.

Once at a Hollywood studio conference before the filming of *The Story of GI Joe*, the movie based on Ernie's war correspondence, producer Lester Cowan, director William Wellman and a stable of writers spent many hours trying to develop a plot line for the film. Empty coffee containers lined the shiny conference table; ash trays were overloaded (Continued on page 77)

The Toys That Went To War

continued from page 49

often harassing problem at the Comet plant. The plans and photographs that passed through the "Slonims" hands were invariably labeled "confidential," "restricted," or "secret."

"It was all pretty confusing," Joseph admits, "but we had a rule of thumb that worked out pretty well. No matter what the designation was on the plans, we ignored it once a picture of that ship, tank or plane was published in a newspaper or magazine. That meant we could then feel free to sell that particular model on the open market. About the only security classification we really have to watch carefully these days is the 'top secret' used by the Atomic Energy Commission."

Only on a few occasions has Comet's "rule of thumb" caused trouble. Once, after a model of a new PT boat had been released without authorization, Navy officials threatened to bring criminal action. More recently, the Marines were annoyed when models of their rocket-equipped tank, "Ontos" ("The Thing") were released. In both cases, the Slonims were able to prove that pictures and descriptions had been published earlier.

By the end of World War II, Comet had climbed to a commanding position in the model field it had once regarded as a sideline.

A special room at the plant serves as a museum of war miniatures. Model weapons are uniformly scaled at one inch for 1,000 feet. Samples from the U.S. Navy include eight classes of aircraft carriers, all classes of battleships, and 14 types of cruisers. The British, French, Italian, German and Japanese fleets are also represented, as are the Russian, Polish and Argentine navies. A complete collection of standard merchant vessels rounds out the sea display.

Tanks are represented by 19 U.S. varieties, nine British, seven Japanese, 11 German and seven Russian. Their names cover the range of World War II armored power: General Sherman, General Patton, Centurion, Tiger, Panther and Josef Stalin.

ALL THE classic World War II airplanes also rest in the Comet display room. The American Flying Fortress, Mitchell, Mustang and Corsair; the British Spitfire and Hurricane; the German ME-109; the Japanese Zero and the Russian Stormovik.

Despite big increases in the national defense budget, the modelmakers do manage to keep pace with the rapid advances in military science. Now occupying prominent places in the room are aircraft carriers with canted decks, atomic submarines, jet planes, atomic artillery and rockets.

During the war, each of the armed services discovered little tricks and techniques to make more effective use of recognition models. The first was to fix a standard, unvarying scale for all models. This made it possible to simulate a wide variety of situations involving both friendly and enemy equipment. Because the British had not insisted on this early in the war, they were confronted with a bewildering array of models, which included fighter planes larger than heavy bombers.

The British also learned that there was little point in having actual colors and insignia on the model; they were useless for recognition purposes. About the only time a Briton could

make out the black-and-white cross of the Luftwaffe during the Battle of Britain, was when he spotted a wreck that had not burned. By the same token, both the British and later the Americans toned down their brightly colored insignia as the war wore on.

Dark gray or black gradually evolved as the best colors for recognition models. Without color, they became three-dimensional silhouettes. The lack of shadows and the blending of contours caused many a furrowed brow, bit lip and muttered curse as trainees tried to identify the models.

At first, instructors stood a prescribed number of feet away and held up individual models in their hands, making the game harder by varying the angles. But American ingenuity soon found more realistic methods.

ONE OF the earliest improvements was a simple affair: a wire running across the classroom ceiling. The instructor clipped models on the wire and reeled them over the trainees' heads at varying speeds and light conditions. This was a good drill for ground observers trying to identify airplanes, but it was of little use to would-be pilots. Next they tried different techniques of flashing airplane silhouettes on a screen from various angles. Finally, they found one of the most effective methods was issuing to each pilot a set of tiny Comet models, mounted on a special card. The models could be detached and studied individually.

Model tanks proved invaluable during the Normandy invasion. Time and again, American fighter-bombers roared over the English Channel on low-level runs, easily picking out such German tanks as the feared Panthers and Tigers to destroy with cannon fire and bombs. The GIs gave a loud three cheers when the Air Force fighters reached the smoking hulks, but they should have reserved some praise for the remarkably accurate models that the flyboys had memorized.

Earlier, on the sand tables of the American air bases, the tiny tanks had been placed in just about every conceivable tactical situation for the "dry run." Pilots and bombardiers had learned how to spot them under trees, beside houses and covered with camouflage.

The Navy, and especially its submarine service, probably benefited most by using Comet models of Japanese ships and planes.

In Stateside training, submarine officers had to identify ship models of all nations through a circular window marked with the same crosshairs and range scales employed on a periscope. The tiny ships not only provided recognition training, but also served as the targets in simulated torpedo runs. This careful training paid off several times during the war when an American ship was able to maneuver into the center of a Japanese convoy or fleet. Almost invariably, the commanders went for and successfully torpedoed the most important targets first, before being discovered and forced to run.

The importance of silhouette identification was strikingly demonstrated again during the Korean War. The Marines had been using the same camouflage, their light and medium tanks, grew bewildered when the Communist North Koreans and Chinese

painted their Russian-built tanks almost the exact same color.

Again Comet sped to the rescue. It not only matched the exact shade of the Communist tanks, but painted the Marine tank models as well. Using both sets of models for hasty recognition training, the Navy and Marines were able to knock off enough of the enemy armor to break the back of the Chinese counter-attack.

Today, any armchair military or naval strategist can lay out his own battle on the living-room carpet, using the same Comet miniatures originally ordered by the armed services. He may reconstruct an entire task force, complete with battleships, cruisers, destroyers, aircraft carriers, submarines, landing ships, minesweepers, and LSTs.

For the perfectionist, there are even two sizes of seaplane tenders, a destroyer tender, a fleet auxiliary tanker and an auxiliary command vessel, where a tiny admiral supervises the entire operation.

Strategists who prefer to set up land battles have an even wider choice. Comet's arsenal provides tanks, armored cars, self-propelled guns, half-tracks, amphibians, jeeps, trucks, command cars and even a replica of the familiar "one ton trailer."

Comet sells all its items individually, except for a few standard kits that the Slonims have assembled. The parade tank unit includes a Pershing heavy tank (never actually used in combat) flying a colored guidon—the tank commander stands in the open turret—and nine marching soldiers.

For those who simply prefer to collect old-fashioned "tin soldiers," Comet has a staggering assortment representing 13 countries and covering 300 years of battle history. The two-inch figures are sold unfinished to allow collectors to paint them themselves.

"Toy soldiers have more of an adult appeal than you might suspect," Sam Slonim says. "Douglas, Forbanks, Junior, is thought to have a collection valued at over one hundred thousand dollars. He probably has some of ours, because our soldiers are marketed through some of the toy hobby outlets from coast to coast."

P OINTING to a model of a marching soldier in a plain uniform, Sam asked, "Know what that one is? That's an Irish Republican Army soldier, as he was in Nineteen Sixteen. It's from our brief postwar experiment with a toy factory in Ireland. It didn't work. Neither did the one we started in Sweden, although we did get a nice line of Swedish soldiers, from Sixteen Hundred and Eight to the present."

American Army figures are available from the Revolution, Civil War and both World Wars. Sailors and Marines have not been forgotten, either.

"It's a funny thing," Joseph said, walking toward the racks of tiny soldiers, "but after the war, we thought people would be sick of military things and numbers of fighting. We did a lot of work on line football and baseball players in various positions, figuring the public would welcome them as a pleasant change. But they flopped. We sold a few sets to coaches and that was about all. But the orders for soldiers and war weapons, a lot of them from veterans, kept pouring in. I guess there was always a little bit of fascination about the tools of war."

Except for a flurry of rush orders during the Korean War, military models (Continued on page 66)

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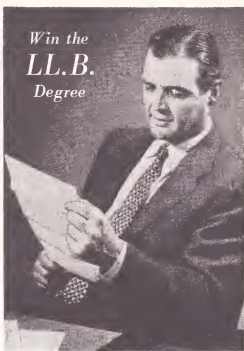
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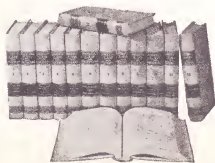
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(Continued from page 64)

els no longer represent a major part of Comet's efforts. Foreign countries, however, keep the Slonims busy. In recent years, orders have been placed from Israel, Egypt, England, Canada and Argentina. They have even received feelers from behind the Iron Curtain for models of German submarines, many of which fell into the hands of the Russians after the war.

The Slonims have surprisingly little trouble obtaining pictures and specifications of the most modern equipment in the United States and foreign countries. The firm is well-known by the public relations arms of military and naval forces all over the world, and, with the exception of the Iron Curtain nations, Comet can usually get whatever plans it needs. Any secret features are either altered or omitted.

The biggest and most expensive model created by Comet is the one of the atomic submarine *Nautilus*. For this, it used a set of both exterior and interior plans, complete except for the vital atomic reactor, even before the submarine was launched. This model cost the government \$15,000.

Although most of the naval recognition models show vessels only from the waterline up, and are painted a uniform black or dark gray, the company occasionally makes the complete and fitted ship models favored by hobbyists. President Roosevelt, an inveterate collector of such models, prized several of Comet's pieces which are still on display at Hyde Park. A large-scale replica of the U.S.S. *Iowa* so delighted the President that he sent the Slonims a special note of thanks. A model of the U.S.S. *Augusta*, on which he once was a passenger, prompted President Truman to extend his thanks.

Joseph and Sam Slonim openly prefer turning out their first love—ship models—but their work with other weapons of war has also been recognized. The Air Force commissioned Comet to execute 17 dioramas, cover-

ing the history of military aircraft from the Wright Brothers to World War II. The three-dimensional displays will eventually be on view at the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, D.C. Comet also prepared a similar exhibit of tanks and other weapons for the museum of the Army Ordnance Corps at the Aberdeen Proving Grounds in Maryland.

Nearly seven years of peace have brought continued prosperity to the Long Island plant. Industrial contracts included the military's; now 30 per cent of Comet's volume comes from the production of industrial miniatures.

"Actually, our experience on industrial models goes back further than with the military models," Joseph explains. "We sold our first set of industrial miniatures to General Electric back in Nineteen Thirty-five. But it didn't really catch on until after the war. Now we carry a line of machinery and furniture for industry that is complete to toilets and soft-drink machines. We even have scaled figures representing workers and executives."

The brothers are especially proud of the job their company did for the neighboring Republic Aviation Corporation. Comet constructed every building to scale and then reproduced every bit of equipment in them, even down to the jet fighters in various stages of assembly as they passed along the production line. The complete set of models, kept in a special room at the aircraft company, permits authorized visitors to get an overall look at the entire layout without leaving the room, and saves many days of work during retooling and other production changes.

Similar projects have been undertaken for General Motors, Ford, Chrysler, Grumman Aircraft, Western Electric and other large manufacturers. Industrial kitchens and labor-saving time-saving devices have also come in for miniaturization.

Still another sideline is the reproduction of large products, particularly

machinery, for advertising and promotional purposes. "A salesman who handles a line of machinery can't very well leave samples," Joseph reasons. "But he can leave a perfectly scaled model that will give the potential customer a better picture than a picture itself."

"Of course, we don't get anywhere near the volume of war model orders we used to," says Sam, who is in charge of production, "but we keep up with the weapon advances. We've just finished with a new tank and aircraft carrier, and we also have models of the nuclear submarine *Skipjack*, and the nuclear cruiser *Long Beach*. In our catalog, we have an atomic cannon and missiles like the Honest John and Nike-Zeus."

Not all orders are for American weapons and ships. The Slonims are reluctant to discuss it, but much of their recent government work has been in Russian ships and equipment. The Army, Navy and Air Force are apparently determined not to be caught guessing, as they were once before.

Despite the boom in the plastics industry, the brothers are unperturbed. They proudly point to a continuing demand for their catalog of war models as proof that their metal replicas are still popular. The catalog has been revised five times and has been mailed all over the world. It contains more than 600 items, ranging from historical tin soldiers to a big model of the aircraft carrier *Forrestal* that sells for \$35 a copy.

"I hope we won't ever have to do all this again," Joseph said, glancing thoughtfully around the room that houses the World War II collection. "I like to believe that this room is a museum of the past. All these model ships, planes and tanks are our small contributions to history. But one of these days, I'm going to clean them all out and get rid of them."

"We'll keep the toy soldiers, though," Sam added. * THE END

All The Girls Loved Danny continued from page 35

was no holding back; Annette was with him all the way. When he picked her up to carry her into the bedroom, he felt like the first conquering cave man, carrying his prize to his lair.

Afterwards, lying in bed beside her, he heard her sobbing softly. Her back was to him and her body quivered so slightly it would have been unnoticeable unless he'd been completely attuned to her. But he was, and an unexpected tenderness came over him. He turned her gently.

She turned, smiling apologetically. "I've got something in my eye," she said.

And then her head was on his shoulder and she was whispering in his ear, "Oh, Danny, I love you. I wouldn't be here like this, if I didn't. I never expected that you'd be everything I want and need and more. I... I feel a sort of appreciation, not the least bit ashamed. I've loved you since the first moment we met, and it's only now that I can tell you about it."

Her voice thrilled him, and he wanted to tell her the same things. But all at once he was remembering his father. His father had said the same ways vowed they loved you afterwards.

Now Annette was saying her love had come before tonight. He felt

tempted to say, "I love you, too," because somehow it seemed they had accomplished a miracle together. What a crazy thing! He had known hundreds of girls and never thought of that! But the urge to say the words was wildly dangerous—it could lead to marriage!

It was going to be difficult, with her gold hair loose on the pillow and shining in the lamplight, to kiss her lightly and say, "Time to take you home, baby." It wasn't going to be easy to ignore the questioning, prying look in her wide gray eyes. But he managed. He just barely managed.

Just as Dad had predicted it would happen with a nice girl, Annette phoned early the next morning. "Darling, I feel so wonderful. Being in love was grand in itself, but expressing it is the most satisfying, the most marvelous..."

On the way, she was saying sweet nothings with her soft voice. Yet the more she spoke, the more scared Danny felt. She seemed to assume they would marry; that it was just a matter of when.

"Dearest," he interrupted. "I'm in a rush this morning. I'll see you later."

Danny called three other girls that day, and kept a date with one of them. Darlene was a sensationally sexy girl, yet he was absolutely without desire. He took her home early, not even

bothering to give her a goodnight kiss.

So, he told himself, I thought I'd satisfied the problem of Annette. Now I need her more than ever. With the others, the desire had vanished with the achievement. With Annette, it had multiplied.

The morning, there was a note in the mail. It was in Annette's graceful handwriting on pink, faintly perfumed paper. It contained four words: "Danny, I adore you."

Again, he felt the familiar stab of fear. Only this time it was brief, and it was passing. This time his desire outweighed his fear.

He tried to think of the date with what's-her-name last night, but all he could remember was his constant yearning for Annette.

What would Dad have to say? "That's the way it is with a nice girl, I told you so." He had always admired his father, had always wanted his approval.

Suddenly Danny had a new thought, an insight that had not occurred to him in all these years: Dad had married Mother, hadn't he?

Some day, he told himself happily as he dialed Annette's number, some day I'll take my son for a long walk and give him the very same advice Dad gave me.

Let him learn the hard way, too!

* THE END

Sixgun Showdown

continued from page 15

belt and hat on a peg near the door, he followed Annie into the parlor. There were three girls sitting in the room, each of them heavily powdered and laughing too loudly. One sat on the red-faced Teddy's lap with her arms around him. Annie pointed to the other two girls. "Friend, this is Lily and that one's Rena. Don't pay no attention to Karry." She nodded toward the couch. "She's took on Teddy."

Trainer smiled at the shapely brunette called Rena. Lily got up and went into another room. "Make yourself comfortable," Annie said. "I'll get some drinks." Then she walked out.

Rena looked up at Trainer. "Want to sit down a while, honey?"

"No," Trainer said. "You got a room?"

"Don't waste any time, do you?"

"Haven't got it to waste."

Rena got up and started for the stairway as Annie reappeared, carrying a tray with four drinks on it. "So soon?" the madam asked.

"Says he hasn't got time to waste," Rena told her.

"Then take the drinks with you."

Trainer dropped a five dollar gold piece on the tray and picked up two drinks. "Can we go now?" he asked sarcastically.

Annie winked at him. "Sure, if you want to."

He followed Rena up the stairs. Her room was the first one on the right and she went in first. He set the drinks on a dresser and she motioned to a stuffed chair, saying, "Want to sit down and finish our drinks?"

"Sure." He dragged the worn chair over to the window and sat down, watching her closely. She turned the lamp down low, carried the drinks over and sat in his lap.

The window was open and warm air filtered in. Trainer could see the main street, its sides bordered with lights playing out from the buildings, a strip of night running the length of its center. Men were spaced along the boardwalks, talking and laughing. Then he knew this was no good. Nothing could make him forget Shorter or Harriman or any of it. He'd have to go down there and finish the job anyway. The heavy feeling enveloped him again.

Trainer finished his drink without a word. Rena walked to the dresser and took out another bottle. "Always keep a spare," she explained, refilling his glass.

He studied her in the dim lamplight. She was pretty despite the makeup. About 25, he guessed. And well-built. I'm ten years older than she is, but maybe she'd let me take her out of this place. We could go away together, both start over again. No more houses, no more killings . . .

"Wonderin' what kind of man I am, aren't you?" he asked.

"Yes," she answered. "But I don't much care." She leaned close to him; her breath smelled of whiskey and stale cigarettes.

"I got to kill a man tonight," he said drily.

She stiffened. "What the hell?"

"Don't go away." He clutched her bare shoulder. "Lean back and let me tell you about it. Please."

Rena looked at him quizzically. Then she leaned against his shoulder, half-turned to face him. Trainer slowly sipped the whiskey. It was good stuff.

"I got to kill a man," he said again.

John Ross, Ed Fitzgerald, and Steve Doherty have read the April issue of SAGA a total of nine times. They are still excited about it.

John, "Fitz," and Steve happen to be the editors of SAGA, but they are very tough to satisfy. They are excited about the issue because it contains some great exclusive stories that make it difficult to put the magazine aside. The April issue of SAGA has everything—variety, action, humor, entertainment, behind-the-scenes stories, outstanding photographs. Try April SAGA today. See if you don't agree with John, "Fitz," and Steve.

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"Somebody's paying me to do it." He knew he was talking too much, but he didn't want to stop. "I don't even know him."

"Then why kill him?" she asked softly.

She knows how to handle me, he thought. Why didn't I know her a long time ago—before I gunned down all those others? "This is going too fast," he said aloud.

"What is?"

He shook his head, staring at the shot glass. God, I don't know, he thought. Then he said, "What am I doing up here? I should be getting ready."

"Honey, you're trying to forget something. Come to bed and forget it."

"I haven't got time, Rena. I got to get down there."

She snuggled against him. Dammit, he thought, get out of here. Right now, while you can. But he didn't move. "All right, Rena," he said. "Maybe you've got the right idea."

They got up and started for the bed. Then he heard the door slam downstairs and Big Annie swearing loudly. "What's the matter?" he asked Rena.

"I don't know," she said. "Probably some drunk that can't wait."

Someone stomped up the stairs and the door swung open. Big Annie peered inside. "Come on, Mister. You got company."

"Who is it?"

"A kid with a note for you. Says he's got to give it to you personal. I won't

let him up here, so you better go down there unless you want him to wait."

"All right," he said. "I'll go down."

He turned to Rena. "Sorry, Rena." He put a ten dollar piece in her hand.

"I'm sorry, too," she said sincerely.

Frank Trainer followed Big Annie down the stairs. Teddy and Karry had disappeared and Lily was sitting alone in the parlor. The wide-eyed messenger boy stood near the door, excited at being inside Big Annie's for the first time. Trainer took the note he held out and read the one word: "Harriman."

"Where'd you get the note, kid?"

"Mister Shorter gave it to me in the Alliance. He said to bring it to you here." The boy began to tremble.

"Okay, now get out of here," Trainer snapped. The youngster opened the door and ran down the steps. Trainer turned to Big Annie. "Sorry I couldn't stay longer. Business, you know." He smiled thinly, putting on his hat and buckling his gun belt.

"Yeah, friend. I know."

Trainer strode purposefully to his hotel room and made sure everything was ready to go. He would check out right after the shooting and go to the ranch with Shorter for the rest of his money. It would be risky to wait for morning.

The dingy hotel room disgusted him. It shouldn't have, he knew, because he was an old hand at staying in hotel rooms. Maybe that was it—seeing too

many just like it. This is a hell of a thing, he thought. A guy like Shorter has everything—plenty of land, money, a big fancy house, a pretty wife. And he hires a man like me to do the dirty work to make him richer while I live in crummy holes like this.

Trainer tried to shake the mood. He splashed lukewarm water in his face, but that didn't help. He thought of money, but that didn't help, either. He lit another cigarette and went downstairs. The desk clerk looked up.

"Evening," the clerk said. "Hot tonight."

"Yeah," Trainer muttered. He didn't stop to talk. Outside, the town had lived up a little with the arrival of the Saturday night crowd. The lights seemed warm and welcome but he knew better. He cut across the street toward the Alliance Bar.

Trainer walked steadily now; he knew what he was going to do. Harriman was just a small-time rancher sticking up for his rights—there was no sense to killing a man like that. But Shorter was a rich, greedy bastard who deserved to die.

Trainer pushed through the swinging doors of the Alliance. Shorter was sitting at a table with Pool and they both looked up as Trainer approached.

"Little late, aren't you, Trainer?" Shorter asked bitingly. "I figured you were still down to Annie's spending my money. All you bums never learn. That's no way to get rich."

The saloon was crowded and no one noticed them talking. Shorter nodded at the bar. "There's your man. The white-haired one with his back to the bar."

Trainer looked at Harriman and saw him talking pleasantly over a drink. No, Trainer thought, I got no business with Harriman. "Come outside a minute, Shorter. Just you. Not your little puppy there."

Pool stared at his boss blankly. Shorter ignored the reference and asked, "Why?"

"I got business with you." Shorter pushed back his chair and stood up. He finished his drink with one swallow. "Wait here, Jack. Mister Trainer says he has business with me."

Trainer led the way outside and into an alley alongside the saloon. Once inside its protective darkness, Trainer turned and silently faced the bulky ranch boss.

"What is this?" Shorter asked impatiently. "We haven't got all night, you know." He looked like a mountain of flesh outlined against the lights of the street.

Trainer pulled the \$500 from his pocket. "Here's your money, Shorter. The deal's off."

"What?" Shorter tried to laugh. "What the hell is this? I'm paying you good. Damn good. You'll get the rest of your money, if that's what's bothering you."

"It's not that, Shorter. It's you." Trainer lashed out with his fist and smashed Shorter in the face, knocking him back against the wall. "You bastards are the cause of me, Shorter. Yellow dogs like you always wanting somebody killed and paying me to do it."

Shorter pushed away from the wall. "I've been hit before, Trainer, but not for that. Are you crazy, blaming me because you're a killer? You're all mixed up, mister."

Trainer hit him again, and this time the big man came back swinging. Shorter's fist caught Trainer flush on the jaw and sent him staggering. Both



"The dam has burst! The dam has . . . !"

men reached for their hips, but Shorter didn't have a chance against the gunman. Trainer fired twice and Shorter sagged to his knees, the \$500 spilling from his lifeless hands.

Seconds later, the marshal appeared at the mouth of the alley and shouted, "What's going on down there?" Trainer ran the other way. He heard men rushing out of the saloon into the alley and he heard someone yelling that Shorter was dead.

Big Annie answered his impatient knocking. "Oh, you're back," she said.

He brushed past her and hurried into the parlor. Renna wasn't there. "Hey, friend," Annie said. "What's up?"

"Where's Renna?"

"She's busy upstairs."

Trainer whirled and rushed up the stairs. Annie hustled behind him, shouting, "Hey! Hey! Wait a minute."

He kicked the door open. A skinny man was standing in the middle of the room with his shirt off. Renna was by the window. "Get out," Trainer ordered the man.

"What?"

"I said get out."

The man picked up his shirt and left quickly. As Big Annie went down the stairs with him, Trainer shut the door.

"I did it, Renna."

"She buttoned her dress. "Did what?"

"I straightened it out. I killed the right man."

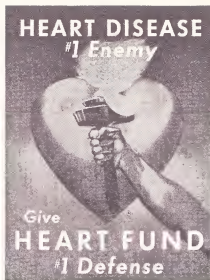
"Oh, hell. Here we go again."

"Don't say that." He turned the door knob. "Come on, Renna. I'm taking you out of here and we're starting over somewhere else."

She screamed and dashed past him down the stairs. He ran after her.

"Annie!" he called. "Hey, Annie!"

The madam stood at the foot of the



stairs with a revolver in her hand. Trainer didn't notice it. "I'm taking Renna out," he shouted. "We're getting out together."

Renna laughed bitterly. "You'd better get out while the getting's good, honey," she said. "Whoever you shot tonight will have some friends, and they'll be looking for you."

"I know. That's why we got to hurry."

She shook her head solemnly. "You hated all that killing so much, you went right out and murdered somebody else."

You shot the right man this time so you figure everything's square. Well, it ain't, honey. It ain't."

"You must come with me," he pleaded, grabbing her arm.

"No, sonny, Renna ain't goin' any place," Big Annie said coldly. She raised the pistol and aimed it at Trainer's head. "Now you get out alone or I'll shoot."

He stood silently for a moment. "Won't you come, Renna?"

"No, honey. I'll stay here a while. It's safer."

"I've got to go. They'll be after me."

He turned to leave. "I'll meet you in a week. The Windsor Hotel, in Denver."

"All right," Renna said resignedly.

"Denver."

He grinned. "Good. If you aren't there in a week, I'll be back for you."

"Get out," Annie ordered, waving the pistol at him.

"Okay." He looked at Renna. "Remember. The Windsor Hotel. It'll be a new life for both of us."

Frank Trainer stepped outside quickly and closed the door. As he turned in the darkness, he heard someone shout. "There he is! I told you he'd be here."

Trainer looked into the street and saw Jack Pool, the marshal and two deputies with guns in their hands. Trainer whipped out his .44 and fired.

Pool stumbled back and dropped as the marshal snapped up his shotgun and cut loose with both barrels. The blast flung Trainer against the door.

His trigger finger was still working but the gun was no longer in his hand as he slid to the porch floor.

The door swung open and Big Annie stepped out into the dark, almost tripping over the sprawled body.

The marshal strode over. "Who was he, Annie? Did you know him?"

"No," she shrugged. "I didn't know him. Just another customer." ★ THE END

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The Hunter Who Died Twice continued from page 44

and heard often the hoarse bark of gorilla.

"At least," Sadignon said, "the people can hunt meat now."

Our carriers muttered nervously, rolling their eyes to search the moist gloom about us. Even the soldiers crowded close on our heels and looked embarrassed when their accoutrements clattered too loudly.

One afternoon we halted at a village of neat bark huts roofed with palm mats. The ground between them was swept immaculate and smoke still rose from the palaver house fire. But there was no soul to greet us. Sadignon nodded grimly. "Corporal Suli Yola, find me the chief of this town," he commanded.

THE CORPORAL, his blue-black cheeks slashed with diagonal tattoo scars, saluted smartly and trotted into the forest.

"We must wait close," Sadignon said. "I feel men watching us. Be nonchalant, *mon vieux*."

We were downing a drink when Suli Yola returned with a husky little man, tattooed across ribs and chest, his beard plaited into two forks, displaying filed teeth in a nervous grin. His eyes were scared and hopeless at the same time.

"He won't talk even if we skin him alive," Sadignon said judiciously. "Tell him I come not to make trouble but to learn of the white man who seeks ivory. No harm shall come except to those who harmed the white man. Let him go."

The chief flitted like a ghost into the forest.

"We must show faith," Sadignon said softly. "Do guard this night. It is a risk, but I think worth while."

I slept badly. There was nothing between me and a poisoned arrow but my mosquito net as I lay on my camp cot in the palaver house shelter. But when I awakened just after dawn, the villagers were there watching us curiously but with no alarm, and Sadignon was talking to the chief through an interpreter.

"He knows where Barata's body is," Sadignon told me. "We must wait, though."

While we ate breakfast, an old man thumped away at the talk drum at one end of the village. Soon we heard a faint reply, far off in the forest. The chief came to beckon to us.

We followed him along a trade path that wound around enormous trees through clumps of bamboo and across little streams over new-built sapling bridges. Then, while we sat down to rest at noon, he disappeared.

The escorts peered alertly about them and Suli Yola came up and saluted.

"Some people were here," he said. "Then, like ghosts, they went away."

"Softly, softly," Sadignon said. "We will wait."

After a while, eight old men appeared. They were smeared with ashes and their hands were empty. Leading them was a heavily built, bearded man of middle age, carrying the beaked axe that is the chief's badge. They spoke softly, watching us closely.

"They will show us the dead man," Sala translated. "For he died in their town."

"Allons-y!" Sadignon snapped. "Hur-ry!"

They took us, walking in each other's tracks, down a narrow path, through thick-leaved swampland, up thorny hills and then, at the bottom of a shallow

ravine, we got a look at the skeleton. The ants had cleaned it well. Most of the clothing had rotted away and a revolver lay beside shreds of a belt.

"How long," Sadignon asked, "has it been lying here?"

"Four tens of sleep," Sala said.

"Strange," Sadignon picked up the revolver. "This wasn't even loaded." He examined the skeleton. "No sign of injury except the nose, broken just before death. Still splintered. See?"

He stood up, his green eyes slitted. "Who struck this white man in the face?" he roared.

"Eke," the chief muttered. "No man touched him."

"Wait, you say this man died in your town. Who brought him here?"

"He died in their town," Sala interpreted. "Then he came to this place and died again."

Sadignon showed no astonishment. "Take us to the town," he ordered.

The chief's name was Bagege and his town was named for him. It was fairly large. The usual two rows of bark huts were there, with a palaver house at one end and the chief's hut at the other. But around Bagege's hut was a fence of enormous ivories. Some were black with age. All were weather-stained and gnawed by rats and insects. There were about four feet above the ground.

"They've been moved and replaced," he said softly. "Where did the white man die?"

The chief led us, surrounded by curious villagers, to a clearing chopped out of the forest about 80 yards from the village. There was a bark house raised on stilts about three feet above the ground.

"We made this house for the white man," the chief said, glancing at the sagging roof mats. "It dies, as he did."

The verandah floor was of bamboo and there seemed to be two inner rooms. A skeleton sprawled in the doorway.

"Who was this?" Sadignon demanded.

THE CHIEF said the skeleton was that of a member of the tribe named M'bege. Apart from the skull was shattered and, as Sadignon moved it, a lead pellet rolled out of an eye socket.

"Is this Barata's work?" I asked.

"Obviously Barata's shotgun," Sadignon stepped into a room. Around the walls were cases of trade goods—canned fish, beef, hardtack. The other room had Barata's bed, rumpled and full of insects. Across a table lay the shotgun and a rifle. In a corner were two cases of brandy.

"Strange," Sadignon said, rummaging about. "No ammunition. Two guns and no ammunition. Very strange. Well, let's go back to the village."

The chief followed us. The soldiers were bedding down in the palaver house. Beside it was a pile of cans, unopened, bits of colored print and slimy shreds of tobacco.

"What?" Sadignon pointed to the pile.

"I see nothing," the chief said.

Sadignon looked at me and we went to the huts the villagers had prepared for us.

"Was that chief being smart?" I asked, after we had bathed and were sitting down to a drink.

"No," Sadignon said thoughtfully. "And that is strange. That pile of trade stuff was left there by Barata, of course. Much of it was food. The people were starved but that food was not touched. Why?"

"Tabu"

"Yes, but, again, why?" Sadignon jerked his head toward a small boy who was carrying a cup made of a can just like one of those in the pile. "They ate food from that can. Why not from those cans?"

His alert soldier's eyes rested with approval on a girl, tall, shapely, who walked gracefully across the village. She could not have been more than 15, yet she was all woman. Her hair was dressed in a cowrie shell helmet, her skin oiled and ruddy-brown. But her great slanted eyes were downcast, and instead of the glossy grass bustle worn by most girls, she wore a great, tangled grass skirt.

"Mourning skirt," Sadignon observed.

"Who is she?"

"She is the woman of M'bege," Sala explained.

NEXT day Sadignon lounged about the hut, apparently having forgotten completely about the dead man. I had heard his interpreter whispering to him just before dawn and I was irritated at being left out of it.

"What have you found out?" I demanded.

"Everything," he told me. "But I cannot prove anything yet."

"Oh, sure," I scoffed. "Barata stole the ivory and then he tried to steal M'bege's girl. So M'bege went for him, got shot, and they killed Barata and got their ivory back."

"It was not so simple as that, my friend," Sadignon said. "Don't forget that the natives say Barata died twice."

"What are you going to do now?" I wanted to know.

"I'll stay here until I know the truth," he said.

"Think you'll have any trouble?" He shook his head.

"You won't need me then. I'll move on. I have a lot of towns to visit."

"Go ahead," he said.

I packed up and got back to the river where I belonged. I saw my people, left hardtack with them to last until their crops could be got going again, shot dozens of monkeys and antelope for them, and gradually worked my way back to my little factory. Trade began to pick up and I was kept busy collecting rubber, ebony, a few ivories and cocoa. And, for the next few weeks, I forgot all about Sadignon.

Then, one evening, his canoe came sweeping down river and he stepped ashore, demanding drinks.

I liked the old devil, so I gave him drinks and dinner, stuck a good cigar in his mouth and waited.

But he talked of this and that, borrowed all my stock of magazines and wouldn't say a thing until I took the bottle off the table and refused to give him a drink until he told me about Barata.

"Oh, that," he rubbed his nose. "He was a rascal. He is better dead. No reason to make trouble on his account."

"That doesn't go," I grinned. "You told me you had it all solved."

"There are things in the minds of these people that you couldn't understand."

"Try me," I said.

"Bien, I will tell you," he said grimly. "I warn you that you will not believe it. But I tell you that it is the truth. I will swear to that by my—by anything you like. But first, give me that bottle and keep your mouth shut until I finish. I must tell you all you are to understand it—in my own way."

I gave him the bottle and settled back. It was dark. The river flowed below us deep and silent. Creatures called in the black forest. By the canoe landing

Sala squatted with his wives beside a blazing watchfire. From out of the darkness came a faint mumbling of a talk drum. Sadignon waited until it was still, took a long pull at his drink and eyed me through a cloud of cigar smoke.

Even if I remembered every word Sadignon spoke that night, I could not make the story clear in his language. He had a way of saying many things with a mere grunt, a look, or an expansive gesture, and he would suggest a whole day's excited action with a single word. So here is his story as he told it to me. I hope I can not only tell the facts but also convey the scenes which he constructed in his imagination and stirred to a flame in mine.

There, then, was Barata, a greedy rascal laden with trade goods borrowed from people in Campo. He had promised them great returns for their money. For Barata had heard of the ivory wall about Bage's hut.

But what Barata did not know was that Bage could not sell the ivory. He arrived in Bage's village with loads of drink, food, trade calicos, beads, mirrors—the usual rubbish—paid off his carriers and prepared to trade. The people welcomed him and built him a house, proud that a white man had honored them by his presence.

But they would not sell him any ivory. Barata was furious but there was nothing he could do. The rains began and trails were washed out. No carriers could find their way through the flooded forest, so Barata was forced to wait until the dry season to get away. Perhaps he planned to make off with his friends' trade goods since he could not get the ivory.

But the rains did not cease. He no-

ticed that the people were at the end of their food reserves. The yams were finished. The gardens were spoiled. Hunters came in to say the forest was flooded and the game gone away. Women caught snakes in their bare hands, risking death from the venom. The old men complained that bitter roots were twisting their bellies. And all this gave Barata his idea. For he had plenty of food. Hardtack, ship biscuit, corned beef, trade sardines, salmon, plenty of it. And he let it be known that he had all this good food.

So, when their own food was gone, the people hid their shame at begging from a guest and asked Barata to help.

One night, through the teeming rain, the chief came to Barata's house. "My people hunger," he said. "The *n'tangan* has food."

Barata grinned and licked sardine oil from his dirty, pudgy fingers. "So," he said. "I have food—to trade for elephant teeth."

The chief went back to tell his people.

"What good is ivory if we die of hunger?" the women cried.

"What manner of chief lets his people starve while he counts the teeth about his house?" growled an elder.

"The law says that these teeth may not be sold," Bage said.

"Does the law say that we must die?" the people shouted.

Bage sighed and faced them, the rain running chill down his tattooed face.

"Is it the people's wish that I trade ivory for food with this white man?"

"Aye, so," they shouted.

So Bage dug out one great tusk and two young men carried it to where Barata lounged on his verandah, drinking

brandy. He looked out to where his lamp shone on streaming, earnest, hungry faces. The spear points of the young men glinted and the eyes of the women were big with hunger. Barata saw the curved tusk and hid his delight.

"We would sell this tooth for food," Bage said.

"Sol!" Barata stood up. "Hear me. I come from far away to trade fine things for your ivory. For three moons I sit in this filthy bush town waiting to buy your ivory. Now, swine, you offer me one tooth. You have forty teeth. For all I will pay food. For this I pay nothing. *Vamos!*"

Quietly they waded back over the flooded trail. Barata had another drink, grinning in triumph at his cleverness. Next day he cooked corned beef so that the smell tortured the people crouching below his verandah. He ate sardines with his fingers, slowly, voluptuously, under the wistful stares of the villagers.

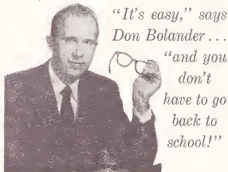
That night they came again, the young men reeling under the weight of 40 tusks to stand humbly at the verandah stairs. Barata got up, swung his scales from a beam and motioned them to bring up the tusks. He shoved a cane down their cavities to test their solidity; weighed them. There were nearly two tons of prime ivory, worth over \$20,000 in Campo.

"Bueno," he said. "I will pay for these."

He went into his room and dragged out two cases of ship biscuit and a case of sardines. Then he brought out ten cans of corned beef and some umbrellas and calico, tobacco and salt. In all, he offered them about \$50 worth of trade.

"What is this?" Bage said in dismay.

"Trade," Barata snapped. "Take it or



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leave it. They are not worthy any more."

"But here is food only for one eating," the chief muttered. "What will my people do when this is finished?"

"Take it," squalled the drooling old men. "Maybe the rains will stop soon."

"Let us eat. Better we eat once than never," a young man shouted.

"Trade," Badage conceded heavily.

He followed his people back to the village. The women were jiggling and the old men crowing jealously about the food.

"Eat slowly," he begged. "Eat small, saving some for other days."

"Eat all," a buck grunted. "Better once a full belly than slow hunger."

And they crowded about the palaver house shoving food into their hungry mouths. The children licked oil from the cans and chucked at the strange flavors. And then the oil made them sick and they wept in their helplessness. Badage watched in sorrow, refusing the food.

Back at Barata's house the fat man chuckled with delight. He threw covers over the ivory points and sat down to drink brandy.

At last, success, after waiting so long. His fortune was made. He drank more. He would take carriers and get back to the coast as soon as the rain stopped. And he began to think of the coast and of the easy girls there.

Chuckling, he draped a rubber poncho over his fat shoulders, tucked two bottles of brandy under his arm, and taking a hurricane lantern, splashed through the water to the village.

The people were crouched in the palaver house. Some of the children were weeping. The women were carefully picking up every crumb they saw. Some of the men were still eating, and grinned up at him as he came to them.

"Ole," he shouted, half drunk. "Good people. Good trade. See, I bring brandy to my friends. Let's all dance to this trade." He reeled to where Badage sat.

"Here, chief, drink and call dance."

"There is no dance to this trade," Badage told him.

"You are a fool," Barata jeered and staggered to where the old men sucked their teeth. "Here, old ones, drink. Drink with your friend."

Eagerly they reached for the bottle, gulping, strangling, balancing it from one to another. Barata glanced, peering at the people crouched under the palaver house shelter. Then he chuckled and shoved himself down on a log beside a bashful girl.

"Ha, querida!" he whispered. "Here. Drink. Take drink. Good."

THE GIRL pushed away the bottle, but he forced it to her mouth. She swallowed, choked and smiled with streaming eyes. Barata roared with laughter, patting her. Then he was aware of a young man on her other side.

"You," he said. "How you name? Take a drink."

M'bega shook his head shyly.

"Come on, fool," Barata urged. "Take drink. Good for fools."

The boy took a gulp and the girl laughed at his discomfort. In bravado he took another. Barata, his greedy eyes on the girl, forced more brandy on the young man until he was giggling stupidly.

"Now, little one, dance," Barata tried to lift her to her feet. "Anda! Dance."

He forced the bottle to her mouth and she drank. M'bega blinked dazedly. The girl lurched to her feet and, laughing, began the belly-grinding of a love dance. The young man clapped his hands, grinning vacantly at her. Barata

lurched to his feet, snapping his fingers. The girl ducked and out of the shelter, shrieking as the chill rain hit her. Barata lunged, scooped her in his arms, and lurched off into the darkness. M'bega rocked on his stool. She screamed. M'bega reeled to his feet, peering wildly into the streaming blackness. Then he twisted, snatched a spear from the roof beam and forced his way through the people. But Badage stopped him.

"Wait, we shall go to this man."

"This is my woman," M'bega shouted and pulled away.

"Follow," Badage called desperately. A few men jumped to their feet and splashed after him. Women followed to where Barata's lantern shone on his verandah.

THE FAT man was standing, laughing at the girl who lay in a chair before him. Her face was blank with fear. He dragged her to her feet.

"Anda. Dance, little one. Dance. See, I give you beads. Dance for—"

The girl made a dash for the stairs. He caught her and slammed her back in the chair. Then he saw the people.

"What you want, animals?" he shouted. "Go away."

"Give us first the woman," Badage said quietly.

Barata spun to where his shotgun rested against the wall. "Go away," he yelled. "I kill any man who comes here."

"No trouble," Badage begged. "Give us only the woman and we go."

But M'bega, spear in hand, jumped for the verandah. Barata fired and the boy, his head shattered, slid down into the mud.

"Eke!" the men muttered in awe.

The girl screamed, ran down the stairs and crouched over the dead boy.

"Go away," Barata roared. "Go away. I kill you all."

Gently the women lifted the weeping girl. The men picked up the boy and the waded silently back to the village.

Mumling to himself, Barata took another drink and fell across his cot.

That night, while the women wailed about the dead boy, the village elders pondered gravely on the crime.

"The white man must die, for he has killed one of our people," they said.

"We may not punish a white man," Badage said.

"That is the palaver of white men only."

"Where are the white men to punish him? If we let this man go free, our own people will say we are not strong to rule them."

"We may not touch this white man with our hands," Badage said sternly.

"Yet there is a way. In our hearts we shall punish him. Under Efa, the Forbidding, he is as one dead. Call the people. Tell them that the white man is under Efa. It shall be as though he never came to this place."

That night the drums told the forest of a white man's death.

In the morning, Barata awakened, blinking gritty eyelids against the gray light. He stretched, scratching his belly, grinning at the sight of the big pile of tusks. Then he jumped back with a scream. The body of M'bega lay across his threshold.

Hastily he snatched up his shotgun, cursing the drink that had made him so careless. For an hour he crouched in his inner room, watching the rain-slashed clearing outside. Why didn't they come, the dirty cannibals, the savages? Oh, they'd come. Those pagans didn't forgive an injury. But as the morning wore on and nothing happened, he began to

feel better. He dragged the body off his verandah and heaved it into the bush. Then he returned, made coffee, laced it liberally with brandy and drank.

During the afternoon he dozed, but as darkness fell, fear came to him again. He lit his lantern on the verandah and sat in the darkness watching. Once he thought he heard something, threw his gun to his shoulder and pressed the trigger. Nothing happened. In sudden panic he broke the gun. It was unloaded. Sweating, he examined his rifle and revolver. Empty, both of them. Frantically he searched his packs. No cartridges. Those swine had taken his ammunition.

That night, Barata prayed, unable to sleep, ears strained for the first creak of feet on the verandah. But nothing happened and he fell into a doze.

At dawn, he started from his filthy cot, gulped brandy and peered outside. On the verandah sprawled the mud-stained body of M'bega.

"No," Barata whimpered.

Gagging, he rolled it off the verandah and watched it sink in the muddy water below. Then he made a bundle. Food, they wanted. He packed sardines, salmon, beef, and hardtack and added a few heads of tobacco for the old men. He put in calico for the women, beads and a few mirrors. Then, muttering to himself, he sloshed through the rain to the village.

The people moved listlessly about their houses, a few women straggled into the dripping forest after roots. Badage sat in the palaver house where a tiny fire guttered and stank.

"Hola, chief," Barata said obsequiously. "I come to bring presents. See? Good things to eat. You are my friends. See? I am sorry for that poor fool who attacked me. I shot him in self-defense, you understand? Of course. Come, eat this good food and we are friends."

His skin crept as Badage seemed to look right through him to talk to an elder.

"What passes?" Barata muttered. "You do not hear me? Look! Food!"

He dropped the bundle beside the palaver house. No one looked at it. Badage went on talking, the elders wagged their heads and replied. Barata stared wildly about the village. The people ignored him.

"Look," he said. "Give me my cartridges. I shall shoot fine beef for you to eat." There was no response. "Thieves!" he shouted. "Give me my property!"

They made no answer. It was as though he was not there.

BLUSTERING, he floundered back to his house. He sat down, gulping brandy. After a while he tried to eat. He could not. He drank more, sniveling to himself. Then he began to grin. Ah! That was it. They had put a tabu on him. So, they would ignore him. Bueno! That meant they would not harm him, at least. So, they would see who would first tire of that game.

Then another thought came. No man would carry loads for one under tabu. How would he get his ivory to the coast? He slapped the table suddenly. Now he knew what it was all about. The dogs. It was a trick to get back their tusks. He made coffee and drank.

That afternoon he went over the tusks, rechecking their weights. On each he made a small mark. Then he laughed triumphantly. Those pagan morons. Did they think they could beat Barata?

He turned in that night to sleep well. In the morning the corpse was at his door again. He stepped over it and

wrestled a tusk to his shoulder. He was puffing when he got it to the village and lowered it before Badege, who sat outside his hut.

"I have done wrong," Barata said. "So I give you back your ivory. I give back all your teeth to pay for the man who forced me to kill him. Come. Get the teeth."

He walked quickly to his house. None came to take the ivories. Cursing viciously, he carried them, one by one, to the village. It was evening when he finished, staggering with fatigue.

"Now," he panted, "I have given you back your ivory. Send men to take away that—that thing from my house." He looked eagerly at the impassive faces. "Listen," he said. "Soon the rains will cease. Give me my cartridges and I will hunt plenty of meat for you to eat. Then you will give me carriers to take me back to the river."

He did not tell them that when he got back to Campo he intended to swear that they had sold him the tusks, then stolen them back. He would show weights and the secret marks to prove it. Then, with police, he would make these sons of dogs suffer for their insouciance.

But the chief made no answer. Barata forced a nonchalant swagger as he splashed through the mud to his house. Maybe they would take a day or so to remove the tabu. He tried to eat. Impossible with that stinking thing outside! He drank himself into insensibility.

In the morning the body was still there!

He stared at it. Damn them! What more did they want? They had their dirty ivory! His heart began to pound. Maybe this was not all. Maybe they were planning to kill him in some dreadful, secret way. Who knew what went on in the minds of cannibals? Maybe—he could not think. He must get away!

Then he heard thunder. That could mean one thing, the besking of the rains. He started up at the screaming heavens. Soon the floods would subside and the trails become visible once more. He would follow one to another village and get a guide from there to the river.

With shaking hands he made a small pack of food, stuffed two bottles of brandy into a haversack and jammed his revolver in his belt.

He peered outside. Rain still lashed the forest. The sky was invisible. Shutting his eyes tight he stepped over M'bege's body, tiptoed down the stairs and splashed across the clearing to crouch in the dripping undergrowth. He lifted. Nothing moved; but one had seen him leave. He turned his back on the clearing and pressed into the hissing gloom of the forest.

He floundered along, the water sucking at his trouser legs. Often he stopped to listen. He heard nothing but the beat of rain and the soft gurgling of it. He felt cold, listless, and hot. Fever! He drank brandy and felt better.

He stumbled to the bank of a swift-moving stream. A stream must lead to a river, he thought. The Campo? He moved on, following the water until the forest was dark. He tried to climb a tree. He could not. His head was hot. He could not eat the moss of the forest track. Wretchedly, he threw it into the water and gulped greedily at his brandy. Soon he slept.

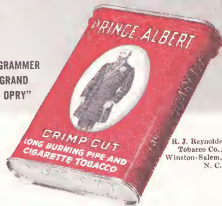
Morning came. His head ached. He could scarcely see. He groaned wearily as he moved stiff limbs to follow the stream. Soon there was a lightning in the forest. A clearing? He pushed on.



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He heard voices. He took a swig of brandy, gave him strength and strode forward. He was in a village.

He stopped. Appalled, he stared at the pile of trade goods rotting outside the palaver house. Inside, Badege talked to his elders. With a scream, Barata fled.

He tumbled, falling, slamming through bushes, snorting with fear he ran until he could run no farther. He collapsed against a slimy tree bole, fighting for breath. Now he wept softly. He felt weak, his head throbbed, his very blood seemed to be hot. He wanted drink. He swallowed brandy, gasped and waited for strength to come. Then he started off again, peering forlornly about him. Where to go?

Then he noticed that the drumming of rain had stopped. The forest was filled with warm, steamy mist. He made for higher ground and the soft, black earth was spongy under foot, but the flood was going down, soaking deep into the ageless loam. He pressed on until he stumbled on a fallen log. He sprawled on it and slept.

He awakened, fumbled for his bottle and held it to thick, insect-bitten lips. He swung his feet to the ground and looked about him. What was that? Something had moved. Something had ducked behind a tree.

He watched and saw a native step out, spear in hand, look straight at him and move away. He caught his breath. So they were hunting him. Hunting him like an animal. That's the way they intended to kill him. Cautiously he got off the log and crept away down the hill. Then he saw another native. The native stared, then wheeled and ran off. Barata's head ached so he could hardly see. He heard faint wailings, and did not know they came from him. He ran

on, stumbling along a ravine. He scrambled up the ravine's steep bank and, just before reaching level ground, tripped over a vine and fell flat. His body rolled, gathering momentum uncontrollably, to the bottom of the ravine, where his body became enveloped by mud. It pulled at him, sucking him deeper and deeper. For a time his screams filled the jungle air, then there was silence. . . .

Sadignon had finished his story. It was late, and the fire was almost out. I blinked across the verandah to where he was examining the stub of his cigar. He looked quizzically at me.

"That, my friend," he said hoarsely, "is how Barata died—twice! Once, in the minds of the natives, of Efa, and once of suffocation."

"How did you find out all this?" I demanded. "How'd you know he planned to say they'd stolen the tusks from him?"

"I saw his note of the weights and the secret marks," Sadignon said. "I found the marks inside the tusks. The marks were obviously to identify them later. If the natives had taken them back he would have had no time to mark them. Besides, the people will not rob the dead. Did they not leave all the food and drink in this hut?"

"And the body?"

"They retrieved it the next day."

"Are you certain about his motive for killing M'bege?" I persisted.

"It is reasonable, isn't it?"

"I guess so," I admitted. "So you didn't have to hang anyone."

"No, grace à Dieu," he sighed. "Now I will have a nightcap."

"What's your official report going to be?" I asked, passing him his glass.

"Dead man from natural causes," he said, lifting his glass. "Salut!"

* THE END

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Golf Is A Gambler's Game

continued from page 19

he go through all that horrible tension over a silly little game?"

There was another one of those deadly silences, as though I had uttered some shameful sacrilege. Finally, Alex said, "Because there isn't any other way he can be happy."

My uneasiness grew. I was afraid I couldn't voice the big question. "But I did, quickly, before I lost my nerve. 'Is that the way you feel about it, too?'" He nodded solemnly, his eyes meeting mine.

"Do you love this game more than me?" I asked humbly.

Alex shook his head. "That's why I came to a decision this afternoon." He stood up and looked out the window. "If I don't finish in the first ten here, I will go home to Leighton and settle down."

"No, we won't," I shot back. "Look at me, Alex Ross. I don't want any sacrifices. I couldn't be happy unless you were. Alex, look at me!"

He turned and smiled. "The first ten—it's a solemn promise I made myself. We won't talk about it any more."

I tried to argue him out of it but it's impossible to argue with a man who won't answer. He had his stubborn mind made up and I might as well have pleaded with the wind. If it had been entirely his own decision, I wouldn't have minded. But my conscience was gnawing at me; I felt sure that my attitude had been mostly responsible. I'd been a bad wife. All the things Mama had taught me from living with Papa had been wasted on me. I'd been a miserable wife.

The next morning Alex was up early, and fuming. Ogletorpe had hidden one of his shoes.

I poured Alex a big glass of tomato juice and found the shoe, hardly chewed at all. Then I made him French toast, his favorite breakfast. And through every minute of it, I smiled cheerfully.

Over his second cup of coffee, Alex began to smile, too. He said, "Don't worry, honey, the first ten will be a cinch. And from there, we'll go on to glory."

"I hope so," I said sincerely. "And you'll watch your temper, won't you? You know that you can be your own worst enemy at times."

His smile was smug. "Not any more. You're looking at the new Alex Ross, the winning golfer."

Ned's car drove up and Alex hurried from the house. Since he wasn't due to tee off until 9:42, I decided to do the dishes before going over in our car. I usually didn't follow the first and second rounds, but today was different.

I took Ogie along and locked him in the car at the parking lot. Alex had never told me directly he didn't approve of my carrying Ogie around for 18 holes, but he'd never looked ecstatic at seeing him in the gallery. Today, there must be no excuse for any irritation.

Alex was paired with Bud Leslie and Art Kronen and I saw some spectacular golf—from Bud Leslie. It was simply his day. Bud had ten putts for the first seven greens; everything was dropping for him.

Art's luck was only fair. I thought Alex's was bad.

But you never know it to look at my husband's face. His wry smile never faded from the first bad break to the last. On the third fairway, his tee shot rolled dead in a hole left by some woman with high-heeled shoes. On the seventh, his second shot caromed crazily off a sunken sprinkler head—into a

trap. On the 17th, he was about to tee off when some idiot with a box camera crouched right into his line of vision. I was hoping Alex would drive the ball right into the lens.

Yet he took everything without a single protest. Although Bud burned up the course, I was very proud of my boy.

And as we walked up the path from the 18th green, I told him so. Alex leaned over and kissed my ear. "Seventy-one," he whispered. "That's not bad golf. With a couple of breaks, it could easily have been a sixty-seven."

"Bud," I said, "had a sixty-four."

He didn't blink an eye. "Bud's a fine golfer. Honey, the round is over. No memory, no imagination—that's the key to winning golf. Shall we eat in the clubhouse?"

I reached out to touch him; it was Alex, all right. "The clubhouse would be fine, Alex. Could I get Ogie?"

"You'd better," he said. "That poor little dog in that stuffy car. I'll see that he gets fed out on the patio."

Alex Ross, gentleman golfer, this was too much.

We ate with Art Kronen and Ned. Art, replaying every swing of Bud's game, finally said to Alex, "You were the man playing golf, and he got the score. Luck, that's what this game is." He looked at Ned. "Am I right?"

Ned shook his head. "One round can be luck. A career is something else. Alex has the career game."

"Amen," Art said.

I thought Alex blushed at that, but he was so tan it was hard to tell. I said brightly, "And he's going to stay with it, aren't you, dear?"

"We made our decision on that yesterday," he said solemnly.

So what could I complain about? I'd criticized him for being hot-headed; he'd turned into a junior Ned Gulliver. I'd mentioned going home to Leighton; he had opened the possibility of exactly that happening. He had even gone out of his way to see that Ogie was fed.

But inside Alex, the lava must have been bubbling. It simply had to be. No man is a saint, thank Heaven.

Alex and Ned went out to the practice tee after lunch and I returned to the motel. There was a pool and the afternoon was still warm; I spent a pleasant hour there.

Then I wrote to Cousin Louella in Los Angeles, telling her there was a chance we might be out for the Open, though nothing was certain yet.

When Alex came home, he told me, "That seventy-one doesn't look so good now. Those boys are just eating up that course."

"No memory, no imagination," I reminded him. "Why don't you take a nap and we'll have a late dinner?" Alex took my advice.

The next day he went out and shot a really brilliant 65. I thought of writing to Cousin Louella again and telling her we definitely would be seeing her soon.

Alex was now tied for fourth and it didn't seem possible that he would drop below tenth in the next two rounds. Craig Borden was in seventh place and poor Ned didn't even seem well enough to qualify for the last 36 holes.

That evening I told Ned about Alex's decision. "He's certain to finish in the first ten now, isn't he?" I asked.

Ned's smile was not encouraging. "Nobody is certain of anything in this game until the last man has holed his final putt," he said tonelessly. "And that

was a stupid decision that Alex made." "I know, and it was mostly my fault. But Ned, I don't want to go back to Leighton, now. Couldn't you talk to Alex?"

"I already have, in a way," he said. "Yesterday, I offered to finance him for a year on a percentage basis for me."

"And . . . ?"

"He turned it down. He's no longer the hot-head he was, but he hasn't lost any of his stubbornness."

"Alex is proud," I said. "It's that New Hampshire climate."

"I know what you mean," Ned answered. "I'm from Vermont, myself. Well, let's hope his game holds up."

I guess we didn't hope hard enough. Alex went out the next day and shot a fat 74, scrambling all the way to keep it that low.

Two men were tied for first, two for third, three for fifth, and three for eighth. It was grouped like that after 54 holes. Although Alex's 210 was only six strokes from first place, there were still ten men with better scores. The weather had been perfect and the course hadn't been tight enough to give the field any spread. Craig Borden was one of the golfers tied for eighth.

That evening, Alex looked tired when he came home. I tried to console him. "You're going to be hot tomorrow. I just know it."

"I'm hot right now," he said. "Guess who I'm paired with?"

"Bud Leslie?" Bud was still tied for first.

He shook his head. "Nope. Tommy Arndt—and Craig Borden."

"Forget your imagination," I warned him. "Craig might be a gentleman tomorrow, for all you know. Just play your game; don't worry about his."

"Yes, dear," he said wearily. "I think I'll try to get some sleep."

When Alex woke up, he took a long, warm bath instead of his usual shower. He seemed a little more poised and rested when he went out for dinner.

But underneath it all, the old Alex was still alive. I heard him twisting and turning all night and I was glad he'd taken the nap. In the morning, I timed his breakfast so that it was hot and ready at the exact second he sat down. I kept Ogie out of his way and kept my voice low and very matter-of-fact as though this wasn't the most important day of our lives.

Alex was going to be in one of the last threesomes but he wanted to get over to the practice range. I told him to take the car; Ned had promised to drive me to the course if I needed transportation.

After he left, I simply collapsed into the nearest chair. It isn't easy being the perfect wife. But by the time Ned picked me up, just before noon, I was wound up again. And if I was wound up, how must Alex feel?

"I don't understand you boys at all," I told Ned.

"Amy," he said gently, "all men want to walk with the giants. But only a few of us are given that privilege."

I tried to digest that, hoping he'd explain it.

"Have you ever stopped to think," he went on, "that the only person from Leighton who is known outside the county is Craig Borden?"

"If you don't mind," I said, almost growling, "I'd rather not talk about him today."

He started to say something, then changed his mind and concentrated on driving.

As we turned into the parking lot, I said, "We'd better leave Ogie here. He

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doesn't like a leash and I can't carry him today."

"I can," Ned said. "History could be made here today, and it would be a shame if Ogie missed it."

Those were Ned's exact words, so you can see it was his idea. And if there is anybody to blame for what happened, Ned must be in for his share of it. I mean, if he has any sense of shame whatever.

It was a horrible afternoon, right from the first tee.

Craig was abominable. His cough, which Ned had mentioned, was subtle. You know what I mean, that midnight-waiting-for-the-man-upstairs-to-drop-the-other-shoe variety. He would have a coughing spell just before one of the boys was ready to address the ball. He would not cough while the man was swinging—but there was the uneasy feeling in the air that he hadn't quite finished. He wasn't really cheating, I suppose.

Tommy Arndt grew annoyed but Alex restrained himself, looking blankly off into the distance whenever it was Craig's turn to shoot.

My husband, frankly, was a super gentleman. It just ate my heart out to see his composure under these impossible conditions.

On the seventh green, Tommy went over to say something to Craig. I was sure it wasn't about the weather. Tommy had his right fist clenched and, as he is the biggest golfer ever to come out of Texas, that should have been warning enough for Craig.

But it wasn't. When Tommy went back to his ball, Craig grimaced at the gallery and they tittered. Galleries can be a collection of imbeciles.

Standing next to me, Ned grumbled

and Ogie growled at this showboating. "I'll kill him," I muttered. "I'll—"

Tommy looked around and scowled until he saw who it was. Then he smiled. Tommy is only 20. But one of the brightest hopes in the game. I crossed my fingers for him as he bent over the ball again.

It was a long putt and it dropped for a birdie.

As we walked to the next tee, Tommy joined us. "I'll get him in the locker room," he said hoarsely. "Don't worry. That was the last straw."

"I missed it," Ned said mildly. "A new one?"

"The back of his putter is polished," Tommy explained. "He wiggles it in the sunlight and it throws reflections along the green. It's like a mirror."

We moved on. The sun got hotter and my temper matched it. At the 14th, Alex dropped his chip shot for an eagle three and the gallery gave him enthusiastic applause. They were beginning to like the new Alex Ross.

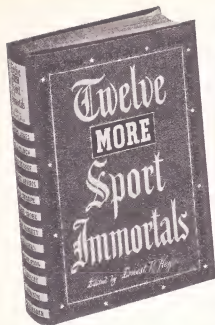
That put him two strokes lower than Craig for the 14 holes, but Craig had started three strokes better. My fingers began to ache from crossing them for Alex.

When we got to the 16th, which was near the clubhouse, Ned said, "Be going to look at the scoreboard. I'm back."

The 16th was a long, par-three hole, trapped on three sides, with the open side to the right, facing the slope of the hill. A smart way to play it was to aim for the hill, hoping that a hooked ball would roll onto the green.

The dangerous way to play it was straight for the pin, since the green is shallow and flanked front and rear by sand traps.

Alex still had the honors, so he teed



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off first. And he went right for the pin. It was beautiful, a perfect shot every inch of the way. The gallery up ahead shrieked as the ball went bouncing toward the flag. It should be, I felt, an easy birdie putt.

Both Craig and Tommy played the hill and both balls wound up on the green. But Alex picked up his birdie while Craig and Tommy took pars.

Craig and Alex stood even for 70 holes as Ned rejoined us on the 17th tee. "He can do it," Ned said breathlessly. "If he pars out, he'll just make the first ten—if Craig doesn't do any better than that. Craig can knock him out of it. Didn't I tell you that history was going to be made today?"

He had, though he hadn't said how. "Yes," I answered, "but there are two threesomes behind us."

"Sure. And four of the boys have it cinched; the other two are out of it."

My hands were trembling. I saw Alex talking quietly with Tommy and I wondered what he knew. It wasn't for the lead and it wasn't the biggest tournament on the circuit, but these next two holes would be the most important Alex had ever played.

This wasn't right. It was much too important to be decided by a single round of golf. I wanted to tell that to Alex, but I knew I couldn't. He couldn't afford to think of anything but one shot at a time.

To this day, I don't remember any of the shots on the 17th hole. All I remember is that there were three pars.

On the 18th tee, Ned took a shuddering breath and Ogie whimpered softly in his arms. All three of the drives were straight and fairly long.

Since Craig's was the shortest, he was the first to hit his second shot. It was his best stroke of the day. The ball seemed glued to a line leading directly to the pin and even from where we stood we knew it would be a fairly easy putt for his birdie.

Alex was next and I prayed quietly. He needed a birdie to tie Craig for tenth place, and he had to put this five-iron close enough for the birdie putt. Our whole future was at stake. Alex took two practice swings.

I won't say it was a bad shot, even today, but it didn't compare to the one Craig had hit. It came in left to right and should have sloughed on the green. But there was no mow roll to it.

"A twenty-footer for sure," Ned whispered. "I wish he wasn't such a damned stubborn man."

I was too intent on the game to ask him what he meant.

Tommy hit a six iron about 15 feet from the pin and we advanced in the pressing gallery. The hill around the 18th green was rimmed with spectators and the crowd behind was fairly large. We had a solid audience for the putt that might send us back to Leighton and public accounting.

When we got to the green, I saw that Ned had called it accurately. It was a 20-foot sidehill putt. Alex walked slowly around the rim, studying every blade of grass and every shadow on the slope.

He looked back, but I thought I could see some trouble in his wrists. Craig had marked his ball; it was a three-footer and he never missed those.

Craig went back to stand at the edge of the green as Alex finally began to address his ball. The gallery was hushed.

Then, just as Alex's putter blade started the forward stroke, light flickered over the green from Craig's putter and Tommy Arndt dashed at Craig.

Alex jerked and jabbed and the ball went scotching.

An official had stepped between Tommy and Craig now. The gallery was muttering and Ned was using some words I'd better not repeat. Then he said, "He had a sure tie, but he wouldn't gamble on a playoff. When a golfer won't take his chances with the next guy, he doesn't deserve to play."

Craig's distracting putter had been the trigger and Tommy's abrupt movement the clincher. Alex had missed his birdie, the ball stopping a foot to the right of cup.

A muscle was twitching in Alex's jaw, but he gravely got permission from Tommy and Craig to hole out. It was very careful to keep his feet out of their putting line as he put it away for his par.

Tommy was white-faced with anger but he had never hit a truer putt. It dropped with a rattle for his birdie.

And now came Craig's three-footer. If he was nervous about the shot or the meeting with Tommy in the locker room that was certainly imminent, he masked it well. He was smiling as he studied this cinch shot for tenth place, this easy one that would make a bad wife out of Amy Ross.

He hammed it, giving it far more attention than it was worth, milking the last theatrical shred of suspense from his entrance into the first ten.

Finally, as the gallery grew restless, Craig walked confidently over to his ball. His putter blade came back smoothly and started forward...

Suddenly, from Ned's arms, Ogie let out the most horrifying howl I have ever heard in my life.

Craig jerked. Alex actually jumped.

Tommy screamed with laughter, and the gallery gasped. And the little white ball skidded past the right rim of the cup and died six inches beyond.

The best Craig could do now was tie Alex for tenth place. He holed out with the flick of his wrists and ran toward us, blood in his eye and putter raised.

The excited crowd was milling around and officials were running over but Ned waited, smiling.

When Craig was close enough, Ned said calmly, "If you so much as raise your voice to me, I'll beat you to death the second I can get my hands on a club."

Then the officials were there and I hurried over to Alex. Tommy was still laughing, but Alex was deadly serious.

I shouted, "You finished in tenth place, darling! Los Angeles, here we come."

"Maybe," Alex was frowning. "Honey, Ned didn't do that, did he?"

"Ned? That was Ogie. My gosh, you should know Ned's voice by now."

"That isn't what I meant, and you know it. Ned didn't pinch the dog, did he? Or stick him with a pin or something?"

I stared at him in shock. "Ned Gulliver? What a horrible, horrible thought. Alex Ross. You should be thoroughly ashamed of yourself."

He winced. "Well, maybe. All right, I should. Oh, well, yes, Ned is a perfect gentleman. C'mon, let's go up to the clubhouse and celebrate."

"Let's," I said joyfully. "This way to glory." I took his hand and we strolled to the clubhouse together.

Some day, I may tell him. Some day, when it no longer matters, I'll tell Alex that only I knew Ogie was very sensitive on the inside of his right rear leg. I may even promise never to pinch Ogie again.

Some day.

* THE END

Ernie Pyle

continued from page 63

With discarded cigarette butts; it was the past dinner time. Suddenly, "Wild Bill" Wellman pounded his fist on the table. "I see the thing now!" he shouted. "It's a love story." Mouths gaped open; eyes examined Wellman quizzically. After all, this was a war picture they were supposed to be working on. "Love," Wellman explained, "Ernie falls in love with the lousy infantry, leaves it and finds he has to go back."

Every love story has a background. On the one hand, Ernie's love affair with the infantry was a natural culmination of his career. His whole professional life as a newspaperman was a perfect preparation for it. On the other hand, there was his personal life.

The saga of Ernie Pyle, like an Ernie Pyle column, is a story of quiet heroism. He carried within himself for a greater part of his short life a deep hurt and an intense personal tragedy. It is to his credit that the extent of this tragedy was not revealed until after his death.

Ernie was born in a two-story farmhouse a mile and a half south of Dana, Ind., on August 3, 1900. His parents, Mark and Will Pyle, formally named him Ernest Taylor Pyle because that was his mother's maiden name, and Ernest just because they liked the sound of it. Like any Indiana farm boy, he helped milk the cows and plow the fields and feed the stock. But as an only child he was left to himself a great deal. He loved to wander in the fields with his dog Sheep and to go fishing and mud-crawling in a tiny "crick" that ran through a pasture a half-mile back of the Pyle property.

At school, because of his long golden-red hair, the town boys nicknamed him "Shag." Having a slight physique, he shied away from athletics, but he was always ready for a prank; his air of innocence would protect him from any suspicion. He spoke in a high-pitched voice and developed the habit of clearing his throat before speaking. "Nosqueak insurance," he later called it.

As a boy he had two ambitions: to travel and to be an automobile racing driver. The speed kings of the Indianapolis Classic were his heroes. He cut out their pictures and pasted them on his wall. One summer he managed to get to Indianapolis and see the race, and in subsequent years he always tried to make it if he possibly could. "I would rather win that race than anything in the world," he once said. "I would rather be Ralph De Palma than President."

A year before Ernie graduated from high school, the United States declared war on Germany. He wanted to enlist but his parents insisted upon his graduating. "I could hardly bear to go to commencement," he wrote. "I was so ashamed that I wasn't in the Army." After receiving his diploma, he rushed over to Peoria, Ill., and enlisted in the Naval Reserve. He went to the University of Illinois at Champaign for preliminary training and was about to move on to the Great Lakes Naval Station when the Armistice was signed. Ernie returned home, sadly disappointed.

As a rawly unprepared farm boy, wearing trousers two sizes too big for him, he arrived at the Bloomington campus of the University of Indiana in the fall of 1919. He had little idea of what he wanted to study. He only knew that he wanted to get away from farming. On his way to register, as he

crossed the campus toward Kirkwood Hall, he fell in with a bunch of freshmen, or "rhinies," as they were called. "What are you going to major in?" one of them asked Ernie.

"I don't know."

"Then sign up for Journalism. You don't have to add or subtract. It sounds like a snap."

Ernie mulled it over briefly. He registered for Journalism.

By the time he was a junior, the farm boy was a "big man on campus." He was the city editor of *The Student*, the college newspaper, and a member of Sphinx, the inter-fraternity honor group. He was also in love. A pretty redheaded co-ed wore his SAE fraternity pin.

But his dreams were still of travel. In March of 1922 the Indiana baseball team accepted an invitation to tour Japan. Ernie tore himself away from his campus sweetheart, borrowed money from the dean and rode the train all the way to Seattle. There he got a job as a bell-boy on the liner, *Keystone State*, that was carrying the baseball team to Japan. But when the ship reached Japan, Ernie, to his dismay, had to say goodbye to the baseball team and complete the ship's run to China and Hong Kong. Later he rejoined the squad in time to tour Yokohama and Kobe, and he banqueted with them at the sumptuous Imperial Hotel in Tokyo.

On his return trip, jobless and penniless, he was quartered in steerage. He had to depend for his food upon the ballplayers' skill in sneaking sandwiches out of the dining room. But the Indiana farm boy was happy. He was beginning to see the world.

He returned to school that summer and was appointed editor-in-chief of *The Student*. In the fall he became manager of the football team. Before the Purdue game at Lafayette, he put on a scholar's robe and preached the traditional mock funeral sermon for John Purdue.

Ernie and the redheaded co-ed continued to be a campus couple. Often the two redheads could be seen strolling along at twilight holding hands, or leaning over a book as they studied together in the library. Then suddenly his girl fell in love with another man. Ernie was crushed. Not only his heart but his vanity was badly shaken.

Just then the LaPorte, Ind., *Herald* was casting about for a reporter. Ernie heard about the opening and asked the Journalism Department to recommend him for it. He was fed up with school in general and campus love affairs in particular. He didn't care if he never saw the Bloomington campus again, and he was certainly not going to stay around until June just to pick up his degree.

In January, 1923, at the age of 22, for a salary of \$25 a week, Ernie Pyle launched his professional newspaper career.

After a few months in LaPorte, he was offered a job at \$30 a week with the *Washington News*, and he quickly accepted the opportunity to work in the nation's capital. At first he served as a reporter, but soon his facility at headline writing and copy-reading betrayed him into spending a good deal of time on the desk. *The Washington News* then had the advantages a small staff offers—a wide range of assignments and duties. It provided thorough training for a young newspaperman.

Those were hectic days in Washington. The country was off on its giddy post-war spree; Prohibition was the law of the land, and America's flaming

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youth was fearlessly proclaiming his freedom. Young Eddie Pyle was immediately overcome by the spirit of the times. After putting the last edition to bed, the staff of the *News* would push a few desks together and start a game of blackjack. Someone would phone down to a bootlegger for a half gallon of gin. Ernie developed a formidable ability for drinking. He could lift a man's head to his chest and before removing it, down three or four healthy swigs, as his Adam's apple bobbed vigorously up and down.

Ernie had a wry sense of humor. He liked to tell his associates that he intended to write a 75,000-word novel, each word being the same monosyllabic abog. And when someone would bite and ask why he didn't write it, he would say, "I'm stumped for a title."

On the evening of Halloween, in 1923, Ernie was invited to dinner by a classmate from the University of Indiana. Among the dinner guests was Geraldine Siebolds, a trim little blonde from Minnesota. Ernie left soon after the dinner to write a story. But before he had met Geraldine Siebolds again and this time something happened. He fell in love. It was the turning point in Ernie Pyle's life and the beginning of a tragic love story.

Jerry Siebolds, who was Ernie's age, had a quick wit and a whimsical smile. She worked as a Civil Service clerk, but for her own amusement she liked to write poetry. Sometimes she neglected to pay her electric bills and lived by candlelight. In her moods of melancholy she preferred the darkness and the shadows.

Ernie and Jerry were married in the summer of 1925, but for years they shocked people by spending the wedding at all. They lived in a basement apartment in an old white brick house. Their furniture consisted of two army cots and an old wicker chair. Jerry had little taste for household chores. Both of them rolled their own cigarettes and the tobacco would accumulate on the floor.

Ernie became bored with his work. His skill as a copy-reader tired him down more and more to the desk. His dream was to travel and he wasn't fulfilling his dream. In the spring of 1926 he and Jerry abruptly quit their jobs, bought a Ford roadster and a tent, and set out on a trip around the rim of the United States. They drove through the Deep South, across the Gulf of Mexico to the Pacific Coast and eastward out of Seattle clear across the country until one August day they arrived in New York "sputtering up Fifth Avenue, in a downpouring rain, on two cylinders, with knots as big as tea kettles on all four tires, and had to sell the precious thing for a mere one hundred and fifty dollars to get something to eat."

The next day Ernie found work on the copy desk of the famed New York *Evening World*—on the lobster shift, from midnight to eight in the morning. He and Jerry rented an apartment in a dingy brownstone house in Greenwich Village. Ernie would come home from work just in time to eat breakfast. He was able to keep more money when he was switched over to the New York Post—day side. Post old-timers still recall a headline he wrote for a story concerning a motorist, who had been unceremoniously dumped in a ditch after a struggle with robbers:

THIEVES ROB MAN,
THROW HIM AWAY

In addition to his humor, his colleagues of that period remember Ernie's sensitivity. But otherwise, for the year and a half that he stayed in New York, Ernie was just a journeyman copy-reader lost in the shuffle of the big city.

On Christmas Eve of 1927, Ernie returned to the Washington *News* as telegraph editor. He soon talked his superiors into allowing him to write an aviation column.

"There goes another postcard," Eddie Rickenbacker once wistfully remarked while watching a mail plane take off. The pioneering days of aviation seem strange and distant now, but 30 years ago it took a brave man to venture into the air. And when Ernie Pyle was young, he was in the air. He had no fancy safety devices to resort to. If he had time, he jumped; if he didn't, he crashed.

Ernie developed an admiration for fliers similar to the one he had felt for automobile racers. And the fliers appreciated his feeling. On a snowy night in Verme Trest, one of the original pilots on the New York to Atlanta airmail route, bailed out over Washington. Upon reaching a telephone, he made two calls, one to the postal service and the other to Ernie. When Apollo Soucek landed at the Naval Air Station after soaring to a new altitude record, the first man he looked for was Ernie Pyle.

The fliers flocked to Ernie's apartment. It became their favorite gathering place in Washington. They knew that a bootleg drink, good conversation and genuine respect awaited them there. Amelia Earhart, the celebrated woman pilot, once said, "Not to know Ernie Pyle is to admit that you yourself are unknown in aviation." But, oddly enough, although he flew over 100,000 miles, in everything from autogiros to dirigibles, Ernie never learned how to fly himself.

His aviation column days were happy days. For four years Ernie was content with the Bohemian atmosphere of their apartment at 1355 E Street. Ernie offered the post of managing editor, a promotion he could hardly afford to turn down.

The aviation colony was saddened. On a windy day they gathered at the Washington-Hoover airport and held a sentimental ceremony. Although many present were only flying clothes and goggles, it was a distinguished little assembly. Ira Eaker and "Tooney" Spaatz, later generals, and Apollo Soucek, Jack Towers and Jocko Clark, who became admirals, were among those present. Amelia Earhart made the presentation—a jewel case to Jerry and a watch to Ernie. Ernie was to wear that same gift watch until the day of his death.

He was plainly moved as he wrote his final aviation piece:

"This column has tried to feel with those who fly. It has recorded the surprised elation of those who have risen rocketlike into renown, has felt despair with those who have been beaten down by the game, has shared the awful desolation of those who have seen their close ones fly away and come back only in the stark blackness of newspaper headlines. This column has made enemies, too. But they were enemies who wouldn't have been very good friends anyhow. The good friends—and they can be counted by the thousands—are what signify. . . . This is the end of what to me has been a happy life."

If it was the end of one epoch, it certainly was the beginning of an-

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other. Ernie wasn't the hard-boiled managing-editor type. Two facts typify his three-year editorship: He never fired anyone except a spectacularly incompetent copy boy, and he buried the story of the Hauptmann arrest for the Lindbergh kidnapping on the bottom of an inside page.

His big break came by accident, but it was no accident that he was prepared for it. In 1935, when Heywood Brown, the nationally syndicated columnist, went on vacation, there was a gap in the *News's* opposite-editorial page makeup. Ernie voluntarily wrote a series of filler columns about his own travels. The columns were an instantaneous success. That gave Ernie an idea: If he could get a roving assignment, he would be free of his administrative duties, he would be able to travel again and at the same time he would satisfy his urge for travel. Ernie showed his columns to "Deac" Parker, the editor-in-chief of the Scripps-Howard papers. Parker immediately detected in Ernie's writing, "a Mark Twain quality that knocked his eyes out" and gave his approval for a tryout trip.

Ernie was jubilant as he left Washington on the day before his 35th birthday. His assignment was to go where he pleased, write what he pleased and come up with six interesting columns a week. It was the answer to a reporter's dream.

The tryout trip turned into a six-year

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vagabondage. With Jerry, "that girl who rides beside me," Ernie traveled over 165,000 miles and wrote enough columns to fill 200 full-length books. The boy from Indiana really got around. He flew across the great Alaskan Range of snow-topped mountains and he panned for gold in Alaska. He shot the treacherous rapids of the San Juan River in Utah and rode the surf with the legendary Duke Kahanamoku in Waikiki. He hiked through the Canadian Rockies and survived an earthquake in Nicaragua. The plane that bore him over the Andes was forced down in the midst of the South American jungle. But perhaps what moved him most was his stay on the Hawaiian island of Molokai. There he became the first newspaperman ever to visit the Kalaupapa leper colony and mingle with the patients.

The America of the '30s was Ernie's beat. He covered it thoroughly from the drought-ravaged Dakotas to the raw, windy plains of the Kansas Dust Bowl. "We have been at least three times in every state in the Union . . . We have stayed in more than 800 hotels, have crossed the continent exactly 20 times, flown on 68 airplanes, ridden on 29 boats, walked 200 miles and put out approximately \$2,500 in tips. We have worn out two cars, five sets of tires, three typewriters and pretty soon I'm going to have to have a new pair of shoes."

In 1940, as the war clouds gathered,

Ernie Pyle seemed a happy man. His columns continued to be light and funny bits of personal journalism. But beneath the surface something was happening that was to plague him for the rest of his life. Something was wrong with his wife, Jerry.

In 1940 it seemed inevitable that he should go to London. After all, that's where the biggest story of the day was taking place—the blitz. But when Ernie first arrived in London he appeared to be a "hick" reporter out of his element. Wandering unobtrusively about in his crumpled felt hat and nondescript gray trench coat, he stopped and talked to waitresses and farmers, railway porters and preachers, getting the average Briton's reactions to war. Veteran correspondents were amazed at this technique. "Maybe that's how you cover a country fair," one of them said, "but not a war." Yet his columns were well received; his readership increased. And after the famous fire-bombing of London on December 29, the name of Ernie Pyle skyrocketed into journalistic prominence.

Many still recall the description Ernie cabled: "Some day when peace has returned to this odd world I want to come to London again and stand on a certain balcony on a moonlit night and look down upon the peaceful silver curve of the Thames with its dark bridges. And standing there, I want to tell somebody who has never seen it how London looked on a certain night in the holiday season of the year 1940."

"It was a night when London was ringed and stabbed with fire . . . They came just after dark . . . shortly after the sirens waited I could hear the Germans grinding overhead. . . . I could hear the boom, *crump, crump, crump*, of heavy bombs at their work of tearing buildings apart . . . the whole horizon of the city was lined with great fires . . . there was something inspiring in the savagery of it . . . Into the dark, whole batches of incendiary bombs fell . . . Flames seemed to whip hundreds of feet into the air . . . Above the fires the sky was red and angry . . . The Thames grew lighter . . . dark shadows of buildings and bridges formed the base of this dreadful masterpiece."

"These things all went together to make the most hateful, most beautiful single scene I have ever known."

In a follow-up cable, Ernie said:

"When you see a church with a bomb hole in its side and 500 pretty safe and happy people in its basement, and girls smoking cigarettes inside the sacred walls without anybody yelling at them, then I say the church has found a real religion."

After his return from England, Ernie was restless. "I'm afraid being in London has spoiled me for the duration. I've got to be doing something a little exciting or I go nuts." He arranged for a tour of the Orient and was scheduled to leave on December 9. But on December 7 the Japanese changed his plans.

Ernie brooded about the war. He wanted to do something. He tried to join the Navy but was turned down because of his age. When the flow of American troops overseas began, Ernie hopped a plane to the north of Ireland and joined them. He passed among the troops in his usual inconspicuous way, discovering for the first time how well he could get along with American soldiers. "They seem to feel that I'm just another old broken-down guy from home and sort of a sight for sore eyes," he said.

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That's all he said, and then he walked away. Another one came. He said, 'God damn it to hell anyway.' He looked down for a few long moments, and then he turned and left.

"Another man came; I think he was an officer . . . The man looked down into the dead captain's face, and then he spoke directly to him, as though he were alive. He said: 'I'm sorry, old man.'

"Then a soldier came and stood beside the officer, and bent over, and he too spoke to his dead captain, not in a whisper but awfully tenderly, and he said: 'I sure am sorry, sir.'

"Then the first man squatted down, and he reached down and took the dead hand, and he sat there for five full minutes, holding the dead hand in his own and looking intently into the dead face, and he never uttered a sound all the time he sat there.

"And then finally he put the hand down, and then reached up and gently straightened the points of the captain's shirt collar, and then he sort of rearranged the tattered edges of his uniform around the wound. And then he got up and walked away down the road in the moonlight, all alone."

Ernie used the unique prestige of his position to help others. In his column he campaigned for extra combat pay for infantrymen. He used his newspaper connections to arrange for a Swedish syndication of Bill Mauldin's cartoons. And often he intervened during Mauldin's frequent duels with the brass.

From Italy, Ernie flew to England where a big story was brewing. While in London he was informed of his Pulitzer Prize Award. "The nicest thing is that all the other correspondents seem glad about it too," he said, "and I don't think anybody is jealous."

Ernie covered the D-Day invasion of France, grimly reporting the scene:

"I took a walk along the historic coast of Normandy in the country of France. It was a lovely day for strolling along the seashore. Men were sleeping on the sand, some of them sleeping forever. Men were floating in the water, but they didn't know they were in the water, for they were dead . . . I walked around what seemed to be a couple of pieces of driftwood, sticking out of the sand. But they weren't driftwood. They were a soldier's two feet. . ."

A frail figure, Ernie trudged along the improved, traffic-jammed roads. He visited many units at the front. Wherever he went, GIs greeted him with, "Hi ya, Ernie!" and, "Glad to see ya, Ernie!" General Bradley said, "The men around a fight better when Ernie's around."

The late Bob Capa told an illuminating story of Ernie's popularity. A cellar containing some fine French cognac was "liberated" by the 47th Infantry. The soldiers loaded their pockets with the precious bottles. Capa arrived upon the scene too late to get his share. He stopped a soldier and asked for a bottle. The GI laughed and said, "Only if you're Ernie Pyle." Capa learned his lesson. He stopped another soldier. "Can I have a bottle for Ernie Pyle?" he asked. "Sure," the GI said, handing him a bottle. In the time at all, Capa collected an ample supply.

In Cherbourg, during the violent street fighting, Ernie found momentary cover in a doorway. A tank, hardly 50 feet from where he was standing, was hit by a shell. The crew came boiling into the turret. They plunged into his doorway. Hours later, the battle raged, Ernie was still in the doorway. "Some of those fellows knew me from my picture," he later explained, "so I

had to stop and talk a while with them."

After the breakthrough at St.-Lo, the American forces closed in on Paris. Ernie entered the city with the French 2nd Armored Division on the day it fell. "I thought that for me there could never again be any elation in war," he wrote. "But I had reckoned without the liberation of Paris." On that historic night, Ernie observed the festivities while enjoying a drink on the balcony of the Hotel Scribe. "Anybody who doesn't sleep with a woman tonight," he quipped, "is just an exhibitionist."

Ernie rejoined the infantry. And then one morning he drove to Chartres to see Bradley. Ernie had been overseas for 29 months, nearly 13 months in the front lines. The general greeted his friend warmly. He studied the thin, tired little guy before him. "Go home and stay home," he warned. "You can't keep this up without getting hurt, Ernie."

Again Ernie was on the verge of collapse. He had had all he could take of war. "The hurt has finally become too great. . . If I heard one more shot or saw one more dead man, I would go off my nut."

The farm boy from Dana was now a wealthy man. His two books, *Here Is Your War* and *Brave Men*, had sold almost 2,000,000 copies. He had made over \$250,000 a year. And he was widely acclaimed in all circles. The University of New Mexico and his own alma mater, the University of Indiana, conferred honorary degrees upon him.

Ernie should have been a very contented man. He had everything the world had to offer. Fame. Glory. Money. Success. But there was one important fact he had to face. "I'm desperate since the day she was born, has become even more so. . . But it's a hard thing to abandon a companionship such as ours."

With his wife Jerry in the hospital, Ernie had no home to come back to.

He immediately made arrangements to cover the war in the Pacific. While in California, awaiting his plane, the producers of *The Story of G.I. Joe* suggested that Ernie portray himself in the movie. "Sure," Ernie said, "if you can get somebody who looks like me to write my column."

Ernie flew to Pearl Harbor and then on to Guam and Ulithi. There he found an important letter waiting for him:

15 December 1944

Dear Ernie:
A few days ago I wrote you a note acknowledging receipt of your latest book (*Brave Men*). Now I have read it.

I enjoyed it all. The last chapter strikes me—although I am a bit hesitant to admit it because of a most flattering personal reference—as a remarkably fine piece of writing. I think it well

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expresses the reaction of decent people to this bloody business.

But the one thing in your book that hits me most forcibly is a short sentence at the top of the fifth page where you announce yourself as a rabid, one-man army, going full out to tell the truth about the infantry combat soldier. This sentence gives me an idea for a useful postwar job. I should like you to authorize a 100 per cent increase in your army. (I mean in size, not in quality) and let me join. I will furnish the "brass" and you, as in all other armies, would do the work. In addition, I will promise a lot of enthusiasm because I get so eternally tired of the general lack of understanding of what the infantry soldier endures that I have come to the conclusion that education along this one simple line might do a lot toward promoting future reluctance to engage in war. The difference between you and me in regard to this infantry problem is that you can express yourself eloquently upon it. I get so fighting mad because of the general lack of appreciation of real heroism—which is the uncomplaining acceptance of unendurable conditions—that I become completely inarticulate. Anyway, I volunteer. If you want me you don't have to resort to the draft.

Thanks again for your book.
With best wishes,
Sincerely,
Dwight D. Eisenhower

The Navy treated Ernie with kid gloves. When he complained about the censorship ruling against the use of the names of men in dispatches, the ruling was abandoned. But Ernie never mustered up the same feeling for the Navy that he had for the infantry. He covered the bombardment of Iwo Jima from a carrier and participated in Operation Iceberg—the invasion of Okinawa—with the Marines. Then he observed the assault of Ie Shima from the hull of the command ship *Pennsant*.

The island of Ie Shima is a dot in the Pacific, scarcely more than ten square miles in size. A 600-foot mountain, Iegusugu, dominates the island. At the foot of Iegusugu, or "The Pinnacle," as the GIs called it, lies the town of Ie. On April 16, 1945, a 77th Division assault team landed on Ie. Ernie Pyle came ashore the next day. He was happy to be in his own element again among the men of the infantry. He stayed the night in a captured Jap dugout.

The following morning he started to

ward the front in a jeep. With him were Colonel Joseph B. Coolidge, commanding officer of the 305th Infantry Regiment, Major George H. Pratt, of Eugene, Ore., T/4 Dale W. Bassett, a radio operator, of Brush, Colo., and the driver, T/5 John L. Barnes, of Petersburg, Va.

Another jeep preceded them. Up ahead were some two-and-a-half-ton trucks. It was not a lonely road.

As they reached the junction, a few hundred yards before the town of Ie, a 31-caliber Nambu machine gun opened fire. Barnes pulled on the brakes. The five men dove into the ditches alongside the road. Ernie and Coolidge were in the same ditch. They lay there safe as they hugged the ground. The firing stopped. They raised their heads to look about for the others.

Ernie smiled to Coolidge. "Are you all right?" he asked.

The Jap opened fire again. Coolidge hit the dirt. Shots chewed up the road and ricocheted about. Coolidge turned around to see how Ernie was. He was lying face up. No blood showed. For a second Coolidge couldn't tell what was wrong. Then he knew. Ernie Pyle was dead.

He had been hit in the left temple. In Pyle's pocket was the draft of a column he had been working on for use on the day the Germans surrendered. "My heart is still in Europe, and that's why I'm writing this column. It is to the boys who were my friends for so long. My one great regret of the war is that I am not with them when it has ended. For the companionship of two and a half years of death and misery is a spouse that tolerates no divorce."

They lifted his body out of the ditch. There was no smile upon his face. His lined face wore a look of calm repose—one that it rarely possessed in life. They placed his frail body on a litter and bore him to the official cemetery.

They secured his helmet over his gray hair and placed him in a makeshift coffin of flimsy boards. The bugle sounded full military honors and they lowered his body into its resting place. They shoveled the earth over it.

A cross was placed above the grave and a simple sign was erected less than a half mile away.

AT THIS SPOT
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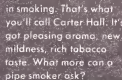
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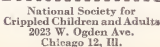
continued from page 39

"Well, I never did see any of 'em up on a fence whoopin' up a show-off bronc ride."

Hardest of all to take was Katie's kindness. She acted as if he were some



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timid, sensitive child in need of cautious sympathy. To make matters worse, she seemed to be her old merry, bantering self around Idaho Hayes.

Jim studied his harried face in the mirror. It's so easy, he thought. All I have to do is go out there tomorrow morning, saddle a bronc and climb on him.

That same blue roan, named Rockpile after he threw Jim, now was a strapping four-year-old. And in those four years, no one had been able to ride him.

Colorow taunted Hayes about the untamed blue roan in the bunkhouse one night. "I ain't seen you aimin' your loop at ol' Rockpile yet, Idaho," he said. "Couldn't be you're just waitin' for him to grow as big as them northern Broncos you tell about, could it?"

You mean that puddin'-head blue with the lovin' look in his eyes? Idaho made sure he spoke loud enough to carry to Jim Malloch's bunk. "Heck, I'm savin' him for the Hospital Kid to practice on—if he ever gets over his bronc fever. That nag's too gentle for me."

"Well, now!" Colorow cried, taking out a battered wallet. "Here's... lemme see... nineteen dollars and five cents that says you can't ride him, Mister Hayes."

"Twenty cents more and you've got a bet, cowboy!" Idaho slapped down his money so hard that the table lamp jumped a full inch. "I'll saddle that blue tomorrow, if the Hospital Kid don't beat me to him. Want me to save you a ride, Mr. Malloch?"

"There's two things that would be awful good for your health, Hayes," Jim said quietly. "One is to keep off of that blue roan. The other is to keep your blabbermouth shut about my bronc ridin'." You hear me—or do you want it wrote out to you on a note?

"Listen to the little man!" Idaho's blabbering cowboy ended in a surprised "oomp" as Jim sunk his left fist in Hayes's stomach. He followed up with a sharp right to the jaw.

Jim dodged Hayes's first wild swing, but the second pile-driver caught him full on the chest and slammed him back against the wall six feet away.

As Malloch regained his balance and started back for more, High-Pockets asked, "Should we stop 'em now or let 'em fight?"

His question was answered by Frosty McCune, who walked in just as Jim and Idaho began to square off. "Lemme put it this way, boys," Frosty snapped. "For them that prefers fist-fightin' to wages, there's a heap of jobs eisewhere."

"He's right, fellows," Colorow agreed, stepping between the fighters.

"Hayes," Frosty said, "I've noticed your pants seem to be gettin' purty tight lately. Better watch it."

"What he means, Mister Hayes," Colorow explained politely, "is you could get too big for your britches."

The old range boss turned to Malloch. "You seem to be feelin' purty healthy again, Jim," he said drily. "Anyway, come over to the house a minute. Katie wants to see you."

Without a word, Jim followed him. "She probably wants to break the news to him," Idaho explained as the door swung shut. "Miss Katie McCune is soon to become Missis Idaho Hayes."

"Over six dead bodies, includin' yours," High-Pockets grunted as he went to his bunk.

Katie looked up from her sewing when Jim walked into the ranchhouse.

"You want to see me?" he asked her. She nodded. "Jim, I have something to say, so I'll be direct about it. Why don't you quit fightin' yourself? You'll never ride broncs again, and you know it. Besides, what does it matter? As long as Dad's got Idaho here to tend to the horse-breaking, why don't you work like the other boys? You'll draw the same pay punching cows. All right, you're afraid, but everybody knows you've got cause to be. Maybe it won't ever be quite the same for you, but... Oh, Jim-Malloch, can't you think I mean?"

Jim thought about all the time Katie had been spending lately, cheering Idaho's bronc-riding. He could see what she meant, but he shook his head. "No, Katie, I'm afraid I can't," he said sharply. He turned around and headed back to the bunkhouse.

There was no rule that Sunday was a day off on the ranch. When there was work to be done, it went right on. Other times it fell slack, freeing the men for such leisurely chores as bathing, washing clothes, repairing gear, reading, playing pitch, or just plain loafing.

On this sunny, crisp October Sunday there was no work to be done on their own. Alone in the bunkhouse, Jim was telling himself to clear out for good. It's a big world, cowboy, a big free world. Many Mesas ain't the only cow-and-horse place in it. And Katie McCune ain't the only girl. If she's fool enough to fall for an overgrown blabbermouth of a bronc-stomper from Idaho, that's her worry, I sure ain't obliged to stick around and watch it. Sure, he's big and good-looking. Sure, he knows how to sweet-talk a woman. Sure, he's a plumb salty bronc-riding—maybe even half as salty as he brags. And Frosty can think what he pleases about me gettin' a yellow streak. I wasn't him that blue roan fell outa top of me.

On his way to Frosty McCune's office to lay it on the line, Malloch saw dust rising in the bronc corral.

"Jim," Katie called from beside the corral fence.

When he looked away disinterestedly, she hurried toward him, her blue-flowered dress wind-pressed to her legs.

"Jim, Idaho is saddling the blue roan. Come watch him."

"Uh-uh," Malloch tried to make it sound flippant. "I promised my mamma never to watch bronc ridin' on a Sunday."

The girl's fingers were like a small steel clamp on his arm. "Jim Malloch, you come watch me," she commanded.

What's this? he thought. What's so all-fired important about Idaho Hayes showing off on the bronc that ruined me? Why don't I up and tell her, right now, what she needs to know about that big blabbermouth and then clear out?

But Jim decided it would be easier to go with her than argue.

Rockpile was already saddled, with one foot tied up and a blindfold over his eyes. Across the corral High-Pockets and Colorow were perched on the top fence pole, watching expectantly. Idaho clearly was happy to have an audience.

"Well, if it ain't the Hospital Kid," he called out as Jim and Katie topped the fence. "Don't let him fall off the fence, Katie, while I show these cactus country boys how to ride."

"Climb on him, Big-Stuff," Katie answered. "What are you waiting for?"

Somewhat more cautiously than usual, Idaho let down the tied up foot, checked the roan, stepped aboard and yanked the blindfold. This time there was no bewildered hesitation: with a grunting squall of utter wildness, Rockpile flew high, twisted, hit the ground with a spine-jarring jolt, reared and fell over sideways—slamming to earth the empty saddle Idaho had jerked himself out of barely in time.

"He knows when to unload," Jim said evenly.

Katie loosened her grip on his arm. Hayes had held on to the cotton bucking rein. Now, back on his feet, he put his muscles into hard, vicious yanks that stopped the bronc halfway around the corral. What Idaho said to Rockpile, while snubbing him to a post and adjusting the saddle, was language Katie had never heard from cowboys when they knew she was around.

This time Idaho hit the saddle in a hurry, barely finding his right stirrup before the roan began pawing at the sun.

"That hideful of dynamite explodes on a short fuse," Jim said.

"Look!" Katie cried. "He can't ride him, Jim! He can't ride him!" For two mid-air convulsions Idaho stayed in—or near—the saddle. Then the blue horse side-slipped and threw himself full on his back. The rider flew off in the other direction.

"That animal's a killer," Jim muttered.

Katie saw that his face was parchment pale. "Not for a real horseman, Jim!" The girl spoke close to his ear.

Without meeting her eyes, Malloch boot-heeled quickly down off the fence.

In the corral, dust-grimed and hatless, Idaho Hayes had stubbornly snubbed the quivering horse to the post. He picked up a yard of old logging chain that he evidently kept there for that purpose and swung it hard at the bronc's head. Anger must have made his aim poor, for the chain walloped Rockpile's neck a foot behind the ears. With a snarling oath, Idaho drew back the heavy chain for another swing.

But a hand caught the chain from behind and yanked it out of his grasp. "Let's don't have no more of that. Hayes," Jim said tersely. "Git over to the fence—and stay there."

"You heard what he said, Idaho," Colorow said as he and High-Pockets climbed down from the grandstand. Under their flanking escort, Idaho reached the fence in short order.

What happened next was strictly Jim Malloch's own doing. Nobody helped him. Nobody stopped him, or even tried to. And what he did was done methodically and quietly; it took only five minutes, and if he was aware that Frosty McCune and Pancho had joined the others on the fence, he didn't show it.

First, Jim got a firm left-hand hold on the roan's left ear and twisted. With his right he unlaced Idaho's saddle and carried it to the fence and heaved it outside. When he had fetched his own worn bronc saddle from the shed, he blindfolded the roan, eased the hull onto his back and cinched it.

"Easy now, boy," he spoke soothingly to the horse. "Let's you and me settle this, an' be friends."

Gently he slipped the blindfold, checked the roan's head far around toward him, and stepped aboard.

Rockpile instantly reared for the same backfall that had worked so well before. But this time the startling prod of Jim's fingers at the root of his tail brought him down abruptly.

Bucking is bucking and a ride is a ride, but Rockpile seemed out to prove that it would take a real buster to tame him. He bucked, pitched, sun-fished, pricked, panicked, pawed, the moon, kicked over a few of the nearer stars and squalled horsey hell all over the corral. Three times he reared for a backfall, and twice Jim's gouging at his flank snapped him back to pitching again. The third time, he fell, and up on the fence Katie screamed. But when Rockpile got up, the little horseman was still in the saddle.

When he had wrung the roan dry, Malloch rode him twice around the corral, now and then giving his sweat-soaked neck a friendly pat. Mark it down in your book that Jim Malloch knew then that he had an audience, but he didn't care. He knew there was no cheering, but he didn't care about that, either. All that counted was that he had ridden the blue roan again—and the fear was gone.

Pretty Katie McCune was the only onlooker who entered the corral after he had Rockpile unsaddled. "All right now, Jim?"

"All right now, Katie." "Jim, I want you to know it didn't matter to me whether you ever rode another bronc or not. But for you, I knew you had to. That's why I played up to that Idaho idiot. That's why I goaded you."

"You know, Katie," Jim answered thoughtfully. "I kinda believe of Rockpile will make us a right gentle pony, once he ketches on."

"We all take a little learning before we catch on," she said.

As they walked through the gate, Frosty, High-Pockets, Colorow, and Pancho were beaming. Colorow waved an arm toward a big man on a horse dusting to-hell-and-away southward.

"First time I ever knowed the state of Idaho lays to the south," he commented. "An' I don't mind seein' the blabbermouth go—even if he never paid that twenty dollar bet." ★ THE END

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continued from page 25

Although everybody carefully skirts this part of it, there is little doubt that Margaret and Peter were ready to reveal their own marriage plans at the time of his divorce, for it was shortly after the divorce that Margaret laid the ultimatum before her family. There was even a well-circulated story that Mrs. Townsend had been about to sue for divorce long before and had been talked out of it on the plea that not only would she cost Townsend his job but she would also be hurting the good name of the Royal Family.

At this point, however, there was no professed objection to the marriage as far as the family was concerned. After the divorce, in fact, the Queen Mother appointed Peter to the post of Comptroller of her new home at Clarence House.

When the original report by *The People* hit the streets, all the other papers jumped in feet first, dividing their allegiance pretty much along

Lord Beaverbrook—the press lord of England and a man who had been solidly behind King Edward VIII in his desire to marry whomever he pleased—declared: “If They Want to Marry, Why Shouldn’t They?”

And the Liberal paper said: "If the marriage were forbidden, the sacrifice which the Princess would be required to make would be one which an enlightened age could not in good conscience demand."

The mass-circulation *Mirror* held a write-in poll and announced that the vote had gone overwhelmingly in favor of the marriage, 67,907 to 2,235.

Michael Foot, the frantic voice of the Labor party, pointed out gleefully that three members of the Conservative Cabinet, which had unanimously condemned the marriage, were divorced themselves. This included Churchill's own wife, a divorcee, and a hon. member who married Churchill's niece after getting divorced. "This intolerable piece of interference with a girl's private life is all part of the absurd myth about the Royal Family which has been sedulously built up by interested parties in recent years," wrote Foot, showing, as he did, that he was most interested in the King. "The role played by the Church at the time of the Duke of Windsor's abdication,"

The palace immediately confirmed how hypocritical and mealy-mouthed it could be by planting a story that, despite Foot's attack, the Cabinet had not even considered the problem of a possible marriage. The palace's story could be defended only in the sense that both the Cabinet's own proceedings and its inquiries among the Commonwealth leaders had been deliberately kept informal. But there is no doubt that they had a very deep interest in the marriage problem.

While the papers were debating the issue so hotly, Churchill himself visited the Queen and advised in the strongest possible terms that Townsend be shipped to a post outside the country. At first glance, Churchill's objective

here is a puzzling one. In 1936, he had been one of the most outspoken champions of the King's right to marry Wallie Simpson. And Edward, remember, was a reigning monarch while Margaret is a mere princess who will never be called upon for anything much more strenuous than to break a bottle of champagne across a ship's hull.

On the question of divorce and morality, there is no comparison either. Not only had Wallie Simpson been divorced when the king met her, she had still been married to her second husband. And she was a married woman at the time they started carrying on a fairly open love affair. No matter what grounds for divorce were actually cited, there was no doubt as to whom the guilty party—and the co-respondent—had been.

But in 1936, Winston Churchill was out of power and out of favor. A politician out of power gets back by opposing the politicians who are in power on the most emotional issues he can find. Churchill latched onto Edward and Wallie.

By 1953, Churchill was an aging prime minister with a network of working agreements with the other aging, conservative institutions of the country. At his age, Churchill wasn't looking for any trouble. So he tried to cut off trouble at the pass by getting rid of Townsend before the romance became a troublesome issue.

The legal problems were these: According to the Royal Marriages Act of 1772, no member of the Royal Family could be married without the permission of the Queen. The law had been jammed through Parliament by King George III (who was later to make an even greater reputation for himself by losing the American colonies), as an act of retribution against his brothers, who had both married commoners. The law was also a necessary concession to the British public's antipathy toward royal marriages with foreigners. In 1772, that George III had to use all his patronage and power to force it through. Even then, Parliament tacked on an amendment to give a prince or princess a final loophole. At the age of 25, they were permitted to file a notice of intention to marry. If Parliament did not enter an objection, he or she could be married a year later.

Even if she wanted to, Elizabeth could not give Margaret her permission because the Queen is, among her grab bag of titles, Defender of the Faith. And the Church takes the position that marriage is indissoluble and that any second marriage is therefore adulterous while the original partner is still alive. A good, tragic auto accident would have solved everything.

Many consider the Queen nothing more than a fancily kept puppet. When she delivers her speech on the state of the nation, she is reading words written by the prime minister. When she appears on one of the royal occasions, she is only the chosen one to represent the Archbishop of Canterbury. The Archbishop, whom Elizabeth consulted months before the romance was made public, let her know that he would never approve such a marriage. Elizabeth was left with the choice of either attempting to remodel the basic of modern English royalty or telling sister Meg she would have to wait until she turned 25.

Since she knew it was practically impossible to change English customs, Margaret agreed to go along with it all, including Townsend's appointment to a post outside the country. But she agreed on the condition that she would be free to communicate with him and

that he would be free to come to London to see her.

During the time of this first crisis, Townsend had been scheduled to accompany Margaret and the Queen Mother to Southern Rhodesia. Of course, he was removed from the party, but Margaret was promised that he would not be sent out of the country until she had returned.

Elizabeth and Philip were going to Belfast at the same time and, ignoring the howls of her advisers, the Queen took Townsend along. Upon their return, she made a great show of shaking his hand at the airport in what was obviously meant to be a public display of approval and affection.

But either the Queen had missed a message or the palace had moved without consulting her, because Townsend's orders had already been cut to report to the Brussels embassy to take up duties as air attaché, a completely meaningless job.

When reporters asked Townsend whether the news had come as a surprise to him, he replied sourly: "I can't remember whether I asked for the job or was advised to take it." Obviously he had been ordered to take it. It was the closest he has ever come to a public complaint.

When word of the transfer reached Margaret, in Rhodesia, she phoned her sister, screaming that she had been double-crossed. Then she phoned Townsend to say her goodbyes. Then Margaret either went into a royal sulks or had herself a good case of hysterics. At any rate, she canceled all appointments and retired to her room under a doctor's care, for two full days. The official announcement said she had "a bad cold." When she finally appeared in public again, she was pale, subdued and shaken.

There were more than two years to wait now until she reached the age of 25. In the months that followed, Townsend visited her often at Clarence House, although the visits were never reported in the press. It is doubtful if the newspapers had known anything about them; if they had, the whole world would have heard.

Throughout, Townsend was harassed by the press. No visiting newspaperman ever came to Belgium without trying to draw Peter out. And when each reporter failed—as they all did—some were not above putting words into his mouth. As the Princess' 25th birthday drew near, a vigil was thrown around his house. When he got up at dawn to escape the reporters, they became unhappy with him. When he stopped near the more than two years of time of day with them, he was misquoted. In England, the Conservative papers castigated him for supposedly telling an Australian newspaperman that if the situation demanded "my exile and that of a certain lady," he and Margaret would accept it.

When the Australian paper then fired the reporter after he admitted he had misquoted the quote, the same papers ripped Townsend apart on the grounds that it was hard to tell when he was being misquoted and when he was not. They seemed to be saying that he should not talk to their own reporters, a remarkable position for any newspaper to take under any conditions, and even more remarkable in a situation where he wasn't talking anyway.

Margaret's birthday passed without a word. Everything was waiting on Townsend's annual vacation two months later.

Before Townsend was due in England, Anthony Eden, who had replaced Churchill as prime minister, changed the government's terms before the Queen. Parliament would offer no objection to the marriage, he said, only if Margaret agreed to renounce her royal status, perquisites, moneys and privileges, and agreed to leave the country for an indeterminate time. Either way, Margaret was going to have to abdicate.

Barrymaire, Townsend's wartime friend, writes: "From political sources at the time, I was informed that this was not all that Sir Anthony had to say to both the Queen and the Princess. Whichever course were chosen, he felt it his duty to state that some irreparable damage would be done to . . . royalty."

Two weeks later, Townsend returned to England. Margaret was practically beaming with joy, and there was no doubt that the announcement of their marriage was right around the corner. They spent two hours together at Clarence House. Townsend was besieged by reporters on the way out, as he had been besieged throughout his entire stay in England.

The British papers which were not under the government's thumb agreed that Margaret had never looked more radiant. And they had the pictures to prove it. The government papers were strangely quiet.

When Peter used the royal entrance on his second visit to Clarence House—instead of the servants' entrance—he had been wearing previously—was wearing a sign that he was now considered a member of the family. And when Anthony Eden went to see the Queen again, it was reported that he had become resigned to the marriage and was drawing up the necessary legal papers.

Under the British system, the minority party—the Labor Party—appoints a "shadow" cabinet of its own to go through the motions of conducting national affairs in order to be ready to take over if they should win in the next election. Hugh Gaitskell, head of the Labor Party, called his "cabinet" into session and told them he had been officially informed that the marriage announcement was imminent.

Then what went wrong? For one thing, Margaret had agreed to hold off the announcement until all the legalities had been taken care of. That was a fatal mistake. The opposition was given a chance to exert its pressure, and they made Margaret painfully aware that she had to choose between duty and happiness—a choice which carried the cruel implication that to marry Peter would automatically mean she was guilty of shirking her royal duty.

The delay also left her time to stew over the sacrifices such a marriage would entail, such as the loss of all royal privileges and a virtual banishment from her country. Until Anthony Eden—the happily divorced man—came forth with his conditions, Margaret had always felt that everything would work out all right. She had, after all, seen a similar opposition to her sister's marriage happily resolved. Elizabeth had been asked to suffer a year's separation from Philip to prove she was really in love with him, and having passed the test had been given permission to marry him.

Margaret held out; it was the Queen Mother who gave way. The opposition was lifted by convincing Margaret's marriage to Townsend would undermine everything her husband had done to restore dignity and meaning to

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the Crown after Edward had run off with that Simpson woman.

Even with the support of the family, the marriage would have been difficult enough. Without the support, it was impossible. When the Queen Mother expressed her misgivings to Margaret, the end was in sight.

The squeeze was being put on Peter too, and in the most effective way possible. Did he realize, he was asked, what he was forcing Margaret to give up? Did he really think he could support her in the manner to which she was accustomed? Just how did he intend to support her, incidentally, starting all over at the age of 40 in some foreign land? If Margaret would not consider her own welfare, out of her love for him, wasn't it his duty to consider it for her, out of his love for her?

And then, the opposition—which had been holding fire all week to give the popular sentiment a chance to cool down—fired its big guns. The Times, which speaks for the government, printed a long conciliatory editorial: "The Princess will be entering into a union which vast numbers of her sister's people, all sincerely anxious for her life-long happiness, cannot in conscience regard as a marriage. That devout men have argued it is a wrong interpretation of Christianity is not here relevant. All that matters is that it is widely and sincerely held."

The prelates, who had been as silent as churches, now were elbowing each other aside to get in their licks. One well-wishing man of charity said it would be "an illicit union," adding something like the sin of apostasy to the violation of Christ's marriage law."

If a child of such a marriage should incredibly end up as king of England, said another: "that child would be the fruit of a marriage which many Anglicans would not recognize as valid." In other words, their children would be bastards.

Barrymaine writes (and since Townsend saw a copy of his manuscript we must assume he is correct) that for the first time Peter asked Margaret if she was really sure she knew what she was doing.

It was a question which must have fallen like a rock between them. When they emerged from their long and private talk, there was nothing left but the taste of ashes in their mouths.

Margaret made two stipulations before she would agree to call off the wedding. The first was that she would be permitted to issue a statement composed by her and Peter, not by a government official. The second was that she and Peter would be permitted to have one last weekend together at the home of a friend.

The statement is interesting because the palace guard first tried to get her not to issue any statement at all—again through pressuring the Queen Mother—and then tried to get her to take out one word. They forgot Margaret's temper. She made it clear that they had better release the statement exactly as it had been written or she just might change her mind about the whole thing.

The statement read: "I would like it to be known that I have decided not to marry Group Captain Townsend. I have been aware that, subject to my renouncing my rights of succession, it might have been possible for me to contract a civil marriage. But, mindful of the Church's teachings that Christian marriage is indissoluble, and conscious of my duty to the Commonwealth, I have resolved to put these considera-

tions before others. I have reached this decision entirely alone, and in doing so I have been strengthened by the unfailing support and devotion of Group Captain Townsend. I am deeply grateful for the concern of those who have constantly prayed for my happiness."

Townsend wrote the statement, except for that one portion we have put in italics. The word which the palace press secretary wanted deleted was devotion.

The people who had killed the marriage wanted no sympathy for Townsend or, for that matter, Margaret, since any sympathy for the unhappy lover had to be accompanied by anger at themselves.

The first flush of sympathy reportedly was for the Princess, who had chosen duty over love and thereby strengthened the mystic bonds between the people and the Crown. That, at least, was the line the government press took.

There was strong disagreement from the people themselves. Beaverbrook's paper pointed out, just as the palace guard had feared, that the statement showed quite clearly that her love and devotion for Townsend had not changed. "The decision has been reached," the paper said, "amidst a pressure campaign that would have brought to their knees even more determined personalities than she. . . . The city is that she would give up so much when, neither right nor morality demands it."

The Mirror wondered whether Townsend would now be left in peace and expressed its conviction that he would not be. "Without doubt the magnifying glasses are out in Whitehall today as bureaucrats search for unlikely places at the end of the earth where Peter Townsend can be banished."

Michael Foot demonstrated that all the people had not necessarily rallied around the new king. "The thing may come from the whole episode. The Royal racket, sustained alike by both the pompous and yellow press, may lose some of its appeal and commercial value."

The Manchester Guardian, one of the great papers of the world, summed up the situation with its usual objectivity when it said: "Her decision, which has plainly been come to after subtle pressure, will be regarded by great masses of people as unnecessary and perhaps a great waste. In the long run it will not redound to the credit or influence of those who have been most persistent in denying the princess the same liberty that she enjoyed by the rest of her lower-class. Even the least cynical among us find it hard to see why an innocent party to a divorce [Anthony Eden] can become the man who appoints archbishops and bishops, while the Princess, who merely exercises her social graces and has a very remote chance of succeeding to the throne, should be denied by ecclesiastical prescription the right to marry an innocent party to a divorce. . . ."

Peter Townsend returned to his post at Brussels, resigned eventually, took a couple of trips around the world, and has recently written a book about his experiences as a traveler.

From time to time he visited the Princess in London, usually in secrecy, although at times the news leaked to the press and brought new verbal brickbats upon his head. It was impossible, after all, to attack a princess who had chosen duty over love.

Suddenly, last August, the British realized that Margaret was 30, and that

their gay, bubbly little princess was headed toward spinsterhood. And they realized she had been speaking with deadly earnestness when she told her family she would marry Peter Townsend or no one.

Three months later, Townsend dropped a blockbuster by announcing his engagement to Marie-Luce Jamagne, 20, a Belgian girl who had accompanied him as a camerawoman on his most recent trip around the world. Marie-Luce bore a startling physical resemblance to Margaret, and there were other similarities too. He had met her when she was 15—as he had met Margaret as a young girl—and they also had become acquainted as they rode along on horseback.

The similarity did not end there either. Marie was a Catholic and, once again, the question of his divorce arose to haunt him.

His old enemies in England weren't wishing him any good luck either. As expected, they used the announcement to get on him a little more. He was still using his charm on mere girls, the palace papers said to acquaint the people with how fortunate their little princess had been to get out of his clutches.

The church was gleeful at this aid from such an unexpected source. *The Catholic Times* remarked: "We can understand a girl falling in love and being

prepared to sacrifice anything for it. But there are some things about this case that shock us. The first, that a man of Group Captain Townsend's knowledge and experience should have permitted it to come about; secondly, that the girl's parents are reported as approving; and thirdly, that Group Captain Townsend's great love for Princess Margaret, which involved her Royal Highness in an embarrassing publicity, should so soon have faded away."

What, many people wondered, did they want the man to do after four years? Become a monk? Or is a divorced man ineligible for that?

The girl's parents took the hint and expressed their disapproval forthwith. But Peter and Marie-Luce turned a deaf ear to the whole thing—on December 21, 1959, they announced they had been married.

We started by quoting one of Winston Churchill's most famous phrases. We shall end by putting a slight twist to another. "If the British Empire and its Commonwealth last for a thousand years, men will not say This was their finest hour."

Furthermore, we wonder what all those men in the striped pants and the clerical gowns were doing back there in 1939 when Peter Townsend and The Very Few were fighting off the Luftwaffe? * THE END

Punk With A Switchblade

continued from page 29

Morrell and the woman went to the door; Smitty followed, half dragging, half carrying Timmy. "Open the door, Rich Man, Frieda-baby, you step through and wait outside. You go next, Rich Man, and don't try to slam the door, 'cause I still got the kid, see? Just let it swing shut after you step out; with the kid and me will be right behind you."

The woman and Morrell followed instructions. Smitty taunted them as she walked across the dark parking area to a dark gray, four-door hardtop parked near the diner. Then he said, "Rich Man and Frieda-baby, get in front. I'll stay in back with the kid."

"My name is Morrell," the man said angrily. "Joe Morrell."

"It's real pretty," Smitty said sarcastically. "Get in."

Morrell opened the door and Frieda, holding her bathrobe tightly closed, slowly got in the front seat. Morrell went around the car and slid in behind the wheel.

Timmy struggled in Smitty's arm. "Mommy," he whimpered. "It's cold and dark."

The woman twisted around in the front seat. "Listen to Mommy," she said through the open window. "We're going for a nice ride with these men. You like to go for rides, don't you?"

Timmy stopped struggling and began to snifle.

"Grandpa had to go away," she continued huskily. "So he asked these men to drive us into town and take us home to Daddy. When Daddy comes home tomorrow from his trip to Chicago, we'll be there to surprise him. Won't that be fun, Timmy?"

Smitty grinned broadly. "Sure, Timmy, I'll tell you all about the Lone Ranger and the Pigma Indians. How's that?"

"Oh, boy," Timmy said gleefully,

"that's swell. I love the Lone Ranger."

"Okay, Mister Morrell," Smitty said, putting the boy down but still holding onto one of his hands. "Open the back door, and keep looking out the big front window."

Morrell leaned over the front seat and opened the back door. Timmy scrambled into the car, with Smitty right behind him. Then Smitty poked Morrell's shoulder with his finger and a sharp pain in the injured arm made him bite his lip.

"Please, Mister Morrell," Smitty said mockingly. "Drive the car straight down this road while Timmy and me get to be real pals."

Smitty ruffled the child's hair as Morrell turned on the ignition, pressed the accelerator and started driving along the narrow tar road.

"Timmy-boy," Smitty said, "I promised you a Lone Ranger story and I always keeps my promises. You gotta always keep your promises, don't you, Timmy?"

"Yes, sir," Smitty answered very politely. He wanted to make Mommy proud of him and be on his best behavior.

"Atta boy!" Smitty chuckled with pleasure. "Did you ever see a real honest to goodness knife, Timmy? Here, look. I bet the Lone Ranger never had a swell knife like this." He wiped the blade against the upholstery before showing the knife to Timmy.

"Don't touch that knife," the woman cried as she glanced at Smitty.

"Awww," Smitty whined, "it won't hurt him. I'll watch him real good. I told you, Frieda-baby. I had a kid brother once."

"Timmy," she said, trying to control her voice. "Leave the man's knife alone."

"Look, chick," Smitty snapped. "If I want to show the kid my knife, I'll show it to him. If you don't wanna look, turn around and talk to Rich Man... Mister Morrell, I mean. He got awful

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quiet. What's the matter, hero, ain't you gonna join the party?"

Morrell's grip tightened on the wheel. "Turn around," he told the woman calmly. "He won't hurt Timmy if we do as he says. You know, I have a youngster a little older than Timmy in a school down South."

"That's . . . that's nice," the woman said, facing the road. "I hope your boy is—"

"She stopped abruptly and put her hands to her face.

Smitty laughed derisively and began telling the little boy how the Lone Ranger first met the Pigmy Indians.

"Your name is Frieda?" Morrell said softly.

"Yes," she answered, dropping her hands into her lap.

"Lean against my shoulder, Frieda, and listen carefully." He tried not to move his lips. "I can't talk very loud or he'll hear me." The woman leaned against Morrell's shoulder as he went on. "In the glove compartment . . . there's a gun. Try not to lean forward. Just reach over . . . press the button . . . slide the gun into my lap."

She strained to reach the compartment, rustling her prayers against Morrell's shoulder. "Oh, dear God," she breathed. "Please, please."

Without warning the car hit a jagged hole and the steering wheel twisted in Morrell's hands. He fought to control the wheel and braked to a sudden stop. The sobbing, hysterical woman went sprawling half off the front seat. The glove compartment door fell open and the inside light flashed on. A 45 lay there, cold blue in the yellow glare.

Morrell started to lunge across the woman's body to reach the gun, but he stopped as a sharp point pressed against the back of his neck and Smitty's warning filled his ear. "You make one more move, Rich Man, and you're dead."

Morrell shrugged and leaned back. "Now reach across Frieda-baby, pick up that gun with just one finger and drop it over the back seat. Remember, don't turn around."

Morrell followed the orders. Smitty winced with pain as he reached down with his right hand, scooped up the gun from the floor and stuck it in the top of his dungarees.

The woman buried her face in the back of her seat and began to cry.

"Listen to me real good," Smitty growled. "If anybody—and I mean anybody—gets any more big ideas, I start cutting. And the kid is first. You hear me? The kid is first!"

"All right, Smitty, all right," Morrell said soothingly. "Take it easy. We'll do just as you say."

"That's the bit, Mister Rich Man." Smitty pressed the knife against Morrell's neck again. "Just worry about the driving, and be glad you're alive. If the old man hadn't clipped my wing, I'd dump you all right now. But if you take your hands off that wheel once more, I'll cut 'em off."

Morrell nodded slowly. "Onward, James, onward," Smitty ordered as he sat back. The car started with a lurch, and the movement sent a flashing pain through Smitty's injured arm. He cursed and turned toward Timmy, who lay huddled in the corner of the back seat, crying.

"Aw, come on, pal," Smitty cooed him. "Don't cry like that. Me and you are buddy-buddy." He tried to put his good arm around Timmy, but the boy squirmed away.

"Hey," Smitty said. "I bet I know what'll make you stop crying." He put his knife on the seat and fumbled in the pocket of his dungarees. "Looky

here, Timmy. A quarter. A big shiny quarter and it's all for you."

"Timmy doesn't need the money," his mother said quietly from the front seat.

"Every kid needs money," Smitty shot back. "Money makes the world go round, doll." He fumbled in his pocket again, pulled out another quarter and held both coins out to the little boy. "Hey, kid, here's two quarters. That's fifty whole cents! I bet your old man never gave you dough like that, huh, Timmy?"

The youngster peeked up over a tear-stained pajama sleeve. "Can I buy Mommy a present with fifty cents?"

Smitty smirked. "Sure you can. That's the idea. Buy the chicks pretty presents and they treat you right. You're learning fast, kid."

The boy took the coins and sat up to look at them. His mother twisted around in the front seat. "Give the man back his money, Timmy. Mommy doesn't want a present."

Smitty grabbed the knife and waved it at her. "Sit down," he said icily. "You leave me and Timmy alone."

"Please, Frieda," Morrell pleaded. "If you want us to get out of this, don't upset him. Leave him alone."

She ignored Morrell. Instead, she looked steadily at Smitty and then smiled slowly. "I wonder if you're really as bad as you make believe." The words were warm and inviting. "Maybe I could get to like you." Her voice purred as she began to remove the metal curlers from her hair. "You're a good-looking boy, and you're strong, too. Women like men who are strong." She laughed intimately. "Do you think I'm pretty?"

"Sure, doll," Smitty answered. "I dig you. You must be a real swingin' chick, all right?"

"If you let the baby go," she said, "we could take a little trip." She reached up and removed the last pin, then let the handful of curlers fall onto the back floor. "I like to travel, Smitty. Don't you?"

"You know it, baby." He watched her move her hair, hot, lusty, sexy.

Frieda shook her head and the long, soft hair tumbled in wavy curls about her shoulders. She turned until she was facing him fully, then leaned part way over the front seat.

Smitty licked his lips and leaned toward her. The knife hung limp in his hand.

She whispered, "You wouldn't hurt the baby, would you, Smitty?"

"You got me all wrong, doll. I love kids." He smiled at Timmy, who looked puzzled. "You know, chick, we could get a pad in Frisco. It's always nice and warm there, doll. We could have a real ball."

Frieda's hand reached forward as if to caress his face. Suddenly the outstretched hand turned into a claw and she lunged at Smitty's face. He threw himself sideways toward the boy and the fingernails scraped along the shoulder of his jacket.

"You stupid broad!" Smitty yelled, grabbing a handful of her hair with his knife hand. He twisted it savagely and yanked it forward, banging her forehead against the top of the seat. "You stupid broad! I'll kill you! I'll kill you! I'll kill you!"

Timmy's small fists thumped against the skull and crossbones on the back of Smitty's jacket. "You hurt my Mommy. You hurt my Mommy."

The car began to swerve as Morrell tried to look at them over his shoulder. "Let her go!" he shouted.

"Keep driving!" Smitty shouted back. "Just keep driving if you want to live!" He fought to control his temper. "If you crack up the car, you'll kill us all."

"You killed my father," the woman moaned. "You killed my father!"

"Listen to me, stupid," Smitty hissed. "It was your old man's fault, see? He tried to get rough, see? Nobody woulda got hurt if he kept his hands to himself. Nobody touches me, see, Nobody!"

Frieda shuddered as she watched the furious hatred distort Smitty's features.

"When I was a kid my old man used to beat me, whip me like a dog every day. When I was fourteen I got hold of a rock and tied it in a handkerchief." His mouth twisted in an ugly grin. "You shoulda seen my old man's face when I hit him with that rock. I paid him back for every time he laid a hand on me. Nobody touches me since then. I tell 'em if they do! I kill 'em all!"

Smitty released Frieda's hair and sank back, trembling and weak. His injured arm was alive with pain. "Youousy dames," he mumbled. "You talk too much."

Frieda pulled her thin bathrobe around her and curled into a shivering ball on the front seat. "You're a wild animal," she gasped. "You belong in a cage."

Timmy began crying. "Mommy! Mom—" until Smitty slapped his hand over the little boy's mouth.

The car swept around a curve and in the distance Morrell saw red lights winking in the darkness. They were the dome lights of two state police cars. One car nearly straddled the narrow road; the other was several yards back, its spotlight following them as they approached.

"It's a road blockade," Morrell said tensely. "Look, if I stop the car, you can make a run for it."

"Straight ahead, Rich Man, straight ahead," Smitty's voice had a strangely excited ring to it. "Nobody's going to stop us when I got my knife and this kid in back."

"But you won't have a chance," Morrell argued. "Let me stop and we'll go with you. I know a farmer near here. He'll hide us and—"

"Keep going!" Smitty yelled.

"They're standing out there in the road," Morrell yelled back. "I can't get around the cars. I'll have to stop."

"Listen, Daddy-o and Nice Mommy," Smitty said, giggling hysterically. "I'll be in back with the kid, and I'll have my rifle pressed right against him. If you want this kid to live, act real nice. Like, 'Mm the kid's father, see? He ain't feeling good so we're taking him to a doc. We don't know nothin' about nothin' else.'"

"You said you have a little boy like Timmy," the woman cried, pounding her fist against Morrell's shoulder. "What if they think we'd let us through? You can't let him kill my baby!"

"Everything will be all right," Morrell said with grim calmness. "I promise, he won't hurt your son."

Timmy threw the two quarters against the window. "I don't want your money," he wailed. "I want to go home."

"Quiet now, little feller," Smitty said soothingly, circling his arm about the boy's chest and hugging him close. "We're gonna play a trick on some people. We're gonna make believe I'm your big daddy. You don't want Mommy to get hurt no more, so you make believe you're my little boy. See, Timmy?"

The brilliant glare of the searchlight nearly blinded them as Morrell squinted and braked the car to a stop. He rolled down the side window.

A tall, lanky state trooper stepped to the window. "Sorry to disturb you, folks," he said.

Smitty squashed the child harder against his chest, turning his own body slightly away from the trooper to shield the knife. "We're taking the kid into town to see a doctor, officer," Smitty said. "The kid wasn't feeling so good."

The state trooper looked carefully at the four passengers. Then he backed away, one hand dropping to the gun strapped at his side. "All right, I think you all better step out of the car."

Morrell opened the door.

"Stop right there," Smitty snarled. "Don't you move, Daddy-o! Now listen, copper. I got a knife against this kid's throat. You get your lousy car off the road and let us through or I'll kill the kid. I swear I'll kill him!"

"What's wrong, Bill?" a voice called out from behind the searchlight.

"Keep back, Fred," the trooper called. Morrell slid out of the front seat. "Don't worry, officer," he said softly. "He won't hurt the boy."

"Put him wide open," Smitty belatedly swore it.

The woman screamed and slumped against the dashboard as Morrell yanked open the back door. He glared at the trembling youth in the black jacket, cowering in the corner with one arm wrapped around the small boy. The knife gleamed near the child's throat.

"You're not going to kill anyone, punk," Morrell snapped. "If you hurt that kid, they'll really put you away."

"Shut up!" Smitty shouted above Timmy's whimpers.

"You belong in a cage right now, and people should be throwing you scraps of meat," Morrell continued savagely. "Nobody throws me nothin'!"

"You should be whipped every day, too."

"Nobody beats me! Nobody touches me, you rich bastard!"

"I would!" Morrell goaded him, stepping back from the open door. "I'd beat you myself, you crazy punk! I'd beat you! I'd beat you!"

Smitty roared like a mad bull. He thrust his little Timmy to the floor and sprang forward. The trooper roughly shouldered Morrell aside, drawing out his gun in the same motion. Morrell tripped and fell to one knee and Smitty threw himself on the fallen man with a wild scream, driving the six-inch blade into Morrell's back. The trooper's gun exploded again and again. The smashing impact of the bullets sent Smitty tumbling over and over on the road.

From somewhere far away Smitty heard voices, whirling around and around in a thick red-and-black fog. The voices washed over him, coming and going like the tide.

"I never saw anything like it, Bill. Who'da thought we'd take a guy like Morrell and his kill-crazy hood like this!"

"Yeah, Fred, I can't figure it out. They drive right up to the blockade, then Morrell chickens out when his hood threatens to knife the kid. I guess there's some things even these big shot syndicate boys can't take."

They were the last voices Smitty ever heard.

★ THE END

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